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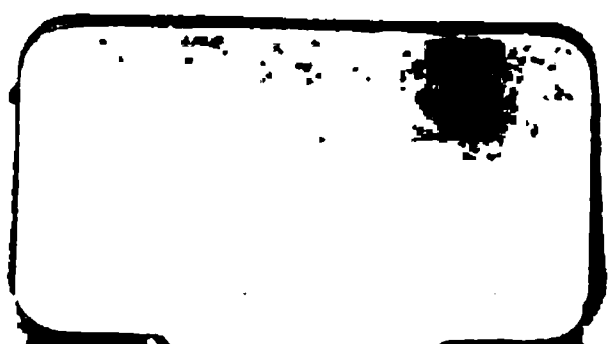
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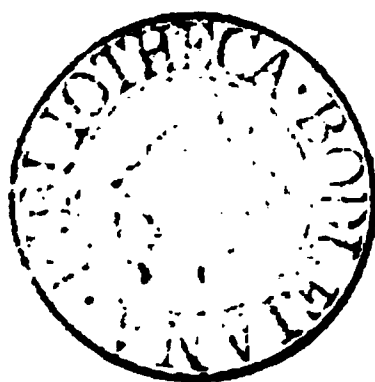












Theodore P. Hook

BOOK OF MEMOIRS OF THE REV. THEODORE P. HOOK

# PRECEPTS AND PRACTICE.

BY

THEODORE HOOK, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

"SAYINGS AND DOINGS," "GURNEY MARRIED," &c.

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# PRECEPTS AND PRACTICE.

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## CAPTAIN GRAY.

OPINIONS widely differ upon the expediency and advantages of early marriages, and there can be no question but that, in many instances, very young mothers are induced to keep back their well-grown daughters, and even young fathers feel jealous of their forward sons ; but there are exceptions to all general rules, or perhaps it may be charitably inferred, that the instances to which I now refer, are the exceptions to the better general rule. Certain it is that, in the family I am about to describe, the mother of Mary Gray, still young and beautiful, felt nothing like apprehension or jealousy at beholding her lovely daughter—what artists, speaking of the copy of

a picture by the original painter, would call—a repetition of herself.

Captain Gray, the husband of this exemplary parent, had married her when she was scarcely eighteen, and he not yet of age; theirs was a match of love, founded upon sincere attachment—pure and disinterested—encouraged, in the first instance, by their mutual friends, and eventually sanctioned by their parents.

Massinger says—

“ The sum of all that makes a just man happy,  
Consists in the well choosing of his wife ;  
And then, well to discharge it, does require  
Equality of years, of birth, and fortune.”

The union of Captain, then Lieutenant Gray, with the daughter of Colonel Morgan, was singularly characterized by this happy equality; their ages, rank, and fortune were as nearly alike as it would be possible to imagine in such a match. Gray was the son of an old and gallant soldier; Fanny Morgan was the daughter of a distinguished veteran. She was an only daughter—Gray was an only son; and although the ardour of youth, and an hereditary love of his

noble profession induced him, so long as his country called for his active services, to continue in the field, he consummated his military career on the triumphant day of Waterloo; having fought gallantly under his illustrious chief, and returned to his native home, his devoted wife, and infant daughter, with but one slight wound as an honourable alloy to the golden praises he had received, and the well-earned promotion he had obtained.

Upon the permanent establishment of the peace which has ever since those days of England's glory continued, Captain Gray went upon half-pay, resolved to pass the remainder of his life—until, at least, some fresh interruption to the tranquillity of Europe should occur—in the comfort of an humble, happy home—in the society of his devoted wife—in the cultivation of the arts and sciences, in which he was already highly accomplished—and in superintending, jointly with his beloved Fanny, the education of their only daughter.

It is scarcely possible to depict a scene of more perfect happiness than that which the sweet re-

tirement of this amiable family exhibited. Their lives were unruffled by the slightest discontent ; their daughter grew in grace and goodness as she grew in years, and at eighteen was as perfect a pattern of innocence and virtue as ever blessed a father and mother. Her beauty it is needless to describe. I have already spoken of her resemblance to her mother ; in mind, as well as person, the resemblance held good. Educated at home, under the parental eye, she had acquired all the accomplishments which the present state of society requires, uninjured by the pertness of display, or the affectation of a bashfulness which she did not feel. Her character was beautifully natural—of guile or deception she could scarcely form any distinct idea, for her father's heart was full of honour and truth, and her mother's mind was pure as the driven snow.

There are, they say, spots on the sun, and never yet did there exist a faultless human being. Gray had a fault of temper ; in earlier life his character had been marked by an irritability of disposition, induced no doubt, in a certain degree,

by the habit of command, and the promptitude of discipline to which, in his youth, he had been almost prematurely accustomed. He was the farthest from a quarrelsome man in the world, but he was hasty and even violent, if he even suspected the candour and sincerity of those to whom he had given his friendship and confidence; and sensitively jealous of his honour, which, however, no man had ever ventured to impeach. It was with a consciousness of this almost morbid sensibility, that his existence in youth was a continued struggle to repress feelings which were of so tender and delicate a nature, that few people in the world would give him credit for their real origin. Nothing can more satisfactorily prove to the sceptical—if such there be—in the power of the influence which a charming, amiable, good woman is able to exert over the man of her heart—the husband of her choice—than the change which matrimony worked in *him*. Orpheus softened rocks, and made them move; but the sweet voice, and yet sweeter example of a beloved wife, can do more than the fabled musician ever did. From

the day of his marriage to the period at which the reader is introduced to his happy family, this irritability had gradually been subsiding, and at the time now referred to, the vivid colourings of an highly excitable temper, like the glaring tints of a new picture, had become mellowed by time, and softened into harmony; and even if the fire still slumbered in the breast of Gray, it never burst out in any of the irregular coruscations which, in a previous part of his career, it certainly had done.

I have already said, that their sweet retirement was an earthly paradise. Surrey was the county he had chosen wherein to pitch his tent after the death of his gallant father. A spot romantically beautiful in its views—for although the subjects of Cockaigne judge Surrey by the borough of Southwark, or Kennington Common, there are more lovely bits of finished landscape within thirty miles of London, in that county (where it touches Sussex), than are to be found at ten times the same distance in others.

Conceive a cottage—"a cottage of gentility"—placed on the brow of a gentle hill facing the

south, commanding from its woodbine-covered verandah an extensive view over a splendid valley, highly cultivated, studded with farms and villas, bounded at a distance of some fifteen or twenty miles by the boldly-rising downs of Sussex, over whose summits one might almost see that bright gleaming line of light which tells the presence of the sea beyond their swelling undulations. The house combining every comfort—luxury, if you will.—Gray's library complete—his well-kept collection of birds, of minerals, of shells—for he was generally scientific, and although not perking himself up for a "man of science," far above the *οἱ πολλοί* of pretenders. His guns, his rods, and his spears—for he was a sportsman for all game, running, flying, or swimming ; his drawing materials—for he was an artist ; his flute—for he was a musician ; his lathe,—for he was a turner. All these, and a thousand other dear littering comforts, crowded and adorned his snuggerly, into which the wife of his bosom, and the daughter of his heart, would venture, in order to call him forth from its fastnesses to a walk, or a ride, or a drive.

His establishment had all that could be wished, and more than was wanted to be comfortable ; but comfort was the word by which it was to be designated, and the evenings, as the autumn closed in, were enlivened by visitors from the neighbourhood, which, for the situation, was populous—or from the market-town, distant not more than a mile and a half ; and then the sweet and single-minded Mary sang like a syren, while she looked like a sylph. I never saw but one girl who was her equal—perhaps her superior, in this peculiarity. When she sang, she looked more beautiful than at any other moment of her life. In most singers, the act of singing causes an exertion—it might almost be called a distortion of countenance ; but Mary Gray, like this one other, looked even more lovely as the rich melodious tones flowed honey-like over her lips, which, being just enough opened to show a row of pearly teeth, scarce seemed to move as she riveted all eyes, and enchained all ears. I once told her mamma, that nothing was wanting but a glass-case to cover her.

What a happy father—what an enviable



mother ! Mary Gray was the theme of universal praise, for she was good as she was beautiful, and her mind was as lovely as her person. Go now to the village—now—and ask after her—mention her name, and see how the people, old and young, will lift up their eyes to Heaven and bless her. She lives in the hearts of those who knew her, but ——

What can mortality have more of happiness than these Grays had ?—Esteemed, respected, courted by the best and worthiest of their neighbours, they lived, indeed, an enviable life ; and then, in the season, six weeks at an hotel in London made a variety in their course of proceedings, and Mary visited her relations, and heard Malibran, and Grisi, and Tosi, and all the unmusically-named musical people of the Opera—went to two or three of the best parties—learned to admire the best artists by their works at exhibitions, and even attended lectures, and visited microscopes, and returned tremblingly alive to the abominations of Thames water, in one drop of which thousands of gigantic monsters are perpetually dancing ; and disgusted with the

coarseness of the finest French cambric, which developed to the eye, magnified three million times, is infinitely more like a flounder-fisher's net ill made, than anything else to which I can compare it. That National Gallery of Science in the Lowther Arcade is enough to turn the heads of men, women, and children, and is better worth seeing than anything I know of, except the late Mr. Irving, and the present Mr. Van Amberg<sup>1</sup>.

And, after all this excitement, only fancy the dear delicious repose of the cottage, and the fresh breeze blowing over the valley, and Mary's own dear little *boudoir*, and the welcome of her little dog, and the warbling of her little birds, nay, the bending heads of her dahlias themselves, just bursting forth, seemed to hail her return.

<sup>1</sup> Since this tale was written, a new establishment has sprung into life, the *Polytechnic Institution*, which quite well deserves at least to share in the praises here bestowed upon the *National Gallery of Science*. The experiments made and illustrations exhibited are all upon a great scale ; the diving-bell is practicable, and parties of ladies are constantly on the descent. Manufactories are all actually at work, and there are besides "*divers*" and sundry other most interesting objects to instruct and amuse.

It would seem, perhaps, ill-timed to expatiate upon the charms of this fair creature's mother ; but how many fair creatures does one see every day and evening of his life, who, like Mrs. Gray, look more like the elder sisters of their lovely daughters than their mothers ! This is what I said at first—these are the fruits of early marriages. Mrs. Gray was a being full of soul and intellect, and of that sort of intellect which wins rather than conquers—a masculine mind, clothed in feminine delicacy. I always thought that Mrs. Gray possessed an inherent energy, and a command of powers if she chose to exert them, and if they should at any time be called into action ; because, by a constant association with a family, one finds opportunities of judging, not what actually is, but what might be, the line any individual of it would, under certain circumstances, adopt. Mrs. Gray was the sweetest, gentlest creature upon earth ; and, as Aaron Hill says,

“ As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,  
So modest ease and beauty shine most bright ;  
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,  
And she who means no mischief, does it all.”

Certainly she meant no mischief; but she was an extraordinary person, and a delightful person, and it was beautiful to see how she exercised what really seemed little else than a sororial sway over her beloved Mary, in order to induce her to what is called “come forward” amongst the gayer parties in London,—for at home dear Mary was *really* at home.

The reader, who no doubt knows human nature, knows that if a story profess to copy nature, even if it be not a transcript from her wondrous book, it cannot allow a girl like Mary Gray to reach eighteen without a lover—or two—perhaps more; and certainly, if the most valuable qualities of mind and person combined are attractions, our sweet, kind-hearted, unaffected Mary could not fail to do the “mischief” which, in Hill’s verses, I have attributed to her mother in her earlier days.

Conceive such a being as Mary Gray. I will not describe her. I have already said she was fit only for a glass-case. But conceive this dear, innocent creature, with eyes too eloquent by half, although they spoke nothing but her innocent

thoughts ; a figure, unaided by art, perfect as the Medicean Venus ; the sweetest voice,—the lightest step, the whitest——But why go on ?—why talk of her ?—rather adopt the well-known lines of the eminent Barnes—

“ She was ——  
 But words are wanting to say what :  
 Think what a girl should be,—  
 —— And she was that.”

Well, then, where the roses blow, and the lilies bow their heads, the bees will come ; and of course Gray's house was beset by sundry languishing swains. A neighbouring baronet amongst the number—An ancient knight came, second in degree, who hinted to Mrs. Gray his anxiety to make poor, dear, downy-cheeked Mary the third Lady Doddlethrops, but he was snubbed by mamma, who set him half-crazy by repeating a satirical couplet made a few years before upon a similar proposition supposed to emanate from the proposer himself :—

“ My first wife for person, my second for purse,  
 My third for a warming-pan, doctor, and nurse.”

The couplet is rather homely, but Mrs. Gray

showed it to him in print, and Doddlethrops was, to use the admirable phraseology of Major Downing, "catawampously stumped."

The baronet was long, thin, and genteel; but Mary, who really seemed to have no notion of what his object was, in being what they call "a good deal there," gave him no encouragement,—not because she fancied that he expected any, but because she did not feel in the slightest degree interested about him, and not having had the advantages of a boarding-school education, she did not know that it was necessary to fancy every man who came into the house a lover.

There certainly *was* a Captain Fitzpatrick—not that I mean any scandal against Queen Elizabeth—but there certainly *was* a Captain Fitzpatrick who, without appearing in the character of suitor to Mary, did contrive to be "there" a good deal. He had some military appointment, something about reserve companies, or recruiting, or depots, or something; what, I don't profess exactly to understand, but which Captain Gray did, which kept him at the neighbouring town; and although he was not very

handsome, he was very agreeable ; and he suited Papa so,—he was a dabbler in science—a good fisherman, and liked so much to go out with the Captain, and whip the water, and kill trout, or troll for jack, or spin a minnow,—and he was such a good shot, not quite so good a shot as Papa, but still he was fond of shooting ; and then he drew prettily, and fluted to admiration ; and Mrs. Gray told Mary she had never seen a man of his age so talented and so unaffected ;—and then they came home from their shooting, and Captain Gray asked Captain Fitzpatrick to stop and dine, and send home his horse, and send for his clothes, and sleep ; and so he did. And Captain Fitzpatrick got up in the morning early, and so did Mary ; and he was a bit of a botanist, and he had made a collection of the indigenous plants of the neighbourhood, and he had a little *hortus siccus* of his own, and he squashed the leaves of roses between the leaves of books, and dried them, and gummed them ; and then Mary sat down and drew them, and then they dried some more ; and then the Baronet called ; and then at Mary's earnest request, there was no-

body at home, although they were all sitting in Papa's *sanctum* ; and then Captain Fitzpatrick sent to his lodgings for a double flageolet, and an electrifying machine, and a key-bugle, and an air-gun, and a stuffed duck with red feet, which he had shot a month before. And when they came, they talked of red-footed ducks, and they were all electrified, and then Captain Fitzpatrick played the key-bugle, and the double flageolet ; and then Captain Fitzpatrick showed them how to do Cardinal Puff, and sing " Great A, little A," and " The Pigs ;" and thence glanced off into a disquisition upon the different schools of painting, in which he so much distinguished himself, that, after the family-party had retired for the night, Captain Gray pronounced his opinion to Mrs. Gray, that Captain Fitzpatrick was a very extraordinary creature.

There seemed to be a gaiety in the very atmosphere of Gray's villa : the air appeared to have the quality of the laughing-gas, of which we have heard and seen the effects ; and certainly the conversation of Fitzpatrick, who was the delight of his host, was never so agreeable as



when under its roof. One of the family began to think no man could be so agreeable anywhere else. There was a vivacity about the Captain, mixed with strong talent, and feelings of sympathy with misfortune, which to Mary's youthful fancy gave indications of qualities in the heart equal to those of the head, which it was impossible to deny their said friend. Gray saw the effect the Captain had produced upon his darling daughter, and saw it without regret. Fitzpatrick was of his own profession,—held a similar rank with himself,—was the nephew of a man whom he had known on service, who was now dead—of a highly respectable family,—and holding what, in peace time, was as good a command as he could have,—whereupon Gray said to his dearest Fanny, after some three weeks or a month of this intimacy,—

“ Fanny, that Captain Fitzpatrick is a clever, agreeable, and gentlemanly man. I know his connexions. I think he has attached himself to our beloved girl. I am sure she admires and esteems him. I don't blame her. Speak to her about it. We have no disguises amongst us.

Tell her to be candid. Ask her if he has *said* anything. I am somewhat of an adept in looks. But, above all, do this,—you need not, I believe,—tell her to speak *her* mind ; for if their affection is mutual, it shall be a match.”

“ I believe,” said his wife, “ that nothing of the sort you suspect has taken place. Mary, unused to the world and its ways, is caught and attracted by the gaiety of our visiter, his universality of accomplishments, his excessive good humour, and, above all, the total absence of affectation, which she so utterly detests in the generality of young men of the present day. But as for love ;—no, no ; she would have made *me* her confidante in the first instance, had any such sentiment taken possession of her.”

“ I am not so sure of that,” said Captain Gray ; “ she may have taken the infection without being aware of the character of the complaint. As a physician, I judge of my patient by the eyes ; and I think I am not to be deceived.”

He was *not* deceived. It was after the next day’s breakfast, while Gray was preparing his fishing tackle, and his exemplary wife was putting

in order certain pieces of work for the evening exercise (for they were a notable family), that Mary rushed into the room where her mother was, her eyes streaming with tears, and her cheeks burning red. She spoke not, but threw her arms around her mother's neck, and sobbed aloud.

"What is it, my child?" said Mrs. Gray.

Mary could return no answer.

"Speak, dearest; compose yourself: tell me."

"Henry! Henry!" were the only words Mary could utter, and she then fell into a fit of weeping.

"My love, my dearest love," said the anxious mother, "tell me—explain—what has happened?"

"I do not know," said Mary; "I cannot tell I—am,"—and here she relapsed into another fit of sobbing, which rendered all attempts at explanation unavailing.

The *dénouement*, however, was at hand. Before the recovery of the dear girl, Captain Gray had entered the room. He saw the state of affairs there, and relieved the agitated partner

of his fate by announcing that, as he had anticipated, Henry had proposed to Mary, and Mary had, as far as she was concerned, accepted him.

“God forbid,” added Gray, “that I should prevent their union. Tell my beloved child how I feel upon the subject, the moment she is able to hear and bear the intelligence.”

Soon did the tender, terrified creature awake to life and happiness,—soon did her mother make her comprehend the affectionate part her devoted father had acted,—and, before that day closed, Henry Fitzpatrick and Mary Gray were acknowledged as affianced man and wife.

It was quite delightful to see the happiness of Captain Gray. With a competence himself, and enough to make his child and her husband comfortable during his life, and more than comfortable after his death, he felt that, in giving a clever, amiable, and agreeable husband to his daughter, he had secured a delightful and suitable companion for himself. The difference in the ages, after all, was scarcely perceptible as far as the unity of their pursuits was concerned,

or the interchange of their thoughts and opinions. Gray was somewhere about forty-five; Fitzpatrick not very far from thirty. Mary, from the moment of his avowal and declaration, became a different creature; the reserve which the presence of even the most intimate acquaintance produces in a family-circle was now gone, and Henry became one of themselves.

There was but one stipulation which Gray made as contingent upon the marriage; namely, that Fitzpatrick should, since there was no glory to be gained in these piping times of peace, go like himself upon half-pay, and as he had some fortune of his own, live at least some part of the year with them: "and," added Gray, in the full spirit of hospitality, "the greater part it is, the better pleased we shall be."

Nothing could be more agreeable to the mother of the bride-elect than this arrangement—nothing more satisfactory to the bride-elect herself, who—as soon as her thoughts and ideas became sufficiently composed to permit her to recollect and consider the sudden change of her position

from the exclusive character of an affectionate daughter, to that of an affianced wife—felt perfectly satisfied that, if anything could add to the felicity which, in the enthusiasm of the moment, she so ardently and so naturally anticipated, it would be the enjoyment of the society of those parents, to whose care and attention she owed all the advantages which education and precept had afforded her, and to whose indulgent devotion to her wishes she was indebted for their ready acquiescence in that which, amongst all her blushings, and weepings, and faintings, was evidently the wish of her heart.

It was clear that Henry Fitzpatrick partook deeply of the feelings of his beloved Mary ; his joy at the happy termination of their courtship—if courtship *that* could be called where neither spoke of love, but lived on, as it were, a life of happy sympathy, until at length that declaration came which justified the tender solicitude he had always evinced for her, and drew from *her* a confession of feelings, of the existence of which, to their full extent, she was not before aware—they loved unconsciously—the light had burst

upon them—they were blest ; and Gray, recurring to the principles upon which he had himself acted with regard to his own Fanny, beheld, in the marriage of his child with Captain Fitzpatrick, the bright realization of all his most sanguine hopes for her comfort and happiness.

And what an evening was that which followed the day upon which the discovery was made ! Henry had at once become a member of the family. Gray and he sat longer than usual after dinner—their conversation assumed a tone of deeper interest and closer intimacy. Fitzpatrick described the excellency of his father, the virtues and accomplishments of his mother—both long since dead ; spoke with the warmest affection of his sisters, one of whom was married to an officer in India—the other settled as the wife of an eminent merchant at Rio de Janeiro. He described them as a family of love, strangely separated by circumstances, but strongly bound to each other by affection. With his uncle, who had been well-known to Gray, he had principally resided until his death ; and to his exertions and interest acknowledged himself indebted, in a

very great degree, for the promotion he had obtained, and for one or two staff appointments which he had previously held.

Gray was delighted with his future son-in-law, and when they joined Mary and her mother, perhaps four happier people could not have been found in the populous county of Surrey, including even the loyal and constitutional borough of Southwark.

During all the arrangements for the wedding, the sweet disposition of "dear Mary"—as she was always called by those who knew her—manifested itself upon every occasion. Self-love, self-interest, were unknown to her ingenuous breast—confiding generosity and genuine purity of heart shone pre-eminent in all her suggestions, and in the expression of her wishes; and when the day was fixed, it really seemed a day of mourning in the village, upon which a girl so sweet, so gentle, and so good, should be taken from amongst its inhabitants.

But she was to return—she was to pass the greater part of her time at home—it *was* her home—a dear, dear home—a home of comfort



and of peace ; and when the bells rang merrily, and the white favours fluttered in the breeze, her heart, full of love, of hope, of happiness, still lingered amidst its bowers, and yearned for the day when she might revisit its blessed shades.

The sacred service was performed, and one more touching or awful—save the last—can scarcely be imagined. The obligations it imposes—the sacrifices it commands—the forbearance it inculcates—the virtues it requires—to the observance of which two souls are pledged in the face of Heaven, render its celebration in a small retired church, where all who hear it are more or less interested in the proceedings of the day, seriously impressive. Upon this occasion it was read in the most imposing manner by one of the brightest ornaments of our Establishment. Gray surrendered the jewel of his heart to her husband—they were blessed—they were ONE.

And then came the little *fête*, and gaiety in its just degree. The neighbouring gentry assembled round the well-stored breakfast-table, and before the happy couple departed for the honey-moon, their united healths were toasted

in “the gaily-circling glass.” It was impossible for Gray and his wife not to catch the infection of the mirth which animated the party; but when the moment of separation came, neither Mary nor her mother could utter a syllable. The last “God bless you, beloved of my heart!” was drowned in tears; and as the carriage drove off, Gray covered his eyes with his hands, and sank upon a sofa, wholly exhausted by his feelings.

She was gone—their dear, their only child was gone. When the evening closed in, where was dear Mary’s smile, that they so long had loved to gaze upon—where her sweet voice, that they so much delighted to hear? All was still—the riot rout of gaiety was over—there stood her harp uncovered—her favourite books unmoved—all seemed sadly silent—but *she* was happy, and it would be selfish to indulge in grief at her absence; yet when they went to rest, Gray could not help opening the door of his dear child’s room, as he passed it, and, gazing on its vacancy and stillness, he heaved a sigh which came from his heart of hearts.

When the morning arrived, the same feeling returned. Where was the innocent creature who was wont to welcome them to the breakfast-parlour? Where was dear Mary to make the tea? And, let the grave smile—let the cynic sneer at this—rely upon it, the strongest feelings are excited, the bitterest pangs inflicted, by a sudden change in the ordinary, the most common, the most trifling incidents of our lives. To great evils the elastic mind of man expands—it knits itself for imminent dangers—it withstands great calamities; but in the more minute changes, intimately connected with its habits and feelings, it fails. Ever since this sweet girl had been of an age to live with her devoted parents, she had made this breakfast-tea—this trashy stuff, about which washerwomen are universally solicitous—this strange commodity, for which the poor with ungrumbling readiness pay a duty of 100 per cent. for the gratification of giving six or seven shillings a pound for a noxious weed, to mix with hot water; in order to render which palatable, they pay so much more for sugar and milk. It was not the tea—it was not that Mrs. Gray could

not make the tea as well as her daughter, or that the servant could not have made it better, perhaps, than either ; but Mary always *had* made the tea—it was a habit—it was part of the ceremony of their unceremonious life—it was a part of the system—a link in the concatenation ; and who had the key of the tea-chest ? (a question which affords a striking and peculiar proof of the prudential habits of the Grays,) and where was the sugar ? and so on—it was the first break in upon the first breakfast ; but, said Gray to his Fanny, “ We must bear all this—they will be back soon—please God, she is well and comfortably settled with the man of her choice—we must not care for ourselves—we never considered *your* dear father’s breakfast-table when we were breakfasting at Salt Hall the day after *our* wedding.”

Mrs. Gray smiled—blushed a little—said nothing—but, in all probability, like Cocky in the fable, “ thought the more.”

Three or four days reconciled them to this new life, and then their neighbours broke in upon its sameness—if that which is novel can be monotonous—by inviting the *solitary* pair to parties

made *rather* in honour of the event which they could not but regret, as far as their own personal feelings went.

But was not this regret, in some degree, unjust? Here was a marriage, fulfilling, in every point, the wishes both of the younger and the elder parties; for to call Gray at forty-five, or consider Mrs. Gray at thirty-eight, old—would be to libel not them alone, but human nature herself. If Henry Fitzpatrick *had* a fault, it was in an unevenness, not of temper, but of spirits; he would sometimes subside from all the gaiety of mirth—nay, I might almost go the length of saying, the brilliancy of wit—into a momentary fit of abstraction. Something seemed to flash across his mind and, for an instant, depress his spirits: this, however, had been less remarkable since the felicitous arrangement of the marriage, and a letter received by Mrs. Gray from her daughter on the second morning after her departure was full of happiness, and delight, and devotion to her husband, who was at once the kindest and most considerate of human beings. Her father, tenderly remembered in the letter,

read, and re-read its lines, and clasping the hand of his excellent wife, exclaimed with genuine fervour, "Thank God, Fanny our beloved child is happy!"

It is gratifying to see with what facility, in certain spheres of life, all the difficulties and worries by which the great and gay are incommoded and inconvenienced, are overcome, merely by the aid of reason, prudence, and a desire to be satisfied with a just proportion of the good things of this life without striving after superfluities, the possession of which, in fact, do not confer happiness.

A week of the honeyed four had passed, and the happy couple were still laughing "the sultry hours away" at Richmond, when a note was brought to Captain Gray, as he was sitting finishing his letters previous to a drive with his dear Fanny in their pony phaeton, containing these words:—

*"Red Lion Inn.*

"SIR,

"I am most anxious to see and speak with

you. There are reasons why I do not wish to intrude myself into your house. I have travelled hither as rapidly as I could ; I have arrived too late ; but still, as I *am* here, I think it a duty to have a short conversation with you, upon the result of which you will decide.

“ H. F.

“ I shall remain at the inn for your answer.”

When Gray read this brief and unaccountable epistle, his first inquiry of the messenger who brought it, was, from whose hands he received it. The answer was, from one of the waiters, whose only additional direction was, to make the best of his way to Captain Gray's, and to get an answer.

“ Was it a gentleman or a lady who wrote ? ” asked Gray.

The lout did not know ; all he knew was, that it was to be delivered as fast as possible, and he was to have half-a-crown if he got back in three quarters of an hour.

These points of the affair at once roused the dormant lion in the Captain's breast. Some man

had felt himself injured by some act of his ; it was a call—a demand—yet he had come too late—what did *that* mean ?—no matter—the fire was kindled—it was something. “ A short conversation ?” said Gray to himself ; “ long or short, or be it our first or our last, you shall have it.”

His answer was verbal ; he would be there directly. The clod ran back, and was at the end of his journey a quarter of an hour before Gray’s arrival.

Gray, who was a resolute, determined, and, as I have already said, at an earlier period of his life, what might be called a desperate man, walked into the sweet shrubbery of his little earthly paradise, and told his wife that he had received a note which called him to the neighbouring town, that he would therefore drive thither in the phaeton, do what he had to do, and return for her. To this, as a well-conducted wife should, dear Mrs. Gray consented, and Gray was so delighted with her sweet accordance with his intention, that in spite of a plush-jacketed gardener pushing along a creaking iron roller over the grass, and in spite of having been married



nearly a quarter of a century, he gave her—don't be angry, reader,—a sweet, a fervent kiss; there might have been two,—and what then?

They parted—Gray proceeded into the house—and after a short space of time mounted his phaeton, having, however, with a mixture of chivalry and prudence, slipped under the seat of the carriage his case of duelling pistols, thinking perhaps that he might be unintentionally entangled in some affair of what is called “honour,” and being sure, if such should be the case, however ignorant he was at the moment of the possible cause of the appeal, that in a town where military officers were stationed, he could on the instant find a “friend;” for let it never be forgotten, that upon no occasion are *friends* so rife as when their amicable exertions tend to the hostile settlement of some such affair.

Had his dear—his influential—his incomparable wife known *this*, would he have gone so armed? However, he went—drove perhaps more rapidly than usual—his child was provided for—so far, his worldly cares were at rest—what

could the summons mean?—he desired to have the interview over—it would be off his mind—besides, Fanny was waiting for her drive.

He reached the inn—inquired for the landlord—saw him—asked where the gentleman was who had sent the letter to him by his messenger.

“Gentleman, Sir,” said the landlord; “we have no gentleman here, Sir; the letter I forwarded was from a lady.”

“A lady!” said Gray; and he laughed at his foolish sensitiveness and his precaution about pistols. “Where is the lady?”

“She expects you, Sir,” said the landlord; “I will show you, Sir. Is No. 15 in?” cried he to the chambermaid.

“Yes, Sir.”

“This way, Sir,” said the landlord; and having arrived at the door of the apartment, opened it, and presented to an extremely agreeable female stranger “Captain Gray.”

Captain Gray bowed. The lady attempted to rise from her seat, but burst into a flood of tears. The captain, a perfect turtle-dove in his

line, could not stand this ; a woman's tears were too much for him—he endeavoured to soothe her—she sobbed more audibly, and he drew his chair beside her's.

“ Madam,” said the Captain, “ what does this mean ? why this grief—this agitation ? I do not recollect to have ever had the pleasure of seeing you before.”

“ Me, Sir,” said the lady ; “ no, no, no, Sir ; would to Heaven you *had* seen me ! misery—wretchedness—horror—would have been saved to you and those whom you love better than yourself !”—and here a violent paroxysm of grief stopped her utterance.

“ What can you mean ?” said Gray ; “ have I injured you ? have I wronged any one belonging to you ?”

“ Oh no, Sir ; no,” said she ; “ it is *you* who are wronged—it is I who am wronged—both—both of us ; but *you* even beyond myself—and your lovely, innocent child is married !”

“ Great Heaven ! what of that ?” exclaimed Gray ; “ what has that to do with it ?”

“ All, all,” said the wretched woman ; “ if I

could have prevented it I would, not for *your* sake only, but for my own; she is married to Henry Fitzpatrick."

"I know it," said Gray, trembling with agitation for which he could scarcely account;—"what then?"

"She is doomed!—she is damned!" screamed the wretched woman, in a state of mind bordering on insanity.

"Are you in your senses, Madam?" said Gray; "what can you mean by conduct so wild, and language so extraordinary?"

"She was your darling daughter," said the lady; "she was your only one—she was all to you and her doating mother—innocent—excellent—pure—virtuous; so they all tell me here. I have seen her once-happy home—I have seen the garden she loved—I have gazed on the flowers she trained,—I passed your house this morning; but it is all too late—she is lost—and we are both destroyed?"

"Both!" said Gray; "how? why? in what way are you associated with my child? tell me—explain—I shall die——"

"Yes, Sir, with *your* feelings and spirit

some one will die," said the stranger ! " How shall I tell you ! how shall I break that noble heart, or excite it to fury ! "

" Tell me all," said Gray ; " what do you mean ? "

" Nerve yourself, then," said the stranger, " and hear me—I am the wife, the lawful wife of Henry Fitzpatrick ! "

Gray looked at her incredulously, perhaps indignantly ; he stretched forth his hand as if to push her from him—she pressed upon its quivering palm the certificate of her marriage !

Words are inadequate to describe the agony of the enraged father at the sight of this too fatal document. All the strongest passions to which human nature is subject were in an instant raging in his breast,—devotion to his child,—anguish for her fate,—remorse for his own credulity, hatred of Fitzpatrick's villany, and the thirst for revenge for the immeasurable wrong he had inflicted. It was a fearful sight to see. He struck his pale forehead with his clenched fist, and falling on his knees swore, by the God of his salvation, never to rest until he had avenged the injury done to his beloved, his idolized daughter.

The unhappy creature who had raised the storm, screamed with terror on beholding the effects she had produced ; but amidst all her grief, writhing as she too was under the infliction of injuries,—rejected, repudiated, abandoned, and forgotten,—the woman triumphed ; and when she heard the dreadful denunciation of her barbarous husband, all his baseness, all her wretchedness were forgotten, and falling at Gray's feet, who was now pacing the room, she exclaimed—" No—no—no, spare him ! spare him !—he *was* my first, my only love—he *is* my husband still ! "

The look which the distracted parent cast upon the unhappy suppliant was one of rage and hatred unmixed with pity ;—the very ground of her appeal to his mercy, that Fitzpatrick was *her* husband, aggravated the poignancy of his grief, and increased the fury of his rage.

" Let the law," continued she, " take its course,—let the punishment he merits be meted out to him—recollect that *we* are both sufferers in the highest degree."

" Both !" echoed Gray, " both !—what a thought !—have you, wretched and deserted

as you are,—have you had a beloved, an only child, torn from hearts in which she lived, the idol of their worship, the object of their existence ; one whom for twenty years they have watched with the tenderest care, and prayed for with the most fervent devotion?—you have not given such a child to destruction, or surrendered her in the house of God himself, to misery, to wretchedness, and infamy—both !”——

A second attempt on the part of the unhappy woman to soothe the more than half-maddened father was equally unsuccessful, and, overcome by her feelings, she fell into a violent fit of hysterics. Gray rang the bell, and with a solemn composure, directed proper attention to be paid to the sufferer, and then quitting the inn stepped into his phaeton, which remained at the door, taking with him the certificate of Captain Fitzpatrick’s previous marriage.

Who that appreciates the character and feelings of Captain Gray,—who that can imagine the extent of the injury done him, will for a moment doubt whither he went?—Having ordered his servant to return home and tell his mistress that

he should not return till the afternoon, having been unexpectedly called away on business, he gave his horses the rein and drove as fast as they could draw him direct to Croydon, the next post-town, where he arrived nearly unconscious of the journey, and ordering a post-chaise from the inn to which he had driven, directed the waiter to put his cloak and "other things" which were in the phaeton into the carriage, and dashed off for Richmond, where Fitzpatrick and his bride were staying.

The reader who recollects what were the "other things," so carelessly spoken of by Gray to the servant at the inn, will perhaps anticipate the course he proposed to take. Great were the evils which arose from his precautionary measures previous to his departure from home. He had his pistols with him : the very presence of those deadly weapons afforded a facility for revenge, which, had they not been at hand, could not have been taken without a lapse of time, during which, reflection, or, more properly, reason, might have checked the overflowing torrent of rage and revenge with which the



heart's blood of the distracted parent boiled and gurgled.

He reached the temporary residence of the newly-married couple,—they were out—he saw his daughter's maid, who seemed surprised at his arrival, and almost alarmed at his appearance,—they were expected in at four o'clock to dinner, as they were going on the water afterwards. The dinner-table was laid—everything around wore an air of neatness and comfort—a drawing, upon which Fitzpatrick had been employing himself, was lying upon the sofa, and Mary's work-box was beside it. The sight of so familiar an object brought something like tears into Gray's eyes.

“ You stop to dine of course, Sir ? ” said the maid. Gray answered not. “ My mistress is quite well, I hope Sir ? ” inquired the maid, who had been her mother's maid before she became Mary's.

“ Well ! ” said Gray ; “ yes, poor soul, she is well and happy—I will go and meet my child—which way are they gone ? ”

“ I'm sure, Sir, I don't know, ” said the girl.

“ I'll find them, ” was the reply ; and Gray, who felt it impossible to remain quiet in his pre-

sent state of mind, descended the stairs, crossed the road, and entered the park.

Scarcely had he passed the gates which face the high road beyond the Star and Garter, before he beheld his darling child, looking all happiness and beauty, leaning on the arm of her husband; in an instant she recognised the well-known figure of her father, and bounding from Henry's side, she flew rather than ran into his embrace. He clasped her to his heart, and blessed her. Fitzpatrick followed, and extended his hand to Gray, who looked calmly yet sternly at him, but spoke not.

"Is my dear mother here?" asked Mary:  
"Oh, how good you are to come and see us!"

"God help you!" said Gray, drawing his arm through hers. "Let me see you to your door, I want to speak a word or two to Captain Fitzpatrick."

"To Henry," said Mary, who saw that something dreadful had occurred, although she could not guess its meaning. Fitzpatrick in a moment suspected the true cause of the visit.

"Stay, Sir," said Gray, "do me the kindness

to wait for me here, I will be back in a minute or two." Fitzpatrick's consciousness of guilt induced him to comply with the request, or rather one might say, obey the command, without a question.

"My child," said Gray, "my dear unhappy child—go to your room—you must return home with *me*—you have no business here!"

"Home!" said Mary; "my mother is ill then,—home, dear home, too happy shall I be to go—but Henry——"

"Ah!" exclaimed Gray, in a tone of horror, dread, and disgust, shuddering as he spoke—"say not a word—not a word, my child—go in—go in, I will be back directly."

He led her to the door, and pressing her pale forehead to his quivering lips, imprinted a kiss upon it, and returned to the park.

When he reached the spot where he had left Fitzpatrick, he found him pacing quickly to and fro over a short space of the turf. Gray walked hastily up to him, and holding forth the certificate of his first marriage, said—

"Is this paper genuine, Sir? I ask you, Sir, is it genuine?"

“ I thought what had happened,” said Fitzpatrick.

“ You admit it then ?” said Gray.

“ I——I——” faltered Fitzpatrick.

“ Scoundrel !” exclaimed Gray ; “ Villain ! nothing but your blood can wash out this crime ; here, destroyer, fiend, defend yourself !” saying which, he drew from his pocket the loaded pistols, and throwing one towards Fitzpatrick, cocked that which he held in his hand.

Fitzpatrick hesitated to pick up the weapon, although thus peremptorily called upon to do so.

“ Hear me,” Sir, said Fitzpatrick.

“ I hear nothing, wretch !” cried Gray ; “ deny or confirm—aye or no to my question ; is this paper genuine ?”

“ It is genuine, but——”

“ Enough,” said Gray ; “ take the pistol, which lies at your feet, Sir,—do not add cowardice to your other villanies—here are people coming—I would not stir, if all the world were in arms against me, till I had avenged my child’s destruction ; d’ye hear me, Sir ? Stand to your ground, and the curses of an injured father be upon your head !”

Fitzpatrick, convinced that any attempt at explanation would be useless, stooped and picked up the pistol; the moment he was possessed of it, Gray, without waiting for him to, raise or even cock it, fired at him, and with an unerring aim drove the bullet through his heart. Fitzpatrick leaped up at the instant he was hit, and in the next, rolled upon the turf a lifeless corpse.

Gray's eyes sparkled with unearthly joy as he beheld the destroyer of his happiness dead before him; no touch of pity moved his heart—no pang of remorse agitated his bosom—he looked on the work of blood with gloating satisfaction.

The sound of the pistol had attracted two of the keepers, who ran to the spot, whither they were followed by several other persons who had witnessed the whole affair. The moment Gray, who remained standing close to the spot where Fitzpatrick lay, found himself surrounded by people, the expression of his countenance and his manner suddenly changed; he became, as it appeared, torpid, and unconscious of what had happened; his mighty rage had burst like thunder

on his devoted victim, and a dead and fearful calm had succeeded to the storm.

“ I did the deed,” said Gray ; “ do not lay hands upon me, gentlemen—I will go wherever you please. *I* killed him ; and if any of ye here are fathers, which amongst you will blame me ? He ruined my child—my beloved, innocent child—my only child ; have I done wrong ? ”

The moment the gate-keeper saw the body, he recognised it, from having seen Fitzpatrick constantly walking with Mary during the two preceding days. This circumstance of course led to the knowledge of their residence, close at hand—a knowledge which the keeper imparted to the by-standers.

“ Yes, gentlemen,” said Gray, “ this man is right ; my poor child is there, waiting for her father ; what’s next to be done ? ”

There was a wildness and an abstraction in Gray’s manner, which appalled and terrified the surrounding crowd. The police, however, were called in, and Gray was delivered into their custody. This circumstance seemed to awaken all his dormant faculties ; the dread of being

separated from Mary—the agonies of anticipating her feelings—her lone situation—the absence of her mother—the death of a husband of whom she yet knew nothing unfavourable—all these thoughts flashed into his mind, and a flood of tears brought relief to his sufferings.

The scene was dreadful, but its horrors were in some degree mitigated by a circumstance for which he could not have been prepared. His wife—the ever fond and anxious Fanny—surprised at the abrupt departure of her husband from home, and by no means satisfied with the message brought back by the servant, or the account he gave of his master's conduct after a lengthened interview with a strange female, proceeded instantly to the inn. Her inquiries there confirmed her suspicions ; the stranger was still in the house, and so ill from agitation, consequent upon her conversation with Gray, as to have been compelled to send for medical advice, under which she had been conveyed to bed.

Mrs. Gray sought and obtained an interview with her. In a few faltering words she explained the dreadful history to her visiter, who in an instant foresaw the course her husband would adopt,

and resolved at all hazards to follow him as speedily as possible to Richmond, hoping, indeed, to overtake him before he reached that place. Hence came a slight alloy of wretchedness ; she arrived at Richmond five minutes after Mary's return, and her father's fatal walk to the park. The moment she heard of his proceedings, she again anticipated the worst, and flew rather than ran to the scene of action—all too late to save her devoted husband, but yet in time to throw herself into his arms and hide her burning face in his bosom.

“ My wife here !” cried Gray ; “ thank God for that, for my poor child's sake ; do not look that way,” continued he, gently pushing her from the spot where the corpse of Fitzpatrick lay stretched on the grass,—“ he is dead !”

“ Heaven forbid !” sobbed Fanny.

“ It is over—all over,” replied Gray, “ and I must go with these gentlemen.”

“ Go !” screamed his agonized wife.

“ Yes, go,” said Gray ; “ I am prepared ; I must answer this, first to the law, and then to Heaven ; but what was my provocation ?—you know it.”



"I do, I do," said his wife.

"Was I wrong? was I cruel? was I barbarous?" said Gray.

A gentleman who had watched the whole of this scene, suggested, as the crowd was increasing, that it would be better if Mrs. Gray were to quit them, and return to the house, to her daughter, and remain until something could be decided as to the next step necessary to be taken with the prisoner—for such he was.

The agonies of parting seemed more than Fanny could endure; but Gray, who had recovered his composure, begged her to follow the advice just proffered. "It will be better," said he; "Mary wants your comfort—your consolation. We shall meet soon; but there are forms to be gone through—the law requires it; to-morrow all will be well, perhaps."

To describe the separation of the fond and faithful couple would be impossible. The gentleman who had proposed her return, accompanied Mrs. Gray to the house of mourning, to which the body of the wretched Fitzpatrick was subsequently removed; while Gray was taken before

a county magistrate in the neighbourhood, by whom, after a short examination, in which the evidence against him was too clear to admit of question, he was committed to the gaol at Kingston, at which place the assizes were at that moment going on. A coroner's inquest was subsequently held upon the body, and a verdict of wilful murder was returned.

Who in the most vivid calculations of the uncertainty of human affairs could have fancied it possible that on the evening of a day which dawned upon a happy family like that of Gray, an accumulation of evils should have fallen upon it, like this? by which murder, death, imprisonment, guilt, sorrow, and disgrace, supplanted comfort, affection, devotion, and duty. In consequence of the sitting of the court at Kingston, the fate of the unhappy Gray was hastened beyond his hopes—for hopes he had. Strong in the consciousness of his own sufferings and provocations, and feeling an assurance of sympathy from every father's heart, he considered the verdict of the coroner's jury a mere form, and their decision, one which was legally inevitable,

from the absence of any extenuating evidence. The same feeling supported him when the grand jury found a true bill against him. They, too, judged upon *ex parte* statements, and if the fact were established, they had no other duty to perform than find the bill; nor could he be persuaded either to admit the criminality of his conduct, or to believe that his defence, delivered pathetically and earnestly, could fail of producing an acquittal, until he heard the fatal verdict of "GUILTY," pronounced after a long and patient trial, beheld the Judge, covered with the fatal cap, and heard him pronounce the awful sentence of the court, that he was to die on the following Monday.

There was not a dry eye in the court when the awful *fiat* was delivered except his own. He stood erect—he flinched not—he faltered not; but when the Judge had concluded his solemn address, he bowed his head respectfully, and said in a low, yet firm and manly voice, "God's will be done!"

It was a dreadful sight to see, as he passed from the dock to the prison, which he never

again was to quit except to die. Many of the friends who knew his excellence and worth,—who had partaken of the happiness of his home,—who had learned to love and esteem him and his exemplary family—pressed around him. It was only those who had seen the virtues of his child, and the devotion of her father, who could appreciate the strength of his feelings, or attempt to justify the dreadful violence he had committed. He appeared more overcome by this tribute of unsought commiseration than by all his calamities.

It may be supposed that his devoted wife was never absent from his side after his condemnation—not so ; her active energetic mind was indefatigably working in every available channel, in order to excite the pity and secure the mercy of the Sovereign—the attribute

—————“that becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown !”

Difficulties of all sorts interposed themselves ; the forms of office, the absence from London of the Secretary through whose department any petition

or representation must go ; the impracticability of any personal appeal,—all these embarrassments she encountered ; and the efforts she had so earnestly made and continued until within twelve hours of the fatal moment remained up to that period unsuccessful, and apparently unnoticed.

After the fatigues of the day on the Saturday, poor Fanny visited her wretched husband and cheered him with hopes that even yet all would be well. His dear Mary was in the best hands ; and as it was considered impossible to permit her to visit her father, she was kept in total ignorance of the result of his trial, or of the dreadful position in which he was placed. Gray felt consoled by the knowledge that his dear child was spared all this affliction—he inquired with solicitude as to the funeral of his victim, and his mind, prepared by the almost constant attendance and pious exertions of the clergyman, to whom he had addressed a note to request his visits, had resumed its habitual temperament. On the subject of a pardon he never was sanguine ; the time was too short for a full explanation of the circumstances, or anything

like a palliation of his conduct, and when the Sunday afternoon arrived, he gave up all thoughts of this world, and having made such arrangements as were essentially necessary under the circumstances with regard to his family affairs, surrendered himself to the certainty of death on the following morning, confident that he should not in his last moments disgrace the character he had always maintained for courage and resolution.

But how was his Fanny employed at this very moment? What had she done? What had been the results of her incessant toils? Even at the eleventh hour came the blessing. Reference had been made to the Judge who tried the case—his answer was favourable—at least, sufficiently so to justify the extension of mercy. At ten o'clock on Sunday night the precious document reached the hands of the triumphant preserver of her husband. Again should she place him in his home, to pray for forgiveness from Heaven for the commission of a deed to which he had been hurried almost unconsciously. There would be time for repentance of his rash-

ness, and she would assuage his sorrows, confirm his faith, support his hope, and blend her prayers with his and Mary's, whose gentle heart once healed, would learn to pity and forgive the deed her father had done in love for her, and revenge of the ill-treatment and injuries she had suffered.

With eager haste did the delighted Fanny urge the driver of the chaise that conveyed her to Kingston to make more speed—the horses almost flew, yet seemed to her to lag and crawl. The prison-gate at last was reached ; her first act was to deliver a letter directed to the keeper, and one addressed to the high-sheriff or his deputy. She knew their contents, for in her bosom she bore the official announcement of the pardon. To-morrow the doors would fly open to set her husband free, and she should all her life be blest by knowing that she had been his deliverer.

She stole with the greatest caution to the cell where the unconscious criminal lay sleeping. She entered, but he heard her not ; she made a signal to the goaler, who had himself accom-

panied her, to put down the light, and leave her to break the glad tidings to her husband. Armed as he was with the legal authority for releasing him from all restraint, he did as he was desired, not without expressing by signs to the lady his own delight at the result of her negotiations.

Gray slept so soundly that Fanny hesitated to wake him. She sat in a tremor of delight, anxious for the instant when he should raise himself on his pillow, and when she might cautiously communicate her tidings. Nearly an hour elapsed, when, almost wondering at the soundness of his repose at such a moment, she took the candle, and proceeded to the bed-side. She held up the light, to gaze upon his slumbering features, when uttering a scream so loud and shrill, that it rang through the vaulted passages of the prison in countless echoes,—she fell senseless on the stone floor of the dungeon.

The noise brought the gaoler and an assistant to the place, where they beheld the happy wife of the pardoned man stretched at his feet. They knew not what to think. The gaoler ap-



proached the bed, and turning down the sheet, astonished that the piercing shrieks of his wife should not have awakened its tenant, beheld the unfortunate man stone dead, and weltering in his blood.

On the quilt lay a strip of paper, upon which these words were written :—" I could die with happiness in the field—I can die by my own hand—but I cannot die by the hands of an executioner. God bless my wife and my child—all those who have been kind to me in my misfortunes, accept my thanks and gratitude."

A word more would be superfluous. The widowed mother and daughter still survive, but in the deepest seclusion. The career of Gray most strongly illustrates the danger of yielding to sudden and violent passion, even under the most galling or exciting circumstances: while the rash termination of his existence, at the moment he was saved from what he had not the power to endure, teaches us never, even in the deepest distress, to encourage despair, remembering always the cheering proverb which says,

" WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE IS HOPE."

## LIFE AFTER DEATH.

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HAPPINESS in marriage, according to the proverb, is most likely to be attained by an equality of age, rank, and fortune on both sides—an axiom, to be sure, militating in no small degree against the principle of “bettering one’s self by matrimony.”

This phrase “bettering one’s self” is at all times a very doubtful one. A pampered footman, who is found in every comfort and almost luxury in life, “beters himself” by marrying his mistress’s maid, and setting up a public-house, where in the course of a couple of years, he drinks up his profits and constitution, and is found figuring away in the “Gazette” as a

bankrupt; while the housemaid of the family “*better herself*” by leaving service and marrying a journeyman painter, who, after having stocked his garret with three small children, either pitches head-foremost from a three-pair of stairs window which he is cleaning, or sinks into pallidity and paralysis, arising from the use of white lead:—so much for bettering one’s self! And if we look through the ranks of *bettermost* life, we shall find that all marriages made with the same view, however exalted one of the parties may be, and however *exigant* the other, are equally disappointing to the “high contracting powers,” with the inferior pursuits of the publican or the painter.

So thinking, it must be gratifying to a reader to know that he is about to peruse the history of two lovers whose parents were equals in rank and station, and fortune—assimilating in their pursuits—congenial in their characters and dispositions—both excellent and amiable men. Their wives were equally agreeable persons, and people who knew them best, said that the Rue St. Honore never had resident in it two

families more closely allied by sympathies and friendship than those of Claude St. Pierre and Joseph Desbrouillan.

St. Pierre was a clothier, well to do in the world, who lived on the right-hand side of the street, in a shop the admiration of Paris. Desbrouillan was a silk mercer, and lived on the left-hand side of the same street, in a *magazin* of first-rate character—St. Pierre had a son—Desbrouillan had a daughter—the families were upon the most intimate terms—need I say another word? Adelaide Desbrouillan and Florence St. Pierre were in their hearts affianced.

“Florence St. Pierre,” said Madam Desbrouillan to her husband, “is a *very* nice young man.”

“Adelaide Desbrouillan,” said Madame St. Pierre to *her* husband, “is a *very* nice girl.”

Nobody—the most fastidious critic alive—could have dissented from these two propositions.

“He is twenty-four,” said M. Desbrouillan to his wife.

“She is nineteen,” said M. St. Pierre to *his*.

And so they went on ; and while the old ones seemed tacitly to agree to the union, the young ones, who really *did* love each other, saw no great reason for depriving themselves of the pleasure—above all others in the world—derivable from the sweet and enthralling interchange of hopes and wishes, doubts and fears, with which such an intimacy is so thickly studded.

Paris, perhaps, is not exactly the *locale* in which a romance-writer would lay the scene of such an attachment as that which existed between Florence and Adelaide ; but what I write is no romance—it is truth ; and although that gayest of cities (which to me conveys no idea of the metropolis of a great nation, but rather seems to resemble an overgrown watering-place, where *bons-bons* and *eau sucré* are the necessities of life, and into the calculation of whose people neither care nor business ever enters) is certainly not the fittest soil for sentiment—still, passion, pure and sincere, *may* exist in

.

Paris, as they tell us there is honour amongst thieves; it sounds improbable, but the Rue St. Honore, may be to gentle hearts like that of Adelaide, of as sylvan a scene as the Woods of Chambord or the Groves of Beaugencil. There *may be* simplicity in Regent Street or the Quadrant—all I know is, that Adelaide was one of the most amiable girls in the world, and Florence as devoted a lover as ever worshipped a divinity in the shape of a mistress.

“ I suppose, Clotilde,” said the elder St. Pierre to his dame, “ this will be a match; and why not? If Florence really love Adelaide, he shall have her—that is, if she will have *him*. My business is a good one; I have neither chick nor child but him; I have made my money here—so may *he* make his, when I am gone; and the moment Desbrouillan opens his heart upon the subject, I will meet him half-way.”

“ Monsieur Desbrouillan,” said Madame St. Pierre, “ is a good man, and loves his daughter dearly; but *I* think—I wou’dn’t say a syllable against people with whom we are so intimate—I *do* think that Madame Desbrouillan would not

so readily agree to our proposition in the affair. She is ambitious ; she knows Adelaide is pretty and accomplished ; and recollect, *she* comes of an old family ; toppled down, I admit, by some of those changes which have occurred in our dear country, and which have brought us to the happy state in which we now are. I think she would prefer a step upwards for her girl."

" Ah, no !" said St. Pierre ; " do you think so ? Life, then, is really like what one reads in novels and plays : there is always some adverse interest to true affection."

" You are right, Vincent," said Madame St. Pierre. " Recollect our own difficulties when *we* were young. As that English play-writer, at whom our great Voltaire used to laugh, says,—

‘ The course of true love never did run smooth ;’

and I suspect that Count Jourmont is *the* man selected by Madame Desbrouillan for Adelaide."

" Jourmont !" exclaimed St. Pierre ; " why, he is old enough to be her father."

“What then? she may be sooner a rich young widow.”

“Pshaw, wife of mine!” cried he; “do not let us believe that there are fathers and mothers in the world capable of calculating so coldly as that comes to. No, no. If Madame Desbrouillan thinks Count Jourmont likely to flirt with a tradesman’s daughter, well and good: rely upon it, that is the extent of her manoeuvring.—But he never comes to the house.”

“I doubt that,” said the lady. “Of course, he is never there at supper-time, when we go; he never escorts her to the theatre; and is not to be seen with her in the Tuilleries Gardens or the Champs Elysées; but I believe he is mad to marry her, and that mamma is entirely in his interest.”

“I should like to know the rights of it,” said St. Pierre; “for of *this* I am certain—if the acquaintance of our son and their daughter is not to terminate in marriage, the sooner it ends the better.”

“I agree with you entirely,” said Madame; which being the case, it is not difficult to ima-



gine that some mode was speedily adopted to ascertain the real state of the case. Much trouble, however, it was not necessary to take in order to effect this purpose ; for Madame Desbrouillan was, as it appeared, almost sympathetically struck with the necessity of coming to an explanation with her daughter. Her plan of proceeding was, if possible, to provoke Count Jourmont into an offer, which she thought would perhaps be best accelerated by permitting the constant association of the lovers, so as to pique him into jealousy, and drive him to a proposal.

Jourmont was devotedly fond of Adelaide ; but he was of a noble family, and held a high command in the army. Pride and love struggled in his heart ; but as this exemplary personage had reached the shady side of fifty, the former seemed likely to predominate. After all, Adelaide was the daughter of a shopkeeper ; and, however indifferent the English are to such distinctions, in a country like France, which had been recently liberalized by the salutary process of revolution, it appeared to be a matter

of difficulty to reconcile such a difference of rank with the usages of society. To be sure, Jourmont lived but little in Paris ; peace had given him the opportunity of reposing upon his laurels at a country-house, dignified into the Château de Jourmont, some few miles from Orleans, to which he would, without a doubt, bear off his bride, if he could once “screw his courage” to the asking point.

Adelaide was by no means blind to his intentions, nor unconscious of the impression she had made upon his middle-aged heart ; neither did she fail to communicate her apprehensions to Florence, who, being about four-and-twenty years old, looked upon the idea of a man of the surprising age of fifty-two enacting lover to a girl of nineteen, as the excess of absurdity, and endeavoured to laugh away his Adelaide’s apprehensions ; but it was a feverish life to lead—it was a continued scene of mystery and mystification. When Jourmont made a visit, Adelaide was dressed to the best advantage, and old Desbrouillan kept Florence St. Pierre in conversation in the *magazin* ; and when Jourmont was

gone—for he seldom stayed throughout the evening—the attachment which one family felt towards the other, permitted the lovers to meet again, as if there really were no rival in the case.

This was not the result of hypocrisy or artifice : the truth is, that Adelaide's mother and father very highly esteemed young St. Pierre. They admitted to themselves that a match between them would be both agreeable and suitable, and therefore they did not wish to appear to oppose their growing intimacy, or break off an alliance which could not fail to give mutual comfort and respectability. But still, if Adelaide *could* be Countess Jourmont, the wife of a colonel in the army, and a member of the Legion of Honour, all minor considerations, even to the extent of a daughter's happiness, must give way ; for, as has already been said, Madame Desbrouillan came from a noble family, of which two had been exiled, and died in England, and three had suffered death in the glorious days of Robespierre. To place a child of hers back again in the circle from which she had thus

unhappily fallen, was the height of her ambition. Thus it will be seen that, with the best disposition towards Florence, and the kindest intentions towards Adelaide, she was doing what, in fact, threatened to be, and eventually proved, the cruelest thing possible to be done.

One evening, as usual, Florence called at Desbrouillan's. There was nobody in the *magazin* but the clerk. Florence went in familiarly, as usual ; but he found the door leading to the apartments inhabited by the family not, as usual, open—it was fastened within. Florence did not like this check upon his proceedings ; nor was he at all better satisfied when the clerk told him that Count Jourmont was with his master, and mistress, and Miss Adelaide ; and that Desbrouillan had left word that nobody was to be admitted—an order, the obedience to which, it appears, he had most decidedly secured, by locking up the only passage which led to his dwelling.

Florence returned home, restless and uneasy. His father and mother saw in a moment that something had happened.

“What is the matter with you, Florence?” said St. Pierre. “Is Adelaide Desbrouillan ill?”

“Not that I know of,” said Florence. “All I know is, that I am shut out from her father’s house—refused admission; while that Count Jourmont, whom I hate and detest, is closeted with the family.”

“I told you so,” said Madame St. Pierre. “I foresaw this. I knew that you were living on false hopes; and yet I could not have fancied the Desbrouillans would have allowed matters to go on so long and so smoothly, if they had resolved to marry their girl to the Count.”

“Marry her to the Count!” exclaimed Florence. “Do you really believe, my dear mother, that they have any intention of sacrificing poor Adelaide to that old coxcomb, or that he would be so great a fool as to become her husband!”

“The former part of your question,” said St. Pierre, “I can only answer by saying, that both your mother and myself have heard Madame Desbrouillan speak, (hypothetically, to be sure,) in a manner to convince me, that if the oppor-

tunity offered, by which she could restore her daughter to the station she herself once filled, she would do it at all risks. As for the second part, touching the folly of the Count in marrying a girl of nineteen at fifty-two, I can only say, that whatever our opinions may be of age, which are invariably formed by comparison, the *decadence* of humanity is so gradual and so nearly imperceptible to the individual who sees himself only once every day at shaving time, that he is wholly unconscious of the alterations so clearly visible to our eyes; and as for the change of life itself, the man of fifty-two feels much the same as the man of twenty-six. Now, there's myself, for instance——."

"Don't talk of yourself, Mr. St. Pierre," interrupted his lady. "You are not going to marry a girl of nineteen, and, for all you say, would not, I should think, be such a simpleton as to do so, even had I given you the opportunity. The fault I find with Count Jourmont is more as concerns his temper than his age. I cannot endure him : besides, if what Madame Desbrouillan has told me is the fact, nothing would

induce me to consent to the match. He makes it a condition that Adelaide is never to visit or receive any of her family at her château."

"Adelaide will never enter into such an engagement," exclaimed Florence. "I know her better,—she is too much attached to her parents to abandon them at the desire of such a lover."

"I think so, too, Florence," said his mother; "but still the very affection she feels for her parents may be the cause of her yielding to their solicitations."

"What!" said St. Pierre, "will they solicit her to give them up? Well, heaven preserve me from ambition! that's all *I* say."

It was shortly after the termination of this conversation that Florence repeated his visit to Desbrouillan's house. He saw both him and his wife. Count Jourmont was gone, and Adelaide had retired to her room. There was an air of hesitation and mystery about both father and mother; the usual invitation to the family supper was not given, and there was such an air of restraint over the whole proceeding, that Florence felt it impossible to inquire why Adelaide was

absent, or even to mention her name. Madame Desbrouillan closed the scene by quitting the apartment, while her husband made preparations for closing the *magazin*. Florence and he descended the stairs together. The young man fancied he heard Adelaide sobbing as he passed the door of her apartment, and when they reached the door of the shop, Desbrouillan, taking his hand, pressed it affectionately, and saying, "Good night, my poor fellow!" turned from him with tears in his eyes.

There could be no doubt that Adelaide had been prevailed upon to accept the Count, neither could there be any difficulty in tracing the surrender of her happiness to the earnest persuasions of her ambitious mother, whose before-mentioned desire to replace her child amongst the *noblesse* was so great and uncontrollable as to drive her to the attainment of her object by the most abject self-degradation. Yet hope, which "springs eternal in the human breast," whispered in Florence's ear that, although Adelaide might have been induced or compelled to give a favourable hearing to Count Jourmont, she could not have



returned a definitive answer to his proposal, "because," said Florence to himself, "her faith is pledged to me."

Poor Florence ! *that* night sleep never closed his eyes : the sobs he had heard in quitting Desbrouillan's still rang in his ears ; they afforded a true and melancholy evidence of the wretchedness of his beloved. Yet even these might console and support him, for in proving his Adelaide's misery and grief, they were certain proofs of the affection which caused her woe.

The next morning Florence was early at Desbrouillan's. Desbrouillan was out : Madame received him. She was evidently agitated. Florence trembled like a leaf. At length the Dame Desbrouillan broke silence.

"I was going over to see your mother, Florence," said the old lady ; "is she within ?"

"Yes," replied Florence.

"I have something to tell her," said Madame Desbrouillan. "Adelaide is going to be married, Florence."

"Heaven forbid !" exclaimed he, bursting into a convulsive flood of tears.

“ She is,” continued Madame Desbrouillan ;  
“ and that almost immediately.”

“ Then life is no longer worth possessing,”  
said Florence.

“ Why ?” asked her mother.

“ Need I tell you,” said Florence ; “ need I  
now declare that Adelaide is all the world to  
me ? that I could live but in her society ? that  
every hope—every wish—every thought of mine  
are centred in her ? and that if we are parted,  
death alone can relieve me from misery and  
wretchedness !”

“ *You*, Florence !” exclaimed Madame Des-  
brouillan. “ Why, you never even whispered  
such a feeling to me or her father ; nor did she  
ever mention your name with more than sisterly  
affection. We knew you were friends,—dear  
friends,—and the children of dear friends ;—and  
so you are, and so you will remain, I hope.”

“ Friendship,” said Florence, “ at our age,  
seldom lasts long. Was it possible for *me* to  
live all my life with Adelaide and not adore her ?  
Was it unnatural that, seeing me devoted to  
her, as I have been, she should sympathize with

me! Even on the score of prudence there was no objection; our rank and station in society,—the intimacy of our parents,—the readiness, the anxiety of mine to meet our views, all conspired to bind me to her, by ties which mortal hands may never break!”

This artless appeal of Florence's to Adelaide's mother had a powerful effect; it brought to her mind the duplicity of which she had too clearly been guilty. It was too true the bold, the debasing project of making her girl a Countess had since entered her head. She was as fond of Florence as if he had been her own son, and, as the reader already knows, was perfectly *d'accord* with her husband, and the young man's parents with regard to the match between them.

“Do you tell me,” said Florence, “that Adelaide has really consented to the marriage.”

“It is fixed,—settled,” said the lady. “The Count is anxious that no delay should take place: the contract will be signed to-morrow, and the *corbeille*—a splendid one, I assure you—will be home on Friday.”

“It must be a dream!” said Florence. “Adelaide cannot have abandoned me.”

“It is all true, Florence,” said Madame Desbrouillan, “and, rely upon it, all for the best. Adelaide is of a very delicate constitution; the occupations of middling life are too laborious for her; the air of Paris disagrees with her. In the country, where she will reside, in the possession of rank and independence, she will gain strength and health——”

——“And happiness?” said Florence.

“I trust so,” said her mother. “Count Jourment is a brave and honourable man, devotedly attached to her, and anxious to render himself worthy of her affections.”

“But,” said Florence, “does he now possess them? or do you hope for happiness for Adelaide, if she marries a man she does not love, upon the chance of her probably becoming attached to him in time?”

“The thing is irrevocable,” said the lady.

“One favour then I ask,” said Florence; “that, at least, you will not deny me. Let me

see Adelaide, and hear from her own lips the sentence that dooms me to despair."

"When she is well enough to see you," said Madame Desbrouillan, "you *shall* see her."

"What!" anxiously asked Florence, "is she ill?"

"Flurried, feverish, agitated," said Madame Desbrouillan; "nothing more. It is natural: the event is enough to turn her head."

"Rather to break her heart," said Florence. "But when shall I have this interview?"

"In the evening," said Madame Desbrouillan, "I dare say she will be well enough to see you."

"And if I prevail upon her to rescind the consent you say she has given, may I hope ——"

"She will not do that," said the lady; "she has too much propriety of feeling, to trifle with the feelings of others. She has accepted the Count: it is not probable she will exhibit so much indecision as to recall that acceptance."

"But," said Florence, "her indecision is marked by that very acceptance. *We* are pledged to each other. Has she broken her faith to *me*, in order to evince her steadiness of purpose?"

At this moment the door of the room opened, and Adelaide herself stood before them. She was as pale as death ; her eyes were red and swollen. As she advanced into the apartment, her gaze fell upon Florence. She uttered a loud scream, and, hiding her face in her hands, fell senseless into her mother's arms.

Her mother, who had enjoined her not to quit her chamber, was not in the least prepared for this scene. She motioned to Florence to leave them, as she led her sorrowing child back to her bed-room. Florence, completely overcome by the sight of his beloved, so evidently labouring under grief and agitation, stood transfixed like a statue. Madame Desbrouillan felt assured that, if he remained, Adelaide would only recover to relapse again into convulsions, and implored him to go.

“How,” said Florence, “can I leave her in such a state ? How can I endure to see her suffer thus, without one effort to release her heart from all its sorrows ! She loves me ! she loves me ! now let me plead my cause.”

“Not now, Florence,” said Madame Desbrouillan, parting her daughter’s dishevelled hair on her forehead. “Not now—she is senseless ; you shall see her in the evening. Come this evening, Florence ; but not now.”

The maternal feelings of the old lady were excited by the sight of her child ; and the latent affection which she had always entertained for Florence broke through the restraint which her interested feelings had induced her to put upon it. The words “Come this evening” were spoken in the tone of other days ; and Florence hastened home, to wile away the time until the hour should arrive when he felt convinced that Adelaide would discard her new old lover, and prevail upon her parents to combine with him to ensure their mutual happiness.

The anxiety of St. Pierre and his wife for the health of their son, which they were satisfied would receive a heavy blow if Adelaide were lost to him, felt much relief from his appearance after his return from the home of his beloved. He spoke cheerfully, dined rationally with his father

and mother, and felt himself doubly assured of his eventual success by the non-appearance of Adelaide's mother at their house, the avowed object of her intended visit having been the communication of Count Jourmont's offer and acceptance : in short, he was enjoying one of the sunshiny moments of his April passion, and resolved upon shortening the period which was to elapse before what he felt to be the most important interview of the evening, by a stroll through the Champs Elysées with a friend and confidant ; so that, while varying the scene, and enjoying the air and exercise, he might still have the satisfaction of talking of nothing but Mademoiselle Desbrouillan.

The hours flew faster than Florence had expected. One bottle of Bourdeaux between himself and his friend, the whole of which had been expended in drinking to their respective mistresses, had enlivened his spirits, and he returned home in great force to plead his cause, and gain it. No sooner had the clock struck than Florence was at Desbrouillan's door. The *magazin* was shut—the private door open—in



bounded the lover. A minute was not consumed in reaching the top of the stairs, and gaining the sitting-room, where he found the father of his beloved dozing, with some account-books on the table before him. The noise of Florence's arrival awakened him.

"Ah, Florence," said he, "are *you* there? Come in. Sit down—sit down."

Florence did as he was bid, pulled up his shirt-collar, and ruffled up his black curling hair.

"Fine evening," said Desbrouillan.

"Very fine," echoed Florence. "Where are the ladies, Sir—out?"

"Yes, they are out indeed, Florence," replied the father.

"When do you expect them in?" inquired the lover.

"That is more than I can tell you," said Desbrouillan. "Adelaide and her mother have taken their departure for the country."

"The country!" exclaimed Florence; "what part of the country?"

"Faith, I scarcely can tell you," said Desbrouillan. "My wife has taken into her own

management the match which she has made up with Count Jourmont, and I don't intend to interfere in the business one way or another. She says it will ensure Adelaide's happiness ; I think not. For my part I always looked upon Adelaide as betrothed to *you*. I had no objection—your father had none. However, I hear Adelaide is pleased with the prospect before her ; and so my wife is gone down to her cousin, for the purpose, as she tells me, of sparing you and Adelaide the pain of a meeting."

" Why, Sir," said Florence, " I am here now by Madame Desbrouillan's invitation to see your daughter !"

" She is gone," said Desbrouillan, evidently affected ; " she will return here no more. The marriage is to take place from her cousin's house, in order to spare the Count the mortification of having the *nôces et festin* in a shop ; and I am to be permitted to be present at the ceremony ; but after that—we are to lose our child for the future."

Here the afflicted parent shed tears of regret, in which the sanguine Florence saw fresh ground

for hope. He argued eloquently with him on the imprudence, and indeed the apathy, of permitting his wife so completely to govern him, and to take a course in the most important point of her daughter's life, in direct opposition—for so it seemed to be—to his wishes and intentions ; but however readily Desbrouillan agreed in all the arguments of his once-intended son-in-law, he wound up the conversation by declaring that it was now too late to recede—that the fault he had committed was in first admitting his wife's suggestions about Jourmont, but having done so, he could not now retract ; he therefore entreated Florence to be patient, and console himself for the loss of Adelaide by looking out for some girl who equally suited him, and whose constancy might be less equivocal.

To describe Florence's feelings were impossible ; to have lost her—to know that she was the affianced bride of another—events of the last four-and-twenty hours—was all like a dream ; but to find her false—to find himself deceived by both mother and daughter—the combination of distress threw him into a fever—delirium fol-

lowed, and from the evening of this conversation with Desbrouillan, he remained for five weeks in bed, his afflicted father and mother fearing every hour would be his last. For upwards of twenty days he was wholly unconscious of anything around him: lucky, perhaps, it was that he *was* so, for during that period Adelaide Desbrouillan had become Countess Jourmont—*fêtes* had been given at her husband's chateau—his family had received her with great affection and kindness—and Orleans and its vicinity were charmed with the beauty of the bride.

What her feelings were, in the midst of all these festivities, none but herself could tell. A combination of ills had plunged her into the splendid misery of marriage. After her precipitate removal from Paris, she had contrived to write to Florence, imploring him, if he were sincere in his affection for her, to lose no time in following them to the house of her mother's cousin—that she would rather die than marry Jourmont—and that nothing but the evidence of his indifference, which his lengthened absence would afford, could induce her to consent to the

match—and finally imploring him to come to her rescue.

This letter reached his house at the moment when he was overwhelmed with illness, and illness too of a character calculated to risk his life should he be subjected to any mental excitement. His father knew whence it came, but dared not let him have it. In the anxiety of his heart he ventured to open it—as a desperate effort to rouse Desbrouillan to a sense of the misery to which he was consenting to doom his child, he communicated it to him. The weak husband, when he joined his wife, in order to be present at the ceremony, urged this circumstance—Madame Desbrouillan advised him to observe perfect silence, while she impressed upon her daughter's mind the belief that Florence himself had betrayed her to her father.

It was not until Florence had sufficiently recovered from his fever to remove from Paris for the benefit of the air, that the Countess Jourmont discovered the deception that had been practised upon her, or that her devoted lover,

instead of trifling with her affections, had nearly died for her sake. Then was the woman roused—then was she resolved to vindicate herself in the eyes of the only man she loved, and clear herself from an imputation of fickleness and crime equal only to that of which she had so unjustly accused him. She accordingly dispatched the following letter to Florence, which safely reached his hand:—

“ We are separated, eternally, in this world ; God forbid that we should ever meet again ! You are now aware of the hateful deceptions which have been practised upon us—their success has made me the most unhappy of women. All I desire is, to justify myself in *your* eyes, as *you* are justified in mine, by discoveries I have made of conduct which I could have hoped my mother would have scorned to pursue. I write to bid you farewell ; to implore you, as you value my peace of mind—nay, my life—never to seek to see or write to me. I am doomed to wretchedness, and any attempt to alleviate it would only add to its weight. As far as unshaken, disinterested affection goes, you are as dear to me as ever—no

power on earth would induce me to see you ; but you live in my heart—I will strive to do my duty in the station in which I am placed, and if I do, I may surely pray for you.

“ The ring you gave me last summer is now on my finger, which it has never left since you placed it there ; when I die—and if you saw me, Florence, you would think it would not be long first—it shall be buried with me. Oh ! never, never was heart betrayed or broken as mine has been—never was parent so mistaken in her views of happiness as mine has been ! I feel a conscious rectitude of mind which justifies this last adieu—it is the last—it must not be replied to. Florence, Florence ! farewell—I cannot write—farewell, and Heaven bless you ! ”

This letter—if letter it could be called—bore evident marks of its writer’s agitation ; but little did Florence think, when he received it, how soon the event to which poor Adelaide alluded to in it was to occur.

The Desbrouillans had relinquished their shop and retired from business, in order to gratify Count Jourmont—their intercourse with the St.

Pierres had ceased—three or four months had elapsed, and, obedient to the injunctions of his beloved, Florence had neither written nor ventured to seek an interview, and in consequence of his entire alienation from the society of her family, was in utter ignorance of every thing connected with his Adelaide. While he was suffering under the effects of illness, he bore with something like patience the suspense in which he was kept ; but with improving health anxiety returned, and, young as he was in the world's ways, and impressed as he was with the purity and excellence of his beloved, he began to think that the earnestness of her desire that he should make no attempt to see her and the fervour of her prayer that they might not meet, might not be altogether sincere, or at any rate so binding upon him as to prevent his making the attempt. She admitted that she loved him only ; and with that admission in the outset, a man may perhaps take credit for a good deal more than meets the ear. Whatever might be the motive, it matters little now ; suffice it to say that Florence St. Pierre made an excursion to Orleans, and having reached



that city in the afternoon, put up at the Boule d'Or, as I believe the name of the sign to be.

Orleans is a dullish place ; but to Florence it was, of course, full of interest. He took some slight refreshment, and walked forward in the direction in which he knew the Château Jourmont to stand. He was scarcely aware whether the Count *propriétaire* knew him personally—he might have seen him *at the shop* ; still, by way of precaution, he enveloped himself in a cloak which covered his figure, and proceeded, according to his geographical knowledge of the position of the château, towards its gates.

It was about dusk when he reached it. He lingered for some minutes near the gates of the *terrain* (for park it could scarcely be called) before he dared tread upon what, to him, seemed almost hallowed ground. It had grown dusk. At the lodge there was nobody to admit him or check his progress ; he therefore walked on till he came in sight of the house. Coeval with that sight were the sounds of woe. The heavy toll of the death-bell struck upon his ear,—and from the door which first met his eye, there issued

slowly and solemnly a funeral procession !—yes ; they were bearing to the grave the broken-hearted Adelaide—the wife of Jourmont, the betrothed of St. Pierre !

What living mortal could attempt to describe the effect produced upon the heart and mind of Florence when he saw the procession, and knew its cause ? a thunderbolt from heaven could scarcely more powerfully have stricken him to the earth. Adelaide—his beloved, his martyred Adelaide—was in her shroud before his eyes. Unobserved he followed the mourning train —unheeded, watched the melancholy procession : but his heart was in the coffin which he gazed upon ; and it was with scarcely a mortal feeling that he saw the sad and sacred crowd of attendants, and heard the sorrowing cries which most sincerely burst from those who loved, and almost worshipped, her.

There is a frenzy of despair—there is an agony of remorse—there is a desperation in disappointment indescribable ;—by all these the wretched Florence was overwhelmed. He heard the service—he saw the splendid mausoleum of the Jour-

monts opened—he heard the coffin deposited in it—his heart sank ; but when he saw the massive door of the tomb left unclosed, even then there sprang in his heart a hope—a hope undefined—a wish almost undefinable.

He lingered in the darkness of the church—all departed save one—the sexton, who remained to close the vault, and lock it ; for Count Jourmont's family sepulchre had survived the great commotion so surprisingly, that neither the ashes of his ancestors had been disturbed, nor had the sanctuary which contained them been violated, owing, probably, to the distance at which it was placed from the metropolis, the scene of the most tremendous evidence of the effects of the Revolution.

Lighted alone by his lantern, De Grave, the sexton, having seen the solemn train depart, proceeded to perform, literally, his last duty. No man can account for the feelings of another. Amidst the agony and despair of Florence, which, in the first instance, would have prompted him to wish for death on the spot where he stood, a new and dreadful anxiety arose. Adelaide was

dead—entombed beneath his feet—within a few yards of where he stood. God only knows how men are acted upon. He saw De Grave approach and close—at least upon him—for ever the “marble jaws” of the tomb. “Adelaide is dead,” said Florence to himself, “beyond the reach of mortal ill—beyond the reach of mortal strife. Oh ! if I might for one moment behold her, gaze on her pale cheek, without the imputation of an interested feeling ; and obtain the blessed satisfaction of knowing that my ring sleeps on her finger in eternal rest. But it must not be—this man—we are alone—*will* he permit it ?”

The sexton went towards the tomb : he coughed, and perhaps sang ; for he “had no feeling in his trade.” Florence trembled, doubted, actually shivered, while he hesitated what he should next do. His object the reader knows.

The sexton placed the massive padlock on the marble cemetery,—the key grated in the lock.

“Stay !” cried Florence.

“Mercy on us ! what’s that ?” exclaimed the sexton.

"A friend," said Florence, in a whisper.

"A friend! What do you want?" said De Grave.

"A few minutes' conversation," said Florence.

"What about?" said the sexton, who seemed to have an infinitely greater degree of fear of the living than the dead.

"Money," said Florence.

"Money!" echoed the sexton; "money is not much a subject of conversation with *me*."

"Ten Napoleons *are* something," said Florence.

"Something!" said De Grave, "everything! But what are you loitering about in this church for? Do you want ten Napoleons? You are not likely to get them either of me or the gallant Count Jourmont, the widower."

"Is he niggardly?"

"As a miser."

"I want nothing of *him*," said Florence. "I want to give *you* ten Napoleons."

"Indeed!" said De Grave, raising his lantern; "and what am I to do for them?"

"Shut the church door, and lock it," said Florence.

“ Is that all ? ”

“ No,” said Florence ; “ that is the beginning——”

“ Oh ! and be killed afterwards.”

“ Why ? ” said Florence, “ why should I kill you ? Your body would not fetch ten Napoleons.”

“ Not to look at,” said De Grave.

“ Sexton,” said Florence, trembling at the request, and at the consequence of its accordance, “ I will give you ten Napoleons, if you will permit me to look at the corpse.”

“ The deuce you will,” said De Grave. “ Well, now, that’s odd enough. Why, I see so many corpses in the course of the week, that it’s no pleasure to *me*. Which corpse d’ye mean ? ”

“ Is the door safe ? ” said Florence.

“ I have locked it,” replied De Grave.

“ Let me behold my Adelaide,” sobbed Florence.

“ Adelaide what ? ” said De Grave.

“ Countess Jourmont.”

“ Whew ! ” said the sexton. “ What ! Monseigneur’s wife ! Oh, no, no, no ! A mere bourgeoisie—a little milliner—or anything of that sort,——but oh ! a Countess ! Oh ! dear, dear, no.”

“ Here are the ten Napoleons,” said Florence.  
“ Lift the coffin lid, let me kiss her cold cheek once, and let me see if my ring rests upon her finger in her last sleep—the money is yours.”

“ Do you mean it ?” said De Grave. “ Are you in earnest ?”

“ Here is the purse.”

“ I’ll just step and make the door fast,” said De Grave. “ I see no great objection. ’Twixt you and me, poor dear lady, she never cared for the count ; every body believes—he is deuced stingy—her death has been owing—at least, so the doctors say—to drinking laudanum, to soothe her sorrows. I’ll be back in a minute. Stop at the door of the tomb.”

Consider this state of things. Florence stood at the door of the mausoleum, left in utter darkness by the sexton, divided by a massive iron door from all he once had loved on earth. The owl hooted on the roof—the bat fluttered in his face—but he was firm in his purpose, and lived upon the hope of once more beholding the face of his beloved Adelaide.

De Grave returned.

“ Sir,” said he, “ we are now secure ; but I *do* trust—for the ten Napoleons, now we come to *that*, would be no inducement to gratify your extraordinary wish—I do trust, I say, that you are not attempting to mislead or betray me, to get me into a scrape.”

“ You may confide in me,” said Florence. “ All I ask is, remove the coffin lid—permit me to kiss her cold cheek, and see whether my ring is on her finger.”

“ ’Tis done,” said De Grave. “ Come—come. What’s that, eh ? The lock is not fastened—come down—come down. We had better light a second light—the wind whistles through this grating—there—shut the door after you. Come—come.”

Florence obeyed his injunctions.

“ That blue coffin there,” said the sexton, holding the light he carried over his head, “ is the Count Henri de Jourmont’s ; he died before I was born ; that black coffin on the left, with the box on the side of it, contains Count Francis, guillotined in 1793, his head was sent down by the *diligence* afterwards, packed up in a basket ;



that is Mademoiselle Eloise, niece of Count Francis; and here, as you see, is the last arrival: you can read the plate upon it—‘Adelaide de Jourmont.’”

Read it! yes! There it stood, holding within its sides the body of the martyred girl.

“Yes!” said Florence, “that is it! Open that for me.”

“Open!” said De Grave.

“Yes,” said Florence; “that is our bargain.”

“What will the Count say?”

“What have *you* said? ’Tis our bargain.”

“Hush, hush!” said De Grave. “No need of noise: a bargain is a bargain; be calm,—it shall be done.”

Saying which, he produced a small iron crow-bar, and placing it between the coffin and the lid, separated them in an instant, and exhibited to view the placid countenance of Adelaide Jourmont.

“Gracious Heaven! there she is!” said Florence, sinking backwards against one of the pillars of the crypt.

“By St. Peter,” said De Grave, “she has turned!”

The meaning of this exclamation was lost upon Florence, who fancied it some technicality, and scarce attended to it. He gazed upon the features of his beloved with an intenseness of agony which no man can appreciate.

“ I say, Sir,” said De Grave, “ she has turned !”

“ What then ?” said Florence.

“ What then !” cried De Grave ; “ what then ! why, by Heaven, she’s alive, that’s all !”

“ Alive !” exclaimed Florence, falling on his knees, and clasping those of the old sexton ; “ alive !”

“ As sure as we are,” said the man ; “ calm yourself—be quiet—listen—lay your ear close to her mouth—she is warm—by Heaven, she breathes !”

Can any human being fancy the state in which Florence felt himself, in the tomb with the dead yet living wife of his hated rival ? He implicitly obeyed the sexton’s injunctions ; it was true she *did* breathe—the breath was low and doubtful—it seemed to hover on her lips ; but the lips were warm, and——

“ What’s to be done ?” said Florence.

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“Are you to be relied upon, young gentleman?” said De Grave.

“Trust me, and you shall never be deceived,” said Florence.

“This woman may be saved,” said De Grave.

“Woman!” said Florence.

“Angel, if you will, Sir,” answered the sexton; “for she *was* one. Be steady—be firm—’tis a trial, a great one, for you,” continued the old man; “the sooner she is removed from this, the better; thank the Holy Virgin it is as it is, let what come of it that may.”

“And now,” said Florence, scarcely knowing what he said, “what’s next to be done?”

“My house is close at hand,” said De Grave; “she must not stay there long;—tell me one thing—are you Florence St. Pierre?”

Florence started at the sudden and unexpected appeal.

“My daughter was her maid,” said the sexton; “that’s enough.”

“*I am* that man,” said Florence.

“Then all’s right, I shall take my own course,” said the sexton; “bless your heart, she’ll come

to, in a few hours ; you must manage matters accordingly ; she is dead to *him*—the niggard—the tyrant ! Leave it to me.”

The unpopularity of Jourmont, it seems, very greatly contributed to the issue of this most extraordinary adventure ; for the sexton, who hated his lord, most readily aided his daughter (who had been devotedly attached to Adelaide) and Florence in removing the body to his cottage. Pauline, the maid, happened to be the very best possible colleague upon the occasion ; for to her had, as of right, descended almost all the wearing apparel of her late mistress, the various articles of which were thus in readiness for her use after her most extraordinary resurrection.

It seems that poor Adelaide’s apparent death was the consequence of an over-dose of opium, to the use of which she had recourse to soothe her miseries ; but after what has been said of the arrangements made by the sexton and his daughter, and the readiness with which the old man entered into the views and wishes of Florence, little more is requisite than to inform the reader that in a few days Adelaide was actually alive,

and by the tenderest care restored to comparative strength. What followed? The miraculous escape from immolation obtained by the extraordinary arrival of Florence at Orleans on the night of the funeral, and the equally extraordinary pertinacity of the lover in urging upon the sexton a desire scarcely to be accounted for, added to all her previous love for St. Pierre, induced her—in no small degree urged thereto by De Grave and his daughter, who had, it seems, become a sort of confidante of the exhumed Adelaide—to accept the offer of immediate marriage to Florence, or rather, immediate flight and subsequent marriage, carrying with her Pauline, whose absence De Grave undertook to account for, by some history of the illness of a distant grandmother.

After two days' concealment in De Grave's cottage, the rescued wife, in company with her devoted Florence, and attended by the affectionate Pauline, reached Blois, where they were married, under names to be sure not their own, but to the adoption of which they were, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, reconciled by the reflection, that as a woman always changes

her name in marriage, it could make but a trifling difference if the man, upon a special occasion like this, did so too. There, then, they were united, and immediately afterwards proceeded to Bordeaux, whence they embarked for America.

This romantic and apparently impossible proceeding was crowned with success, and certainly there never was a happier couple known. There might have been some alloy to their bliss in the continual recollection that Adelaide was in fact the wife of two husbands; however, Pauline, who continued the favourite—almost friend of her mistress—seemed in herself a hostage for her safety as regarded the circumstances which brought about the union; and, as far as conscience went, it seemed quite clear that when a man had actually buried his wife, he was to all intents and purposes, a widower.

So they went on, and so they lived happily, until at last St. Pierre felt anxious to see his family and friends. Three years had elapsed—Count Jourmont was very little in Paris—and they resolved to return to France, for it had been impossible—or at least it would have been



the height of imprudence—to have written any account of what had happened, to the St. Pierres, who of course were in a state of the greatest possible anxiety about their son, the last intelligence they received of him being that he had left his lodgings at Pithiviers with a portmanteau and *sac de nuit*, since which period no tidings of him had reached them. Florence felt how much his parents must have suffered, and therefore, with Adelaide's concurrence, the strangely-placed couple resolved on a voyage to France.

This expedition they undertook—their voyage was a prosperous one—they arrived safely—landed, and proceeded to the hotel, where they dined, rejoicing in its little luxuries after the privations of the voyage, and after dinner, accompanied by Pauline, indulged themselves with a walk. They had not been out a quarter of an hour before to their horror they met Count Jourmont; he started with surprise at seeing Adelaide, whom he thought he recognised, but who even then would in all probability have escaped his observation if she had not been accompanied by Pauline De Grave; the circumstance—the con-

nexion—the coincidence were too strong; Jourmont claimed the exhumed Adelaide as his wife—he was convinced of her identity.

Of all unfortunate circumstances this was the most tremendous. Florence St. Pierre was not a man to render himself notorious by any violent assumption of right; he contended—let the circumstances be known—that to all intents and purposes M. Jourmont had lost his wife—that he believed her dead—that he had seen her buried. However, Jourmont, who, the moment he saw his wife alive and married (as report said) to Florence St. Pierre, the recollection that M. Desbrouillan early in his courtship had told him that Florence St. Pierre was the great obstacle to his marriage, coupled with the appearance of his own tenant's daughter, whom he had himself placed in capacity of soubrette under and spy over his new wife, completely convinced him that he had been the martyr to a combination of treachery, contrived by the agency of a set of people, who, in point of fact, were the most innocent and the most unhappy individuals in existence.

It was natural, however, that he should adopt these opinions. The next step was to search the tomb—the coffin was empty—the case was complete. De Grave was apprehended, and in terror confessed the circumstances. Pauline was cited, her evidence taken down, and a *proces-verbal* of all the facts prepared—these forms having been gone through, the case was brought before the Tribunal in Paris, to which Florence and Adelaide were summoned: the trial came on—the legal defence was much like the moral one which St. Pierre had previously set up for himself—that Count Jourmont had lost his wife, that she had been buried, and that the extraordinary resurrection was an affair with which, if circumstances had not conspired to bring it to his knowledge, he could have had nothing to do.

This, it appears, was over-ruled; and after a trial of eleven hours, it was decided that Count Jourmont was to take his wife back again, without prejudice to her character, or to the rights of her former marriage.

Poor Florence waited in the court with breathless impatience—or rather, considering the length

of the proceedings, one might say patience—for the decision ; he heard it, and turned dead sick ; however, there was no appeal, and his hated rival Jourmont triumphed. The order of the court issued—the domicile of Adelaide, Countess Jourmont, was named—and the Count, his features animated with a look of ferocity which no painter could faithfully record, almost shrieked for joy when the fatal document was put into his hand. He had with him several of his tenants and dependents, and when he entered his carriage to proceed to the lodgings of his late and present wife, they cheered him ; and he bowed gracefully and pressed his hand to his heart, and then he waved his hat, and then they cheered him again ; and so, accompanied by an officer of the court in his open barouche, he proceeded to the residence of the devoted Adelaide.

The carriage being drawn up, the officer stepped out and entered the house—Adelaide and Florence were *au troisième*—he mounted the stairs—he reached the door of their rooms—thrice he called her name, and thrice he struck the door—but answer there was none. This display of

“*contumace*” irritated the menial in authority, who returned to the carriage, begged the Count to accompany him, and calling to his aid a powerful functionary of the law, directed him to force the door which the refractory pair refused to open.

Count Jourmont encouraged the efforts of the subordinate, and under the authority of the *Huissier* the door was broken open.

“Now, Count,” said the officer, “in virtue of the decree just issued, claim your wife, and take her hence, and at his peril shall M. St. Pierre interfere.”

Take her!—God help him!—he entered the ante-room, clothed in his brief authority—he passed into the sitting-room, and there found his Adelaide. *His* Adelaide!—Ha! ha! ha!—he found the lovely creature stone dead!—her beautiful face shivered to atoms by a brace of pistol bullets. And did she die alone: no! by her side lay the corpse of her poor, fond, faithful Florence. The sentence of the court decided their fate: he waited but to hear that—he ran home and——

A word more would be superfluous. No part of this history is, perhaps, justifiable—some people will say it is not probable—it is *nevertheless true*—it is registered in the records of the French courts. What became of Jourmont nobody knows, and, we should say, few people care.

And how does this illustrate a proverb? may be asked. Look at the blind ambition of Madame Desbrouillan, and all the crooked policies of her life, and who will not say—

“ HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.”

## THE WIDOW'S DOG.

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THOSE who have read Mr. Jesse's most amusing "Gleanings from Nature," and who have seen the exquisite pictures of Edwin Landseer, will require no apology for an avowed partiality to dogs—the most sociable, sensible, faithful, intelligent creatures in the brute creation ; but as there may be persons who have not had the advantage of viewing the admirable works of the artist, or reading the interesting book of the author, it seems necessary, and perhaps will not be found unentertaining, to give the reader one or two traits of instinct, (to call it by no stronger name,) which seem fully to justify an affection for the animals in question, upon which a very im-

portant point of the following trifle from nature hinges.

Mr. Jesse, at page 16 of his last volume, says, "A friend of mine, while shooting wild fowl with his brother, was attended by a sagacious Newfoundland dog; and getting near some reeds by the side of a river, they threw down their hats, and crept to the side of the water, where they fired. They soon afterwards sent the dog for their hats, one of which was smaller than the other. After several attempts to bring them both together in his mouth, the dog at last placed the smaller hat in the larger one, pressed it down with his foot, and thus brought them both together. This fact," adds Mr. Jesse, "need not be doubted; these individuals have both, at different times, assured me of its truth. I knew an instance somewhat similar. A spaniel was endeavouring to bring a dead hare to his master. After several ineffectual efforts to carry it in his mouth, or to drag it along, he contrived to get all the feet of the hare into his mouth, and this way conveyed it to his master."



There certainly is something very like reason in this—we mean in the conduct of the dog—and sets the value of such an animal at an unlimited price. The proverb says, “everything is worth what it will fetch;”—a dog of this sort would no doubt fetch anything it was sent for.

Mr. Jesse also mentions the circumstance of a dog called Nelson, a great favourite on board the *Leander* frigate, who, on hearing the captain say to some one on deck that he “must have Nelson shot, for he was getting old and infirm,” immediately jumped overboard, and swam away to another ship, and never could be persuaded to return to the *Leander*, or even be sociable with any of her crew if he accidentally met them on shore.

Upon the authority of the venerable Lord Stowell, Mr. Jesse tells us of a dog belonging to Mr. Edward Cook, of Togsten, in Northumberland, which dog accompanied his master to America, where he was lost, near Baltimore. The dog returned to England, and proceeded to Togsten, when the elder Mr. and Mrs. Cook recognised him as the dog which their brother

had carried to America. He remained at Togsten till Mr. Cook returned ; and Mr. Cook, up to this day, never was able to ascertain by what ship the dog took its passage, nor in what part of England it landed.

One more fact, which, as it relates to a lady's dog, as does our story, we must extract.

“ Lord Combermere's mother (Lady Cotton) had a terrier named Viper, whose memory was so retentive, that it was only necessary to repeat to him once the name of any of the numerous visitors at Combermere, and he never afterwards forgot it. Mrs. H—— came there on a visit on Saturday. Lady Combermere took the dog up in her arms, and going up to Mrs. H——, said, ‘ Viper, this is Mrs. H——:’ she then took him up to another newly-arrived lady, and said, ‘ Viper, this is Mrs. B—— ;’ and no further notice was taken. Next morning, when they went to church, Viper was of the party. Lady Cotton put a prayer-book in Viper's mouth, and told him to take it to Mrs. H—— ; and he then carried one to Mrs. B——, at his mistress's order.”

These are striking anecdotes of modern dogs ;

but as there is another very curious history upon record, which, as I suspect, is not particularly well known, I shall take leave to record, as it is found in what is headed "A Letter from Sir John Harrington to Prince Henry, son to King James the First, concerning his Dogge."

"May it please your Highnesse to accept in as good sorte what I now offer as it hath done aforetyme ; and I may say '*I, pede fausto.*' But having good reason to thinke your Highnesse had goode will and likinge to read what others have tolde of my rare dogge, I will even give a brief historie of his goode deedes and straunge feats ; and herein will I not plaie the curr my-selfe, but in goode soothe relate what is no more nor lesse than bare verity. Although I mean not to desparage the deedes of Alexander's horse, I will match my dogge against him for good carriage ; for if he did not bear a great Prince on his back, I am bolde to saie he did often bear the sweet wordes of a greater Princessse on his necke.

"I did once relate to your Highnesse after what sorte his tacklinge was, wherewithe he did sojourn from my howse at the Bathe to Green-

wich Palace, and deliver up to the Courte there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hathe often done, and came safe to the Bathe, or my howse here at Kelstone, with goodlie returns from such nobilitie as were pleasede to emploie him : nor was it ever tolde our Lady Queene that the messenger did blab one thought concerninge his highe truste, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten as how he once was sente withe two charges of sack wine from the Bathe to my howse by my man Combe : and on his way the cordage did slacken ; but my trustie bearer did now bear himselfe so wiselie as to covertly hide one flaske in the rushes, and take the other in his teethe to the howse ; after which he went forthe, and returned with the other parte of his burden to dinner. Hereat y<sup>r</sup> Highnesse may perchance marvele and doubt ; but we have livinge testimonie of those who wrought in the fieldes and espiede his worke, and now live to tell that they did much longe to plaie the dogge, and give stowage of the wine to themselves ; but they didde refrain, and watchede the passinge of this whole businesse.

“ I neede not saie how muche I didde once grieve at missinge this dogge; for on my journie towards London, some idle pastimers did divert themselves with huntinge mallards in a ponde, and conveyed him to the Spanish ambassadors, where he had a happy home. After six weeks I didde hear of him—but such was the cowrte he didde pay to the Don, that he was no lesse in good liking than when at home; nor did the howseholde listen to my claim or challenge till I rested my suite upon the dogge’s own proofs, and I made him perform such feats before the nobles assembled, as put it past doubt that I was his master. I didde send hym into the hall in the time of dinner, and made him bryng thence a pheasant out the dishe, which created much merthe; but much more, when he returned atte my commandment to the table again, and putte it in the same cover. Herewith the companie was well contente to allowe my claime, and we were well content to accept it, and so homewards.

“ I could dwell more on this matter, but *jubes renovare dolorem*. I will now state in what

manner he died. As we travelled towardes the Bathe he leaped on my horse's necke, and was more earneste in fawninge and courtinge my notice thanne I had observed for tyme backe ; and after my chiding his disturbing my passage forwardes, he gave me some glances of such affection as moved me to cajole him ; but alas ! he crept suddenlie into a thornie brake, and died in a shorte tyme.

“ Thus I have chose to rehearse such of his deeds as maie suggest much more to your Highnesse thought of this dogge. But havynge saide so much of him in prose, I will saie somewhat inne verse, as you maie finde hereafter inne the close of the historie.

“ Nowe let Ulysses praise his dogge Argus, or Tobit be led by that dogge whose name dothe notte appeare, yet could I say such thynges of my BUNGEY, for soe he was styled, as might shame ~~themme~~ bothe, either for good faythe, clear wit, or wonderful deeds ; to saie no more than I have said of his bearing letters to Greenwich and to London, more than a hundred times. As I doubte notte but your Highnesse

would love my dogge if not myselfe, I have beene thus tedious in his storie; and againe saie, that of all the dogges near your father's courte notte one hathe more love, more diligence to please, or less pay for pleasinge, than him I write of: for verilie a bone would content my servante, when some expect great matters, or will knavishly find out a bone of contention.

“ I now reste your Highnesse friend in all service that maye suite hym.

“ JOHN HARRINGTON.

“ P. S. The verses above spoken of, are in my book of Epigrammes in praise of my dogge Bungey, to Momus (Epigrame 21, Book III.), and I have an excellent picture of him limned, to remain in my posterity.

“ *Kelstone, June 14, 1608.*”

In this letter we find certainly fresh justification for attachment to a dog, as well as ample proof of the sagacity of the animal, although it must be admitted, that the readiness with which Bungey continued to reside at the Spanish ambassador's, and the disposition he exhibited in his excellency's family to render himself particularly

agreeable, savour somewhat of the courtier. Be it our pleasing task to show how entirely the merits of “Dogges” were appreciated in some parts of the world—the which we do, in order to strengthen the case of the Widow, whose predilection for such creatures is the subject of our tale; and who, if she had not the power to treat “Charley,” *her* favourite “dogge,” with equal splendour, most undoubtedly behaved to it with a kindness and affection commensurate with her means and position in life.

Mr. Southey, in his “*Omniana*,” or “*Horæ Otiosiores*,” quotes from Purchas an account of the Great Turk’s dogs. “They have,” says he, “their clothing of cloth-of-gold, velvet, scarlet, and other colours of cloth; their sundry couches and the places where they are kept more cleanly. My Lord Zouch when he was there, as Master Burton said, did like exceeding well of the place and attendance of dogs.”

“Sir Thomas Roe took out some English mastiffs to India as a present for the Great Mogul; they were of marvellous courage. One of them leaped overboard to attack a shoal of



porpoises, and was lost: only two of them lived to reach India. They travelled each in a little coach to Agra: one broke loose by the way, and fell upon a large elephant and fastened on his trunk, the elephant at last succeeding in hurling him off. This story delighted the Mogul, and the dogs in consequence came to as extraordinary a fortune as Whittington's cat; each had a palanquin to take the air in, with two attendants to bear him, and two more to walk on each side and fan off the flies;" in fact, having all the care and attention paid to him so beautifully described in a song sung at one of the theatres some years since, which of itself is enough to immortalize its author, whoever he may be:

" He's a very great man,  
And sits with a fan,  
To knock off the flies,  
And the gnats likewise,  
And the Great Daddy Long-legs that bob in his eyes."

Mr. Southey relates another anecdote of a "dogge," which must conclude our series of palliations of the amiable weakness of Mrs. Nether-sole, of whose *penchant* I write.

“ There was a Newfoundland dog on board the *Bellona* last war, who kept the deck during the battle of Copenhagen, running backward and forward with so brave an anger that he became a greater favourite with the men than ever. When the ship was paid off after the peace of Amiens, the sailors had a parting dinner on shore. Victor was placed in the chair, and fed with roast beef and plum pudding, and the bill was made out in Victor's name.” Here we have another proof of a general feeling towards “ dogges.” All we hope is, that this triumphant Victor did not by some strange chance, and a very natural modification, subsequently take the name of “ Nelson,” and become the threatened “ Hero” of the “ *Leander*,” of whom Mr. Jesse so satisfactorily writes.

The reader must by this time perceive an unusual anxiety, the real cause of which has been already admitted, to eulogize “ dogges,” a desire in which commanders and leaders of the British auxiliary forces in Spain seem to have fully participated when they made the Isle of “ Dogges” their rendezvous, whence the steam-boats daily

bear to the Iberian shores the well-paid, well-fed, and never-flogged sons of freedom.

Reader, all this has been written and collated to bespeak your affection and sympathy for Mrs. Nethersole, a beautiful young widow who was married at twenty, to a man—if man he might be called—who boasted publicly that he had purchased beauty at a high price, having condescended to marry the daughter of a person of no importance and of no wealth, who had died some years before their union, and left his daughter Emily with little other inheritance than the particularly unromantic name of Fitch.

Emily could not endure Mr. Charles Nethersole ; he was a sort of dumpy stumpy man, with nothing intellectual to compensate for his personal disqualifications. He was wonderfully ugly, and, moreover, old—he was ill-tempered, yet vain and overbearing : in short, he was not very much unlike such a being as Butler, the prince of graphic poets, describes his hero to have been. But what was she to do—dependent on a crabbed aunt whose means were inadequate

to secure her the comforts of life, and she her only surviving relative?

Nethersole had been rejected over and over again : one lady objected to his person—another to his age—a third to his features—a fourth to his addiction to smoking—a fifth could not endure garlic, in which he luxuriated—a sixth shuddered at the oaths which he fulminated upon everybody who offended him—a seventh did not think his ablutions were either copious or regular ; and so they went on, all refusing until the “noes” had a decided majority. Still, however, remained to be tried Emily Fitch : he had seen her at the house of an acquaintance, and with all his other faults, he certainly did not possess that of insensibility to the charms of beauty ; he was struck—not all of a heap—for so he was formed—but smitten to a degree incalculable and indescribable, and never after the first evening’s introduction did he quit his object until he had “popped.”

The confusion, astonishment, and one may be, perhaps, between friends, permitted to say, the repugnance Emily Fitch felt when he made the

offer, were all in the highest degree ; and it was with no little difficulty she restrained herself from giving him one of those pats upon the cheek of which the strength sometimes renders the character equivocal. She certainly did subdue her anger and vexation, more especially as her aunt had given her to understand that things were coming to a crisis ; that she must forthwith give up her small establishment, and as that exquisite poem which we never can too often quote, says—

“ Times is hard,” says the dog’s-meat man—

“ Lights is riz,” says the dog’s-meat man ;

she should not be able much longer to support her in idleness, and above all could not think of keeping her useless pet Charley. Her aunt, here unwittingly touched the chord of all Emily’s sympathies. She could have risked every thing for herself, but as Sir John Harrington says, her “ dogge” was not to be jeopardized.

Perhaps now the reader fancies from hearing this “ dogge,” called “ Charley,” that he was one of that numerous illegitimate progeny to be seen in various drawing-rooms and other gay

places, called generally “ King Charles’s breed”—not so. If he had been of such high extraction, whatever right he might have had to it, no doubt Miss Emily Fitch would have given him some sweet-sounding euphonic name—No—truth to be told, Charley was a pug—a putty-coloured pug, with a black nose, and a stiff curly tail which looked like a handle to the end of his body opposite his head. He was honoured with a collar of peculiar smartness, of which, with its little wagging padlock, he seemed consciously proud, and quite prepared to retort upon any impertinent puppy who might make inquiries as to his character or pretensions, as did the Duke’s dog of other days,—

“ I am His Highness’s dog at Kew ;  
Pray, Sir, whose dog are you ?”

And Emily Fitch fondled him, and had him stuffed—before death—with the best of meat, and washed, and rubbed ; and he had a little basket all lined with flannel in which he used to lie and “ snooze ;” and which she had bought at a fancy fair held for the benefit of the suffer-

ing blacks ; and then the dear little pet snored while asleep, and snarled while awake, and was the delight of Miss Fitch's young unsophisticated heart, which, to say truth, never had even been temporarily shared by any rival to Charley, except by Tom Smith when he was a boy, and once afterwards, for about three days and two nights, by an interesting "crechur" of a Lancer, with whom she had danced at an assembly in the county town,—ladies' tickets, five shillings ; gentlemen's ditto, seven ditto.

Things, it must be confessed, did look desperate for Emily Fitch. And her aunt did all she could to put her situation in its most disagreeable light ; made a sort of Fuseli sketch of the horrors that awaited her, and contrasted what must inevitably occur if she refused an offer such as she never ought to have expected to receive, with that which would as certainly result if she accepted it.

Poor Emily was a high-spirited girl, and proud, and perhaps vain, and when she was allowed two hours to think of it, she began to consider that if she declined this match, which put

at her disposal a fine, staring house upon Clapham Common, a carriage, servants, occasional visits to operas and plays, besides the teas and turns-out of the neighbourhood, she might, as her aunt was kind and candid enough to hint, never have such an offer again. As for Tom Smith, poor fellow, she *had* been very fond of *him*, and *he* of her, as she thought, but that was when she was seventeen, and that was three years ago ; and T. S. was gone to the West Indies, and she had never heard of him since, although he had promised, when he snatched the last kiss from her lips, to send her a cock parrot and a jar of ginger, and so it was no use thinking of *him* ; and so at last Emily began to think better of the affair, not, however, losing sight of the distant prospect of widowhood, which very strongly took possession of her mind. She was a good-hearted girl—a joyous thing—although so fond of Pug ; and even when she indulged in her anticipation of the cap and weeds which were to announce her deliverance from thralldom, she said to self, “ Well, if I do marry him and wish him dead, I’ll try if I can’t kill him with kindness ;



for if I really become his wife, that is the only poison I shall use."

Truth to be told, Emily Fitch was, after all, but a weak person. Had she been able to continue in the sphere for which, in the happier days of her youth and her father's prosperity, she had been intended, all might have been well; but, as it was, she had been highly educated, up to a certain point, and then suddenly checked by the embarrassments of her family, and consigned to the care and society of her maiden aunt, whose quietude and frugality she secretly despised, and who, knowing the absolute necessity of economizing, looked upon her flippant niece as an incumbrance of which she should be too happy to be rid, as soon as anything like a favourable opportunity occurred for shaking her off.

That opportunity having appeared to offer itself in the present proposal, a proposal which the antiquated virgin, being no great judge of such matters, considered unexceptionable; she so preached upon its merits, and so expounded, and so described all its advantages, that after the before-mentioned consultation with herself

in her own room, Miss Emily Fitch finally decided upon becoming Mrs. Nethersole.

As far as her affections went on the eve of their union, they remained undivided. Charley, the dear Pug, was the sole possessor of them; and when the day was fixed for the ceremony, she made a stipulation that Charley should be their companion during the seclusion of the honey-moon.

It may be as well to observe here, that in the negotiations for this marriage, Mr. Nethersole, whose mind was admirably typified by his person and countenance, finding he had to deal with an inexperienced beauty, and an almost superannuated guardian, took every advantage, fair or unfair, of their isolated and peculiar situation. During all which process, his professions of admiration and devotion were unqualified, and, as has already been observed, if coldly received by the niece, were rapturously imbibed by the aunt, who wound up everything in the way of recommendation to Emily, by an exclamation of—"I wish he would make *me* such an offer!"—Emily fervently joined in that wish; for had such a

thing been possible, she would have equally been benefited by the accession of property to the family, and might have been left, like Sterne's Maria, to her own reflections and her little "dogge."

But Nethersole was a plodding, money-making, money-saving man, and what he called having paid a high price for his beauty was, having presented Emily with a very pretty three or four hundred guinea set of pearls, and a thousand pound note to make up the *corbeille*. These apparently munificent gifts dazzled the aunt, and encouraged the niece, and he was suffered to lead his "be-garlanded lamb" to the altar, without having settled one single sixpence upon her in the way of jointure, in the event of his death.

The wedding was quiet and unostentatious—a country church was the scene of the ceremony—and Emily Fitch repaired to spend the honeymoon, where she was to spend all the rest of her moons, to Nethersole's residence upon Clapham Common; a bilious-looking brick house, built about the time of Adam—not the first of men, but of one of those brothers after whom the

Adelphi is named—having an arched venetian window in each parlour, on either side of the street door, with pilasters running up to a narrowish cornice, with a sort of *papier-maché* medallions in the spaces between the ground and first floors, exhibiting heads of tigers, lions, and the Cæsars; intervening, “satyrs snooks about them;” with a huge fan-light over the street-door before-mentioned, to which led a precipitous flight of steps from a gravel sweep round a well-shaven grass-plat, ten yards in diameter, upon which door was screwed a huge-nobbed knocker, and a brass plate fourteen inches per six, whereon was engraven “Nether-sole,” in letters only equalled in distinctness, and exceeded in dimensions by those which were painted over the handle of a bell at the right hand side of the gate, and which described the residence itself as “ELYSIUM LODGE,” under which, in smaller capitals, at the corner, was with equal perspicuity inscribed “Commit no nuisance.”

Elysium indeed! This was to be the sphere of action of the bride when time and circum-

stances should have softened and soothed her down to domestication with her husband. Here she was to exercise all those qualities which the genial influence of Nethersole was to draw forth and bring into play in the virtuous vicinity of the Common. Here, perhaps, she was destined to become secretary or treasurer, or at least one of the committee established for the purpose of buying up blacks for home consumption. Here she would, associated with some equally well-qualified neighbour, haunt and worry the parishioners by dunning visits in order to levy funds for the purpose of sending out skates, blankets, and warming-pans to the wretched negroes ; or, combined with a canting cobbler or an inspired tailor, endeavour to prevent, at a moderate price, the inhuman omnibus-drivers from forcing their horses down hill to the Elephant and Castle at a greater rate than three miles an hour,—excepting always upon the days when Nethersole, to save his nags, or Emily, in order to fulfil some particular engagement, undertook to convey themselves as rapidly as possible to the city in one of those hearses for

the living, which have turned out the best *undertaking* which we remember in the metropolis for a vast many years.

And so came the wedding—no cake—no gloves—no favours ; all which Mr. Nethersole called snug and comfortable. Sent the ringers three half-crowns amongst twelve not to make a noise—quiet luncheon at “my aunt’s”—and, as soon as he got tired of that, drove home to Clapham Common ; with the bride in a dream, and Charley in a basket. And so poor Emily Nethersole began life, without anything, as it seems, to rely upon but the caprice of one of the worst-tempered, worst-conditioned animals that ever emulated humanity by walking on his hinder legs.

Over the history of honey-moons, custom has thrown the Brussels lace veil of the bride. So for a month we leave the *happy* couple at Elysium Lodge, merely observing that, at the end of that period, Emily Nethersole’s affection for her little “dogge” Charley was not one jot abated ; on the contrary, she seemed more than ever to delight in pinching his ears, and giving

him sponge-cakes and sugar-plums, and uncurling his dear little stiff tail which I have already characterized, and which, with a most agreeable pertinacity, always recovered its natural form, however much Emily depressed it by her kindness and affection.

At the end of the month it appeared that the honey—if there had been any—was gone, and nothing but the jars remained. What it was—how the incompatibility of the tempers of the high contracting parties had so soon exhibited itself, it is impossible of course for us to determine; but although Emily behaved with what might be called a forced civility to her husband before company, it was evident, even to them, that her husband was no company for *her* when they were without visitors.

Nethersole seemed to think he had been somewhat precipitate in his matrimonial proceedings, and looked back upon the days when his Elysium had been guarded by a housekeeper used to his ways; and Emily, although in the possession of a vast deal more than she ever had a right to expect, appeared to want something which the

society of Nethersole could not supply. This, perhaps, was the fault of his education. He had no conversation likely to chime in with her ideas—no ideas whence to draw conversation. He did stocks, and bonds, and shares in the city; and knew to a fraction what three shillings and ninepence halfpenny would produce in eight months, three weeks, and six days, at three and a half per cent.; but there was nothing of interest in *this* to *her*, whatever of interest it might produce to him, and so they yawned and dawdled till they quarrelled, and then they went to bed, and did not make it up again.

Then the Claphamites used to invite them “out;” and they went. Tea and toast, long whist and tallow moulds, shilling points and half-crowns on the rubber; and then a charitable coterie in the corner, into which three or four long-legged clerks from the Bank or the Custom-house, with cut velvet waistcoats, and Mosaic gold chains, done out with bunches of curls over their ears and dicky wristbands, would poke themselves; and then Nethersole would keep peering over his shoulder just to watch how far



the Christian feeling might act upon the community, and endeavour to regulate Emily's "good will towards all men," by a memento that he was within ear-shot as well as eye-shot. And then the Claphamites came to Elysium; and then, although Mrs. Nethersole was not permitted to invite the clerks, the considerate mammas who had daughters to get rid of, took the liberty of bringing the juvenile scribes; and then, if Nethersole was in a very good humour, and had won a few shillings at whist—at which I believe he cheated upon every favourable occasion—they would venture upon a little dance, one of the Miss Scragg's playing upon what she called the piano (having, for obvious reasons, an aversion to the word *forte*); and then Emily would bounce, and skip, and waltz if she could, and make the windows rattle and shake "at her whereabouts," while all the other "black emancipators" and "vice-suppressors" would join in the *melés*, till Nethersole himself, infected by the gaiety, would come into the drawing-room from his cards and clap his hands and cry "Bravo."

Still all this was a feverish, fitful life, and

Emily was perhaps as wretched a person as ever was fancied to be happy. She hated her husband ;—that is the plain, clear truth. She could not endure him : she behaved properly ; and though she certainly did look at the Bank clerks and all the other people of the same sort who came and danced and flirted, she never entertained a thought or a feeling which she might not have told to everybody, save and except her unmitigated affection for the dear Pug. Pug was her solace,—Pug was her companion ;—she fed Pug,—she played with Pug,—and Pug played with *her*,—and so there was a reciprocity of feeling, which I suppose so entirely retained her affections for the poor, little, kind-hearted animal. Kindness, however, will show itself, and “Puggie” got so fat that he could scarcely waddle ; and when his mistress was driven into the gay society of the “Common,” Pug was always left in charge of her maid, who, by a sort of sympathy not either uncommon or altogether unnatural, had, with the full consent of Mr. Nethersole, married his man, his principal reason for acceding to which arrangement

being the increased accommodation which would be afforded in a small but smart house by two of the head servants only wanting one bed.

Mr. Nethersole was certainly an unfortunate being, in the midst of what he felt, in a pecuniary point of view, to be his prosperity. He was universally hated. There did not appear in his whole character one redeeming point: he was vain of his wife's person at the moment he despised her mind, and was jealous of her attractions at the moment he was bragging of them to his company. If she was quiet, he called her sulky,—if she was gay, he swore she was flirting,—if she sang or played her best, she was showing off,—if under the circumstance of being where she knew her accomplishments would fall far short of those of her associates she declined doing either, she was ill natured,—if she was serious, she was a bore,—and if, as natural spirits will sometimes have way, she rather exceeded in liveliness, she had been drinking too much champagne.

Emily was as great a favourite with her neighbours and dependents as her husband was the

reverse, and amongst those who appeared most to commiserate with her misfortunes were Mr. and Mrs. Day, the male and female servants of the uncongenial pair. *They* lived happily and peaceably, and the very circumstance of their connubial comfort served to make them regard compassionately the extremely different state of affairs between their master and mistress. And then Mrs. Day was so fond of Charley ; she washed him every morning, and delighted to feel the grateful rub of his cold, black nose against her blushing cheek as she was rubbing him dry ; and Charley would cry “ Wough, wough, wough,” whenever anybody attempted to approach Mrs. Day, and, in short, Charley, next to his mistress, delighted in her handmaiden.

Talking of Pugs, the very alliteration tempts me. It may not be thought intrusive just to refer for one moment once again to Mr. Jesse ; the alliteration to which I allude is the partiality of the late Lady Penrhyn to pugs. Mr. Jesse calls it a passion. Of these pugs, the beloved, he tells this fact :—

“ Two of these (P’s), a mother and daughter,

were in the eating-room of Penrhyn Castle during the morning call of a lady who partook of luncheon. On bonnets and shawls being ordered for the purpose of taking a walk in the grounds, the oldest dog jumped on a chair, and looked first at a cold fowl and then at her daughter. The lady remarked to lady Penrhyn that they certainly had a design on the tray. The bell was therefore rung, and a servant ordered to take it away. The instant the tray disappeared, the elder pug, who had previously played the agreeable with all her might to the visiter, snarled and flew at her, and during the walk followed her growling and snapping at her heels whenever opportunity served,"—*pugnaciously*! "The dog," adds Mr. Jesse, "evidently went through two or three links of inference from the disappearance of the coveted spoil to Lady Penrhyn's order, and from Lady Penrhyn's order to the remark made by her visiter."

After such evidence as this, was Mrs. Nethersole so very silly in placing her affections upon a pug?

Well, but what happened! A year had

scarcely elapsed since Nethersole's purchase of his beautiful wife, when an event occurred for which certainly neither she nor her friends were prepared. He died one day;—died suddenly, and, sad to say, unlamented; and it was not until after his death that the full extent of his cold-heartedness became perfectly evident,—that was to be found in his will.

In that will he bequeathed everything of which he was possessed, of every sort and kind, freehold and leasehold, real and personal, to his nephew, then on the continent, leaving his wife one thousand pounds in order to enable her to maintain the establishment as he left it at Clapham, until the arrival of his nephew, to whose consideration she was bequeathed as to any other or further provision.

The executors to this liberal testament were two of his clerks, to whom he bequeathed fifty pounds each; to the oldest a file of the "Morning Herald" newspaper for the year 1802, and to the younger an imperfect copy of "Elegant Extracts," which had been in the counting-house for two-and-twenty years.

Now, reader, comes the time to be shocked. Mrs. Nethersole certainly went through the forms of ordering weeds and a cap, so contrived as not quite to hide her beautiful hair, but she never affected grief at Mr. Nethersole's death. He had made himself odious in every way in which a man can disgust, whether by acts of commission or omission ; scolding on one hand, and never commending on the other ; and, as she candidly told her maid Mrs. Day,—“ Day,” said she, “ I should add hypocrisy to all my other faults, if I affected to care for his death. I do *not* ; and I cannot make up a face of grief which the heart does not prompt. He was ill-natured, irritable, suspicious, yet careless of me, cross without reason, gay without being amusing, and extremely sententious without being wise ; and I do *not* regret him, and I am' not going to sit down here in a darkened room to cry, or seem to cry, and talk of the dear departed excellence. I can't sham, Day.”

“ I wouldn't try, Ma'am,” said Day. “ I am sure ever since you have been married you have lived like cat and dog.”

“Dog!” said Mrs. Nethersole; “no dog in the world would have behaved as Mr. Nethersole has behaved to me. I am sure, if pug could but speak,—dear little Charley,”—and hereabouts she began uncurling his little tail, after her fashion,—“he would be a much more agreeable companion than Mr. Nethersole.”

With this disposition, without regrets or cares, all the widow’s affections flew to the “dogge.” It can hardly be said he was her consolation, because, as all the neighbours saw, she needed little consoling; but with a careless disregard for the future, she continued and “maintained,” as her niggardly husband had expressed it, the “establishment at Clapham” in all its accustomed style, bad or good, as it might be.

Now, in that establishment there were prudential persons, who, having “established” themselves very much to their own satisfaction, were particularly anxious that the mistress of the mansion should, if possible, be enabled to continue altogether the course of living to which they had been so long accustomed. These were the Mr. and Mrs. Day of whom we have already



treated, whose interests having been united under the great "unholy" alliance between the master and mistress, felt that their interests would be materially strengthened and benefited by the maintenance of the establishment as it was. But it was equally clear and evident to those who knew the will by heart—as servants universally contrive to do—that Mrs. Nethersole, with the paltry sum of one thousand pounds, which with the greatest economy, of which nobody who knew her best ever suspected her, could not last, at the current rate of going, much more than four months.

Mrs. Day therefore, under the sanction of her husband, undertook to lecture her mistress upon her conduct—a bold but not unusual step in such persons. She represented to her that she ought to look forward—that the nephew of her husband might not arrive from the Continent until the pittance was expended, and what then was to happen?

"Besides, Ma'am," said Mrs. Day, "I am told by Mr. Twig, one of master's executors, that Mr. Lemuel Nethersole is devoted to his late

uncle, and will be ready to break his heart when he hears of his death. So now, Ma'am, do—pray do—when he comes, do, if you please, seem to be very, very sorry for master's death."

"Day," said the widow, "I have told you a hundred times I cannot dissemble—I married my husband against my will, in spite of every feeling which woman can be supposed to possess. His conduct was beyond measure horrible: I admitted to you—to whom alone I spoke of him—that I hated and despised him, and I *cannot* affect grief for his death."

"Yes, Ma'am," said Mrs. Day, "so you have, and with good reason; he *was* a nasty man, such as no woman of sense could like: but he was your husband, and see how he has left you. This nephew is master of everything—you are entirely dependent on his will and pleasure—and as he is so devoted to his uncle, and his uncle has left you at his mercy, I do hope, Ma'am, that when he comes you will put on—as I call it, Ma'am—a certain quantity of sorrow."

"I am no hypocrite," said Mrs. Nethersole,—"I love this dear little 'dogge' (who was sit-

ting on her knee) better than I ever loved him, and I make no secret of it. I was sold by my aunt, and she has been rightly served; for I shall fall back to the nothingness whence I came. However, I will not dwindle—I will live on, as the man desired, and fall at once a victim to his parsimony, his cunning, and his ingratitude.”

Mrs. Day clearly perceived that nothing was to be done in the way of soothing the mind of her mistress; so she left her, certainly with a feeling of having, in a slight degree, affected her as to the reception she was to give to the nephew when he came; although still doubting whether she could “act a part” so as to make this devoted nephew fancy that she really cared for the loss of his uncle.

The days wore on—the widow drove out in her carriage—she made her calls, received invitations, accepted them, gave invitations in return, and had little select parties; so that before Nethersole had been safely deposited under a great square slab in St. Mary Overy’s churchyard six weeks, Clapham Common never would have known he had lived.

All the neighbours thought Mrs. Nethersole a charming person. The Balaam-Lobster-Cruelty-Preventive Society elected her Presidentess ; the Anti-Flea-Catching Club made her alternate weekly Chairwoman ; and the Emancipating-Black-Revivers, who met at the Windmill Inn on Wednesdays and Fridays, put her on their special committee ; all because they believed that she was left remarkably well off, and because they were quite sure, from her affectionate conduct to her “ dogge,” that she must be a friend to the abolition of slavery all over the world.

And out she came in her weeds, with two such Madonna-like braids under her cap—and such a pretty squeeze-in and let-out of figure, and away she went philanthropising till nine in one place, playing three-card loo till twelve in another, making up little parties here, and giving little parties there, till all Clapham Common rang with her praises, and she was called by general consent the “ Charming Widow.”

This was all very well for the lady ; but Day and his wife looked to other things. Day was a prudent, plodding fellow, and felt convinced

that some change must be worked in his mistress, or that the whole affair would tumble into dust.

“ Why,” said Day to his wife, “ this you know is nonsense ; you don’t suppose I lived with old Hunks”—so he called his late departed master—“ without knowing his freaks and fancies. He married to please himself ; he has left ‘ Missus’ one thousand pounds, which, if I don’t much miscalculate, must be pretty well worn down. I *did* look at the cheque-book she left upon the table the day before yesterday, but the beast of a dog kept barking so, I could not get at the rights of it ; and whenever Charley barks ‘ Missus’ is sure to come in, to see what’s the matter. But we must look out ; if that nephew Lemuel, as they call him, comes here and sees how things are going on, I’m blest if we shall have a house over our heads : and although I have lived with the old man seven years, and clipped, and pared, and took per-centage and discount wherever I could, I haven’t got enough out of the family yet to better ourselves and set up in business. So now do, Kitty, do

tell her she must seem broken-hearted for the loss of the old man, when the young one comes."

And so Kitty did ; and Mrs. Nethersole uniformly gave her the same answer, that she was no hypocrite, and could not act.

" But let me beg you again to recollect," said the disinterested *soubrette*, " that as your future prospects depend upon the impression you make upon Mr. Lemuel ——"

" Impression !" replied the widow, " what sort of impression do you mean ?—merely that I am dying of grief for the loss of a man whom I don't in the least regret ?"

" I should not be surprised, Ma'am," said Mrs. Day, " if Mr. Lemuel were to appear in a new character here before many months are over. If once he were captivated by a show of grief for his relation ——"

" Why," said Mrs. Nethersole, " Mr. Lemuel is by no means a disagreeable person, and I remember thinking—I suppose I ought not to have thought any such thing—on our wedding-day, that it would be an infinitely more agreeable

ceremony to *me*, if he had been the bridegroom instead of his uncle."

"And *I* know," said Mrs. Day, "what his man said to my husband upon that very occasion, which went very much to show what Mr. Lemuel's thoughts were at the same time."

"Never mind that," said Mrs. Nethersole; "that's past; when the gentleman comes, I will see him, and behave as well as I can without acting. I am quite sure, if I were to try the depths of lamentation, I should break off in the middle of my mourning into a violent fit of laughter; so let me do as I feel best, and if I am to be left penniless in consequence, I cannot help it."

And so, with a careless toss of her giddy head, the blooming widow betook herself to her boudoir, to play with Charley, and feed him with some Naples biscuits which had just arrived from London for his luncheon.

The report of this conversation made by Mrs. Day to her husband was any thing but satisfactory; he saw with dread the "break up" which would naturally follow the withdrawal of

Mr. Lemuel's protection and support. He heard with dismay the determination of their mistress; but by a wonderful flight of that genius for which, in his particular line, he was celebrated, he in an instant hit upon an expedient to produce all the effect he desired. It was necessary to confide his project to his better half; and he was on the point of doing so, when, to their utter surprise, who should walk in through the side-door of the house from the stable-yard where he had deposited his horse, but Mr. Lemuel Nethersole himself.

The moment the male Day saw him, he vanished—the crisis had arrived—the whole firm was either to be preserved or annihilated in the next ten minutes. Away went the plotter, leaving his wife to hold the new arrival in conversation while he should apprise his mistress of his arrival, and, if possible, produce the results he so ardently desired.

Lemuel, it appears, had adopted the plan of entering the house unknown to its fair mistress, in order to learn from her confidential maid what the real state of her mind and feelings



was; because Lemuel, who, as we know, had been present at the wedding, and had visited the new couple more than once, often entertained strong suspicions that the gentle married Emily would not be quite so much affected by his uncle's death as *he* was.

Luckily for all parties, Mrs. Day was a remarkably sharp, worldly person, and what in the best society would be called "up to every thing." The moment she heard the gentle step, and saw the subdued manner of the mourning hero, she was prepared for his questions.

"Well, Mrs. Day," said Lemuel, "how is my young aunt?"

"In health tolerable, Sir," sighed Mrs. Day, "but in spirits miserable. She does nothing but sit and cry her eyes out, about the dear angel, as she calls him, that is now in heaven."

"Does she indeed?" said Lemuel. "What sweet sensibility!—I hardly expected it of her."

"Oh, Sir," continued the veracious Day, "the way in which she nursed him during his last illness—it was something quite wonderful."

“ Heaven will reward her care,” sighed Lemuel. “ She does honour to our name.”

“ Ah, Sir,” continued the eloquent minister, “ she would make an excellent wife for any man—I say nothing ; but if *I* were Mr. Lemuel Nethersole, she never should change that name.”

“ She certainly is very handsome,” said Lemuel.

“ And such a temper !” said Mrs. Day.

“ Kind-hearted I am sure,” sighed Lemuel.

“ Tender to a degree,” cried Mrs. Day.

“ Has she got that nasty little dog still ?” said Lemuel.

“ Yes, Sir,” said Day ; “ and since your poor uncle’s death it has been her chief consolation. He was very fond of it.”

“ Indeed,” said Lemuel. “ When I was here last I thought he disliked it, and even disliked the attention Emily paid to it.”

“ He grew used to it at last,” said Mrs. Day. “ One does not always take to pugs in a minute ; but I think the society of one to whom she should attach herself—for, as you know, Sir, she has no relations of her own—would very soon divert her from that partiality.”

“ I suppose she will see me,” said Lemuel, who really appeared caught by Mrs. Day’s distant hints and inuendoes, and perhaps felt, with the disposition to put the widow at her ease, a sort of wish to share his competence with her, the canonical law not interdicting a marriage in the degree in which they stood towards each other.

“ To be sure she will, Sir,” said Mrs. Day. “ If you will walk into the library, I will just step up and prepare her for the interview.”

“ Do so,” said Lemuel, “ and I will wait your summons patiently. Beg her to calm her agitation. It is natural she should feel much in our interview ; but, to me, the sight of a woman suffering distress is so painful, that it entirely upsets me. Urge her to recollect, that what is past is irrevocable ; and that conscious as she must be of having performed every duty towards my poor uncle, she has nothing to reproach herself with, and that in me she is secure of an attached and sympathizing friend.”

And so, after blowing his nose sonorously, out stalked Mr. Lemuel Nethersole, up the

lower staircase, and into the library, the door of which the attentive Mrs. Day closed after him, lest his ears should be assailed by sounds less lugubrious than he might expect.

Away ran Day to her mistress. “Madam,” cried she, “he is come!”

“Hush! hush!” said Mrs. Nethersole; “don’t speak so loud; Charley is asleep in the next room—you’ll wake him.”

“Oh, Ma’am,” said Mrs. Day, “how can you care about your dog, when I tell you Mr. Lemuel is below stairs waiting to see you.”

“I don’t want to see him then,” said the widow; “you hate my dog,” Mrs. Day, and I tell you once for all ——”

“Now, Ma’am,” interrupted the maid ——

“Now, Day,” retorted the mistress, “you know that I have no consolation, no amusement, but what Charley affords me. I cannot go into public places, or to balls, or Vauxhalls, or play-houses, in these odious weeds.”

“But, Madam,” said Day, “you must see Mr. Lemuel. I have given you the best of characters, and every thing depends upon his visit.”

“ Oh !” said Mrs. Nethersole, bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter, “ tell him my grief is so terrible that I can see nobody.”

“ Do consider, Ma'am,” said Day, “ how much depends upon this coming interview.”

“ But I cannot sham a feeling, and it is no use talking,” said the lady : “ if I lose every thing in the world except my dog, I don't care, I will not play the hypocrite.”

“ But think about your fortune, Ma'am,” said Day.

“ Oh, I have money enough left,” said Emily, “ and if I have not, I have credit.”

“ That won't last long,” said Day, “ after people find out how you are left; and then, when your mourning is over, look at the heaps of things you will want : hats, bonnets, gowns, shawls—mercy on us, it would break your heart to find yourself poor, and perhaps not pitied !”

“ That's very true,” said the widow ; “ but then the amiable Lemuel will not permit such a circumstance.”

“ I have an idea,” said Day. “ Ensure his care and protection—receive him with due and

proper grief for his uncle—he is half-won already ; if he should hit upon such a project, and hereafter make a proposal, why not marry *him* ?”

“ What an idea !” said the widow, not, as it seemed, altogether displeased with the suggestion ;—“ and am I to secure his good opinion by weeping ?”

“ I verily believe so,” said Day ; “ he merely wishes to be certain of your tenderness of feeling—your beauty and accomplishments have already had their effect—to fix him as your professed champion and admirer.”

“ As far as hiding my face in my handkerchief goes,” said the widow, “ I can act, but my words never can belie my sentiments.”

“ I will trust to your prudence and good sense not to outrage Mr. Lemuel’s feelings,” said Day ; and by permission of her mistress she proceeded to the library to fetch in the visiter.

The moment she had quitted the apartment, a sudden noise and scuffling alarmed the ears of the widow. She flew to her boudoir ; Charley, the pug, the pet, was gone—she had left him just before sleeping in his well-lined basket—it

was vacant; the next minute presented to her eye the man Day looking like a ghost.

“What’s the matter, Day!—where’s my dog?”

“Oh, Ma’am!” said Day; “poor Charley—poor Charley—killed, Ma’am, killed and stolen!”

“My dog killed!” exclaimed the widow.

“I fear so,” said Day.

“Then I never shall be happy again!” exclaimed the lady, throwing herself upon a sofa, hiding her face in her hands, and sobbing immoderately.

“Oh, Ma’am,” said Day, “you can easily get another dog.”

“Another! no, no, no!” said Mrs. Nethersole; “no other dog will ever love me as Charley did. How did it happen, tell me this moment!”

“Why, Ma’am,” said Day, “the dear little thing ran down stairs, and came up to me, wagged his tail, just as much as to say, Please Mr. Day, I want to take a little walk out in the garden.”

“Dear, intelligent creature,” sobbed Mrs. Nethersole, “he always did so.”

“So, Ma’am,” said Mr. Day, “what does I

do, but I opens the door, when, lo and behold, the garden-gate was open too, out runs Charley; a great mastiff, belonging to Bigg the butcher, was coming by, flew at Charley, broke both his legs at one blow, and I caught a thump on the head from the stick of the butcher's boy, which knocked me down; and in the mean time a fellow, whom I have seen lurking amongst the linen hanging on the lines on the Common, whips up Charley and carries him clean off under his arm."

"Then," exclaimed Mrs. Nethersole, "I have lost every thing I held dear in the world." A new flood of tears came to her relief, and she again wept audibly.

At this moment arrived Mrs. Day and Mr. Lemuel Nethersole. She was wholly unprepared for the scene, and vastly admired the skill with which her mistress, after all her declaration of sincerity, was acting her part.

"Madam," said Mrs. Day, "here is Mr. Lemuel."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Nethersole, "I cannot see *him* or any body else."



“Pray,” said Lemuel, in a softened voice, “permit me, my dear Madam, to say a few words to you.”

“Oh!” said the widow, “I cannot bear to look at you, or hear your voice, after the misfortune which has fallen upon me.”

“Assure yourself,” said Lemuel, “I fully sympathise in your sorrow.”

“He was the only object of my affection,” said Emily.

“I have sustained an equal loss myself,” said Lemuel.

“Impossible,” said the widow; “no body can feel as I do. Oh, Sir, if you had known all his ways and tricks—his sensibility—his sense.”

“I appreciate them all,” said Lemuel;—fully convinced that the widow’s lamentations were all for the loss of his late uncle, her departed spouse.

“Oh,” continued the lady, “if you had seen him stand up in the corner, and beg, and then dance about the room and catch the bits of Naples biscuits in his mouth. Oh, Sir!”

“I confess,” said Lemuel, “I never witnessed any of those little endearing tricks.”

“ Oh Charley, Charley ! ” sobbed the lady.

“ I am glad to hear the recollection of him couched in such affectionate terms,” said Lemuel half aside.

“ Oh, to see him toddling along the garden-walk with his dear little tail wagging,” said the lady.

“ Yes,” said Lemuel, “ he persisted to the last in continuing that fashion.”

“ Just as I got him a little blue jacket and scarlet trowsers to dance in,” said the widow. “ Oh, how he loved me ! ”

“ That I am sure of,” said Lemuel.

“ How he would fly and bite anybody who came near me,” said the widow.

“ Aye, poor fellow. He was jealous of any attentions paid you,” said Lemuel.

“ He need not have been jealous,” said the widow. “ He never was happy but with me. He was my friend and protector ; the least noise in my room awakened him. Oh ! I have encountered an irreparable loss.”

“ Perhaps not,” said Lemuel, evidently overcome. “ There may, however, be a person who will repair it.”

“What, Sir!” said the lady, “and give me another? No, no—none—none will be like Charley!” And again she fell into a sort of hysteric convulsion.

“I will not trespass a moment longer now,” said Lemuel: “I have seen enough to satisfy myself of the depth and extent of your affection for him who is gone—enough to ensure my esteem and regard. The sight of such sorrow breaks my heart: I will leave you. Assure yourself, if that can be any consolation, that a sufficient income will be placed at your disposal to maintain your present establishment. That point I will settle before I sleep to-night; and in a day or two will return, in hopes to find you more composed, and better able to hear my views and plans for the future.”

“A thousand thanks,” sobbed Mrs. Nethersole, who extended her hand to Lemuel, which he kissed. “I ought to apologize for my weakness; but you knew him, and can appreciate my feelings. In a day or two I shall perhaps be better ——”

“Not a word more,” said Lemuel—“Adieu.”

Saying which, led by Mrs. Day, who was delighted at what she had seen, without clearly comprehending it, and equally charmed to get the young gentleman away before either her mistress's acting flagged, or the *dénouement*, whatever it might be, arrived, he took his departure ; and in descending the stairs, not only repeated his intention of securing the widow's happiness, but his unqualified admiration of her sensibility and tenderness.

As soon as Mrs. Day saw Mr. Lemuel well off, cantering over the Common, she ran to her husband, from whom she learned the secret history of her lady's sorrow. When she reached the boudoir she found her still suffused with tears.

“ Oh, Day ! ” said Mrs. Nethersole, “ what a loss ! ”

“ What a gain, Ma'am ! ” said Day. “ Every bit of your griefs, and every drop of your tears, are carried by Mr. Lemuel to the account of your affection for his uncle ; so that in point of fact, you are indebted for independence, and, if you please, eventually an agreeable husband, to your favourite dog.”

“That is but natural,” said the lady: “I believe Charley was my good genius; but let me never speak of him again—wounded and lost for ever!”

At which words the male Daly walked into the room with a grin on his countenance, and Charley in his arms.

“Neither lost nor wounded,” exclaimed he; “here he is, Ma’am, safe and sound—his nose as cold and as black, and his tail as stiff and curly as ever. I wanted to excite a decent sorrow during Mr. Lemuel’s visit, and I flatter myself I succeeded.”

Down he put Charley, and the tear-swollen eyes of the widow were blessed with the sight of the dear little creature, waggling and wriggling, and woffing and snorting about as well as ever.

“Then I am happy indeed,” said the widow.

“You ought to be so, Ma’am,” said the female Day; “for this stratagem has decided your fate and fortune.”

“Then now I may laugh as much as I please,” said the widow. “One thing only grieves me. I am afraid, after this *équivoque*, if I mean to

take advantage of your ingenuity, I must give my dear dog some other name."

The servants, to whom these results were owing, could not choose but wonder at their own success and the silliness of their mistress, whose happiness was secured by their adaptation of her weakness to existing circumstances. Mrs. Nethersole is now, as I have been told, the wife of the estimable Lemuel, and mother of two fine children,—the *ci-devant* Charley having descended to the care of the lady's maid ; thus forcibly illustrating the proverb that

“EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY.”

## THE MAN AND HIS MASTER.

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“A master I have, and I am his man.”—*O’Keefe*.

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To what follows being essentially dramatic, what name can I better prefix than that of O’Keefe? —a man of more genuine and original oddity and humour than any writer of his time. The higher flights of George Colman the Younger, the gaieties and pleasantries of Morton and Reynolds, the quaintness and raciness of Kenny, and the voluminous playfulness of Thomas Dibdin, distinguished as they all are by their peculiar claims upon the attention and patronage of the theatrical public of some half or quarter of a century standing, are not so remarkable as the whimsicalities of O’Keefe. His inventive

powers in the construction of odd phrases and quaint burdens for songs, his extraordinary combinations of strange fancies, and the contrivance of a sort of significant gibberish, without meaning in itself, but fashioned so as to convey the most accurate and vivid ideas of what he himself meant to express, are matters beyond the powers of analysis: yet his farces are obsolete, and, with the dramas of Foote, lost to the stage and the public, because the popular taste has become so refined that it shrinks from broadness of humour and sharpness of wit, into the safe refuge afforded by prancing horses, flying heroes, masked assassins, and simmering Jewesses. I make no apology, however, for quoting O'Keefe.

I have said that what follows is purely dramatic—it is of French construction—and so completely characterized by theatrical qualities, that I think it best to give the dialogues and conversations which occur in it, in the dramatic form. Although I do not hope to find it flourishing at the Victoria, or receiving the immortal honours of the Olympic, it may, perhaps, in its



present shape, be of use in private theatres—the managements or mismanagements of which establishments, James Smith, the all-accomplished, so well describes. I will, at all events, be brief in my prologue, which

———— precedes my verse,  
As undertakers walk before the hearse ;

and which merely proposes to observe, that a certain middle-aged gentleman, of the name of Meek, possessing an independent fortune, with a somewhat delicate constitution, and therefore, perhaps, more a creature of habit than his healthier neighbours, had been blest for many years with a faithful, careful, attentive, and excellent domestic, who had, in fact, lived with him from his youth upwards—or rather, as Mr. Meek found it, downwards—including a period of twenty-one years.

For the first seven of these years, James Grab—so was he called—had been an excellent servant; for the next seven, a considerate friend; and for the last seven, a very hard master; and at the period at which this “tale of real life” begins,

Mr. Meek in the enjoyment of a competence, the society of a few fond relatives, and a most agreeable circle of friends, had not a will of his own—James Grab was the ruling power, the *primum mobile*. Meek was no longer master of his own house, nor of anything that was his; but he still went on, feeling the importance of such a faithful, confidential creature as Grab, being perfectly satisfied that if he were to leave him, he should at once sink into the fathomless ocean of society, and be lost to all eternity. Of this feeling Grab was naturally aware—he saw his influence, and exerted it; to what extent, and with what effect, we shall presently see.

Mr. Meek's establishment—*en garçon*—consisted of this worthy,—literally *maître d'hôtel*,—a cook, housemaid, coachman, and groom, and a sort of housekeeper,—pert and pretty,—called by Grab and his master, Jenny—by the rest of the servants, Mrs. Widgeon; and this *corps* was so constantly changed by the management of Grab, who took in and turned out when he pleased and whom he pleased, that one administration scarcely lasted entire, as first formed,

more than a month. These changes were matters of little moment to Meek—he heard of resignations and retirements, of negotiations and acceptances, but as Grab was Premier, and took the whole responsibility, Meek, whose temper was proverbially excellent, taught himself to believe that nobody but Grab could serve him or keep matters together; that if he threw up his place, he should be wretched; and so he went on living in the dark, hoodwinked by the knave, who made him believe that he was the most popular man in the neighbourhood, at the very moment when he was constantly and invariably abused for suffering himself to be led by the nose by such a consummate cheat and hypocrite as Grab.

Mrs. Widgeon was to Grab what the fighters call an “ugly customer,” although to any body else she would have appeared a remarkably pretty one;—she had a pair of sparkling black eyes, a well-rounded figure, curls like jet, and a forehead like snow; she had been well educated, and was somewhat over-accomplished for her sphere in life. Grab had engaged her in hopes

of finding her gratitude for his patronage take a more tender form in the course of time ; but six weeks' experience—and that, it must be confessed, is quite time enough for such an experiment—had taught him that all his hopes in that quarter were vain. Mrs. Widgeon, besides a dislike for Grab's personal forwardness, had a certain regard for honesty, and saw with a disgust which increased with his importunities, the manner in which he “ruled the roost” in her master's house. This perception on her part led Mr. Grab to give her notice that her stay there would not be permanent, if she did not shut her eyes to what was going on, even if she did not choose to open her ears to his addresses, which I need not say were of the most honourable character, but which made little effect upon her heart, which either was not her's to give, or which she had resolved not to give *him*.

In this state of affairs our little drama opens. Meek coming out of his dressing-room into his library, where his breakfast is—*mirabile dictu* !—ready for him. He enters, and begins the scene by calling loudly for Grab.

*Grab.* Well, Sir—here I am—what's the use of calling so loud?

*M.* I—I'm sure I didn't call loud, Grab; it hurts my lungs.

*G.* Then why don't you learn to be patient, and wait till I come?

*M.* I'm sure you do all you can to teach me that virtue.

*G.* Well, then, it is no fault of mine if you don't learn it.

*M.* If you would but have the bell of my dressing-room mended, I need not be forced to call you at all.

*G.* Yes—that *would* be a good joke; why, you'd be ringing for me every quarter of an hour. I should not have a minute to myself.

*M.* Don't I pay you for waiting upon me?

*G.* Why, yes, you pay me—but not to kill me with over-work.

*M.* Work! Why, Grab, you don't do half the things I tell you to do.

*G.* That is because you ask me to do too many by half.

*M.* Too many !

*G.* To be sure, Sir ; Lord bless your heart, don't you think I know what you want a great deal better than you do yourself ?

*M.* I do not think you do ; why, here now, you never get my breakfast ready till an hour after the time I want it.

*G.* That is to give you a better appetite, and consequently more pleasure.

*M.* Ah ! there it is—he is always right—that's very true. Well, Grab, go directly and inquire how Mrs. Trotman is.

*G.* How she is ! What the use of that, Sir ? She is very well—much better than you ; and she doesn't send to inquire after *you*.

*M.* She was very ill last night.

*G.* Not a bit of it—I know—wasn't I in the housekeeper's room ? She quarrelled with her husband, was out of sorts, and then told you she was ill.

*M.* She is too clever and too candid to do any such thing, Sir.

*G.* Oh ! you think you know a great deal about her.

*M.* Know ! why, Sir, do *you* not know that she is *my* niece ?

*G.* I should think I did ; you have told me so a hundred times. I know all your relations a great deal better than you do.

*M.* Well, go and inquire, Sir.

*G.* I am going to get my breakfast, Sir.

*M.* Well, then, go afterwards.

*G.* Yes, I will if I have time.

*M.* Grab !—

*G.* Sir—

*M.* I cannot bear this ; you grow more impertinent every hour.

*G.* Ah, that's what you have been saying every day for the last twelve years.

*M.* This will end in a break up.

*G.* Why ? I'm sure I don't wish it.

*M.* Upon my word you are very good !

*G.* Better than you, as I think, Sir, upon this point.

*M.* What do you mean, Sir ?

*G.* Why, I mean to say, Sir, that you scold and grumble, and put me out of sorts, and yet for all *that* I don't want to desert you.

*M.* Indeed ! that I really do believe.

*G.* And yet I've got money enough to live upon—property of my own ; and if I did not choose to live upon that, I could better myself any day in the week.

*M.* Pray do, Sir, if you think so : you have my free will.

*G.* And if I did do so, what would become of you ? You don't know what to order in the house. I am the acting man ; everybody knows *me* ; they never see *you*. They know that *my* will is *your's* ; they therefore obey me, and so you get everything you want of the best.

*M.* What, Sir, do you want to make me believe ?——

*G.* I know at heart you are an excellent gentleman. I say so to everybody ; but you have your oddities and your whims. Who would study your crinkums and your crankums like me ?

*M.* This is really carrying the joke too far ; you are the——

*G.* Don't, Sir,—don't put yourself in a passion. Remember what the doctor said—mind your head ; don't begin scolding—it does no good.



*M.* Do you laugh at me, Sirrah?

*G.* No ; but you will laugh at yourself in ten minutes. I don't want to quarrel ;—of course if you think you can do without me I can go, but then I don't want to put you to any inconvenience. I am going to get my breakfast ; and here comes Mrs. Widgeon, a nice body in her way. She likes to show her pretty face in the streets, Sir ; send *her* to your niece with the message ;—I have a great many little odd jobs to do below. [*Exit Grab.*

*M.* He shall go ; I cannot bear this any longer. I am resolved——

*Enter Mrs. WIDGEON.*

——Widgeon, I am determined——

*Mrs. W.* About what, Sir ?

*M.* To turn that insolent fellow, Grab, out of the house.

*Mrs. W.* No, indeed, Sir, you will not ; you have said so not less than four times during the last week, but the moment your little passion is

over, all his impudence is forgotten, and you decide to keep him.

*M.* But, Widgeon, he pities me—tells me that, in his great kindness to *me*, he does not want to turn me off; that I don't know what to order in my own house, and that if it were not for *him* I should be absolutely lost and destroyed.

*Mrs. W.* I have no doubt he wishes you to think so; he tells us all down stairs that we are only to mind *him*, and swaggers about, and, saving your presence, Sir, curses and swears in a manner most abominable.

*M.* He does—does he?

*Mrs. W.* Yes, Sir; and when you have ordered your dinner, and I go about as busy as a bee to hurry the cook to get things up comfortable—not a bit of it, says he, till *I* am ready.

*M.* Oh!—

*Mrs. W.* And then, Sir, he scolds everybody in the house except me; calls the cook names that would make your hair, if you had any, stand on end like porcupine's quills, and goes the

length of kicking the groom-boy about like a foot-ball.

*M.* Oh, he is civil to you, then, Mrs. Wid-geon?

*Mrs. W.* Too civil by half, Sir. He is always offering me presents of one sort or other, Sir; thinks wine would be good for my health—tea and sugar always at my service, all of which *he* keeps locked up, although, Sir, *I* ought to have them in my cupboards; and many's the time, Sir, when he has told you to go to bed without eating, because suppers hurt you, he has pressed me to take part of a dish of *pantaloons* cutlets, or a *perdu o' shoes*.

*M.* What, after I have been in bed?

*Mrs. W.* Yes, Sir; but believe me, Sir, I never accepted his offers. I wanted none of his shoes, nor his perdoos, nor his pantaloons neither. Oh, Sir, perhaps it does not become *me* to say it, but he is a bad man, Sir.

*M.* Why hav'n't you complained of him before?

*Mrs. W.* La, Sir; we all of us know it is of no use, you think so highly of him; and we were

quite sure that if he knew we had whispered a word against him, we should all have been bundled out of the house, *nolus bolus*, whether we would or no.

*M.* Why, then, Mrs. Widgeon, it seems that he has succeeded in making you think me a particularly foolish person?

*Mrs. W.* No, Sir; not foolish—kind—good-hearted; and, as he says, led by him——

*M.* Oh, led by him; you have settled it. I am not going to have all my excellent, hard-working, civil servants, and especially you—eh, Widgeon—you, too, ill treated by him. No, he shall go; but then what upon earth shall I do? he is so accustomed to my ways, knows all the people I visit—all the people I like and all them I hate;—knows who to let in and who to keep out;—he is a capital servant, Jenny, when he pleases.

*Mrs. W.* I dare say he is, Sir; but then he pleases to be so, so very seldom.

*M.* That's true, Widgeon; and the proverb, or the poem, or whatever it is, says—

“ Those who live to please  
Must please to live.”

*Mrs. W.* You may depend upon it, he is very well pleased to live here ; but, in my mind, the worst servant in England would suit you better, and do your work better than he, and with less wages too.

*M.* I don't object to wages ; I would give the same to any man if I could find such a one as Grab.

*Mrs. W.* Wages, Sir ; his wages is, as I say, nothing with him—that isn't the way he makes his money, Sir.

*M.* What do you mean, Widgeon ?

*Mrs. W.* La, Sir, he charges you double what he pays for everything you have—there, Sir—that's the truth.

*M.* Cheats me ? What this flower of honesty, this paragon of affection.

*Mrs. W.* All I know, Sir, is, that the shopkeepers come with their bills, and make a great noise in the servants' hall.

*M.* Oh, I suppose then they are read before they are passed.

*Mrs. W.* They may be read and passed too, Sir ; but I tell you Grab does not pay half what he charges you.

*M.* But I have receipts to all the bills.

*Mrs. W.* That may be, Sir : I say no more. All I do say is, that the people who serve you serve him, and that you pay just twice what you ought to pay.

*M.* Eh, Widgeon, are you sure ? I'll send him off—if *that* can be proved, he must go ; but then, Widgeon—where shall I ever find a servant like him ?

*Mrs. W.* Lord bless your heart, Sir, it is no such difficult matter. Why now, Sir, I—I'm sure I don't mean to say one single syllable about myself, or anybody belonging to me—but I have a brother, Sir—a remarkably nice young man, and so civil. If you saw him, you would be surprised at the difference between the two.

*M.* And has Grab ever seen him ?

*Mrs. W.* Yes, Sir—he has—and—I'm sure, Sir, I am quite ashamed of what I am going to say, Sir—it makes me ready to cry, Sir—but—it is the truth, Sir. Mr. Grab, Sir—I have told you before—is—at least so he says—I know you'll excuse the truth—very—very fond of *me*, Sir.

*M.* Ah, well, I don't wonder at that, Widgeon ;—he ! he ! and you, eh, very fond of him ?

*Mrs. W.* No, Sir, no ; but only just to show what he will do, and he says he will do, to make me think better of him, Sir—he has promised me to get Tom a place—my brother Tommy, Sir, through *you*. Yes, Sir, it is true ; he says you must and shall provide for my Tommy.

*M.* Why !—what have I to do with your Tommy, Mrs. Widgeon.

*Mrs. W.* Nothing in the world, Sir—nothing upon the face of the earth, as the Doctor says : but so Grab says—and swears that you shall provide for him ; and when *he* is provided for, he says I can't refuse him.

*M.* Refuse him what, Widgeon ?

*Mrs. W.* Marrying him, Sir. He thinks, Sir, because my dear husband died six months after our marriage, that I have forgotten him, Sir (*cries*). Indeed, indeed I have not ; and I do believe, that when they are carried off in the middle of their first tenderness, one is less apt to forget them than if they lived longer.

*M.* But does he say *I* am to provide for your Tommy?

*Mrs. W.* He does, Sir; and says, if *you* cannot provide for him yourself, he will force you to make one of your friends provide for him, or else he'll be—I can't tell you what.

*M.* Mrs. Widgeon, you are a sensible woman—I think I *can* confide in you. I shall just go into my own room, and look over the accounts of my establishment, which I have kept for many years, and if I find a difference—

*Mrs. W.* Oh, Sir, Sir, don't say that I have said—

*M.* Not a syllable, Mrs. Widgeon—do you think I would? He goes—if what you say is proved, he goes—

*Mrs. W.* Unless, Sir—I beg your pardon—your anger goes beforehand.

Here Meek retires to his sanctum to compare the bills and look at the receipts, and, in short, to justify himself in an attempt to get rid of his excellent servant Grab; and just at this period arrives Mrs. Widgeon's Tommy.

“Oh!” cries Mrs. Widgeon, “Tommy, you are here, are you?”



*Tom.* I have called to see Mr. Grab.

*Mrs. W.* He is a very nice gentleman I don't think!—what is your notion of him?

*T.* I know nothing of him; all he says is, that out of regard to you he'll get me a good place somewhere, and where it is I'm sure you know I don't care.

*Mrs. W.* But now, Tom—do you put faith in what he says?

*T.* Yes, I do. I think he likes *me*; I'm sure he likes *you*; and there is only one condition he made with me if he got me a place.

*Mrs. W.* What is that, Tom?

*T.* Why, to tell him everything that goes forward in the house where I may happen to live—if it is a good one—because he is what they call—Editor, I think, of a fashionable periodical, whatever that is; and so I am to furnish him with the little I pick up for his paragraphs once a week.

*Mrs. W.* Psha! *he'll* never get you a place—not at least in a family where there's any secrets worth knowing.

*T.* Do you know, my dear woman, I am very much of your opinion!

*Mrs. W.* Tommy, if you are wise and discreet and keep your own counsel I think I have got a snug thing for you, a thing that would suit you to a hair; but, if you get that, you must positively give up your dear friend Grab.

*T.* Give him up—I wish nothing better for both our sakes. I'm not blind, Titty—eh, why between you and me, I wish he was at the bottom of the Red Sea.

*Mrs. W.* Well, leave me to think of *that*; but take this piece of advice—don't copy Grab, get into whose service you may—however, here he is, don't let us be seen together."

Saying which, Mrs. Widgeon, a nice creature in her way, flitted out of the room, leaving her brother Tom, or, as she familiarly called him, her Tommy, to receive the impudent Grab, who it is to be supposed had just finished his breakfast.

"Oh!" cries the Major domo, "here you *are*."

*T.* Here I am.

*G.* So I perceive. Why didn't you stay at the coffee-shop at which I told you to meet me?

*T.* I did call there, but they said you was gone.

*G.* What of that! I am constant in my

attendance there to take my coffee, and read the unstamped. You know something of politics, Tommy ?

*T.* Yes ; I know I refused to go to Spain to be flogged and not paid. I was offered what they call the commandery of Charles the something, whatever that is ; to be a bullock-driver to the queen ; but I found out there were no bullocks to be driven ; and so I said to myself, poor buffer as I am, I won't take a fine riband and star without having at least done something to deserve it.

*G.* You were wise and foolish at one *coup* ;—wise not to go, foolish not to take. Never refuse anything. However, having given up the military, you are now in the civil service. You are a liberal ?

*T.* Uncommonly liberal. That's to say, I have nothing to lose, and everything to get.

*G.* That's it. Now, your sister Widgeon is a very amiable, plump, sentimental creechur,—well made, as Nature did it ; as the song says,—

“ All without hurry, or *bustle*, or care.”

I have a regard for you, Tom ; you shall be *posé*.

*T.* Posy! Ah, I don't know what that means, Mr. Grab.

*G.* Don't you, upon your soul?—You shall be what we call provided for. I cannot at present offer you even an Assistant-Commissionership of Poor-Laws, but if I had known it a little earlier, I think I might have settled you into five hundred a year on the Charity affair.

*T.* Why, you have great influence.

*G.* Yes; I *do* a little for the Whigs, Tommy. I told you, you must undertake to pick up—you understand? But you have been in place before?

*T.* Yes.

*G.* You know your business?

*T.* Yes.

*G.* And I presume you know how to keep a place when you have got it;—that is the great secret, after all.

*T.* I hope so; by doing my duty, and ——

*G.* Duty be ——. I beg your pardon: I wou'dn't shock you by swearing; but it is enough to make a bishop rap out an oath, to hear a man talk of duty in these days. Your duty, Tommy,

is to make your master do whatever you wish him to do.

*T.* Yes ; but then masters have a knack of kicking servants out sometimes.

*G.* Out ! Psha, Tommy, you are an ass ! Never let the man who pays you your wages be your master. He may abuse you, and call you all sorts of names, at first, but you'll do him at last, and abuse *him* just as much as he abused you in the beginning.

*T.* Ah ! but now I don't like that sort of life.

*G.* Well, Tommy, all I can say is, that if you behave in any way to permit your master, as he calls himself, to have any sort of authority over you, you become a slave—worse than the niggers were before we—I say we, because I have a snug freehold of my own—gave *their* masters twenty millions of money, Tom, to change their name and not their condition. *We* are not slaves, Tommy—we can't be ; but, rely upon it, nothing is so bad for a servant as to keep changing places : it is almost as ruinous as ratting in government,—that, I suppose, you don't understand. “ *Jamais esprit,*” as the Dutch say,—you may depend

upon it you must stick, whether your master—as the man who pays you is constitutionally called—likes you or not. Stay in—stop where you can. If you are *chasséed*, as the Spaniards have it, from one house to another, you will just end—excuse me for saying it—by being footman to an old maid, and pass your forenoon in curling poodles and washing pugs.

*T.* Ah! you see you have so much the advantage of me. I don't know all these little odd-come-sorts of management.

*G.* Tommy, my boy, I repeat the lesson, begin by making your master your servant.

*T.* That, Mr. Grab, seems to be more easy to say than to do.

*G.* Does it? Look at *me*! Meek, the exemplary person who calls himself my master, is my flunky, as the Persians have it. I hold up my finger—he obeys. You just watch *me*; see how I carry on the war. Follow *that*.

*T.* Ah!

*G.* The whole establishment is at my feet, except perhaps, indeed, your sister Jenny—the young widow—eh? She might have her share

of rule. You have seen King William and Queen Mary on a shilling—eh?—you understand?

*T.* Yes; but what is it to me what you do *here*? You told me that you would get me a place somewhere else.

*G.* Not I, Tommy; but that poor, dear curds-and-whey gentleman, my master, who lives in the full belief that if I left him, no other servant in the universe could ever discover Boodle's club, to which he belongs, or ascertain where his cousins live, who inhabit a house somewhere near Manchester Square. I keep up the delusion—poor dear twaddle—I blind him and lead him; and the very first thing he does is—as I tell you—to get you a good place.

*T.* Ah! but how can he do so!

*G.* How *can* he!—I shall tell him he *must*. He will perhaps say he can't; and you'll see the result. The patient is coming: just stand inside that door; he is as blind as a bat. I'll give you a practical lesson; and at one *coup* secure you a situation, and give you instructions how to keep it when you have got it.

At this period, Tommy, as we have gotten to

call him, goes just outside the appointed door, which is open ; and the all-suffering Squire Meek walks into the room, where he finds Grab lounging and whistling *comme à l'ordinaire*.

*Meek*. Well, Grab, have you been with my message to my niece ?

*G*. No ; I haven't had time.

*M*. What have you had to do, Sir ?

*G*. Anxiety has kept me occupied—anxiety to get a situation for a young friend.

*M*. Well, Sir, there is no such difficulty in that, I should think, in London.

*G*. Ah, that's your opinion. There would be no great difficulty if you would assist him.

*M*. Me !

*G*. Yes ; you, Sir. Find him a master like yourself ; and I never asked a favour of you before. Get him a place—there, now.

*M*. I don't know one single friend who wants a servant.

*G*. Nor a married one ?

*M*. Don't quibble, Sir ; I tell you I know nobody who wants a servant.

*G*. Well, but if you have the regard you



ought to have for me who have lived so many years with you, you ought to make some one of your friends turn off his servant in order to get Tommy a place.

*M.* Can I, as a gentleman, do such a thing? Suppose anybody were to ask me to turn *you* away, to make room for a new comer?

*G.* Oh! that's quite a different affair—that's fancying an impossibility—a moon of green cheese, or something of that sort. I am, Sir, as you know, your indispensable.

*M.* You fancy so.

*G.* I don't fancy, Sir, because I know that I am the oak by which the ivy lives; however, never mind that, get me a place for Tommy.

*M.* I will if I can—I will think of it.

*G.* Don't think, Sir—it is what you are not used to—there's Sir Gregory Grindle—now you can do anything with him—remove *his* slavy—put in Tommy; or there is Doctor Snick—he perhaps may want a sort of a dandy fellow to look after his patients—I'm sure you'll find somebody who wants Tommy—in short, you must.

*M.* By Jove, Grab, I do recollect a man, and a man whom I esteem particularly, who wants a servant.

*G.* I thought you would—umph—now you are reasonable—always reasonable, when you come to the scratch—he—

*M.* But he wants a prudent, steady, honest man, who will not presume upon kindness, nor take liberties upon forbearance,—obedient in all things, and above all things, civil.

*G.* I like that ;—do you think I should recommend a servant that had not all these qualities ?—I don't even know such fellows.

*M.* I know one who has none of them, though.

*G.* Who is that ?

*M.* Yourself, Sir.

*G.* Ah ! there you go—now you are beginning again.

*M.* Beginning, Sir—I not only begin but go on—and add to all I have implied, the words impertinent scoundrel.

*G.* That's it—that's the way ; but, Sir, I will not bear it any longer—you and I had better

part—you are tired of me—I see that plainly. I *will* go, Sir—I have always treated you well and honestly, but I must leave you—I will leave you.

*M.* No, you shan't leave me, Grab.

*G.* I must.

*M.* (*At last in a rage.*) No, Sir, you shall *not* go—I dismiss you.

*G.* Dismiss me ! you have said that, a hundred times.

*M.* Who is this ? (*Seeing Tommy.*)

*G.* That is Tommy, Sir ; for whom, if you please, you will get a place.

*M.* That I have no objection to.

*G.* I told you so ; I knew the cloud would blow over—I thank you. Now don't you see, Sir, you say one thing one minute, and another another—you are so unsettled—quite a giraffe, as the Italians have it.

*M.* You have deluded me.

*G.* I know I have, and that's just it. You said a minute ago you could not get Tom Teal a place, and now you can, and that you call decision—I suppose I may tell Tom ?

*M.* You may, Sir ; here he is.

*Enter Mrs. WIDGEON and Tom.*

*G.* Tommy, your affair is settled. What d'ye say to that, Mrs. Widgeon ? my excellent master has a place in his eye for him, and if I know my master, he will not offer a young man of my recommending anything but a good situation.

*M.* There is nobody better able to judge of the value of the place I mean to give him than yourself, who have filled it so long.

*G.* Me—oh dear ! how now !—you are merry this morning. What, at your old tricks again, Sir—going to turn me off, are you ?

*M.* I *do* turn you off, Sir, and with the greatest pleasure rid myself of so insolent a cheat.

*G.* A cheat, Mr. Meek—let me tell you, Sir, there is such a place as the Court of King's Bench, Sir—the law, even in these days, is open to the lowest as well as the highest.

*M.* Luckily it is, sirrah ; and I think the chances are, that you will find the salutary effects of this happy circumstance. I have looked over your books, Sir—compared them with my bills,

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and I find that you have been at one and the same time grinding my tradesmen out of per-centage and perquisites, and loading me with debt in due proportion. Walk off, Sir—your wages are paid up to the end of the quarter; so abscond, and never let me see your impudent face again.

*G.* You are nice man, I don't think; so you really have plucked up a spirit at last?

*Mrs. W.* And high time too.

*G.* Oh, Mrs. Widgeon, what, you must have a finger in the pie.

*M.* Go, Sir!

*G.* I say, Tommy, I'll not forget *you*, you may depend upon it.

*T.* And I say, Grab, go and wait upon the old maids, and curl poodles, and wash pugs—eh?

*G.* I'll do myself the pleasure of calling and seeing you sometimes.

*T.* No, Mr. Grab; I don't want to be enlightened.

*G.* I am off; I shall retire from public life—rent a villa, and keep a cab—I can afford it—let them laugh that win—it's all right; only, Mr. Meek, be quite sure that Tommy Teal is

that lady's *brother*!—eh, you understand? No, no, adieu, *au revoir*, as the Venetians have it. *Exit.*

*Mrs. W.* I never thought to see this day; now, indeed, Sir, we may hope to live in peace.

*M.* I trust this will prove that insolence should not be too confident, and that kindness is not always presumed upon with impunity. I think, Mrs. Widgeon, I have aptly exemplified the proverb, that—

“THE PITCHER GOES OFTEN TO THE WELL, BUT  
GETS BROKEN AT LAST.”



## THE LITTLE MAN.

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It is an admitted axiom that the romance of real life is more romantic than that of fiction, and it is also allowed that the distance between the sublime and the ridiculous is exceedingly small.

In order to illustrate both these positions, I have abridged the following case from the original report of M. Gayot de-Pitival, the Advocate, published in his collection in the year 1746. I have never met with a translation of it, but it seems quite worthy of attention.

It appears that in the year 1733, the Sieur Thomassin, canon of the Cathedral of Verdun, departed this transitory life, leaving the vacant canonry at the disposal of the Sieur Houvet,

whose turn as canon it was to nominate a successor to the vacant stall.

The Houvets, like the Whigs of the present day, had an instinctive desire to provide for their relations in the best possible manner, and the old priest thought that whatever humble merit might deserve or demand, his own flesh and blood were first to be looked after; and, accordingly, on the 11th day of the aforesaid month of September, the Sieur Houvet nominated his nephew, M. Duret, to the dignity.

The moment the chapter heard of the appointment, a general feeling of alarm and indignation filled their else tranquil breasts. M. Duret was an amiable man—his character was unblemished, his manners were amiable, his life was irreproachable. He might not perhaps have had a regular collegiate education, and, in point of fact, he had been apprenticed to a button-maker—but neither of these circumstances weighed with the chapter—who, nevertheless, determined not to receive him amongst them.

The Sieur Houvet, naturally mortified and surprised at this proceeding, was most anxious

to learn the grounds of such extraordinary conduct towards his irreproachable relation, and was accordingly informed by the reverend and venerable body that M. Duret might be amiable, pious, learned, and excellent in all moral and mental points, but that they had unanimously agreed that he was TOO LITTLE to be a canon of the chapter of Verdun.

This announcement still more astonished the *Sieur Houvet*, who attempted to show that, however objectionable his nephew's diminutiveness might be in a company of grenadiers, it could have nothing to do with his qualifications for a chapter of canons, who might be considered, if they pleased, a sort of spiritual militia, but in whom the qualities of the mind were certainly more to be considered than the appearance of the body.

The remonstrances of the *Sieur Houvet*, however, were made in vain. The chapter addressed letters to the Archbishop of Paris, who had ordained the *Sieur Duret*, and also to their own bishop, entreating that they might be spared the disgrace of having so little a man as

the intended canon associated with them. The Sieur Bourck thought it would be better to let the stall lapse to the crown than sanction the appointment. To this the King consented, and granted the Sieur Bourck the presentation, and hence arose the cause which was tried, and which M. Gayot de Pitival has reported. The bishop dissented from the course the chapter had pursued. The lawyers whom they consulted were equally disinclined to agree with their clients; nevertheless the chapter was resolved to try the case, and ascertain whether a little man ought or ought not to be a canon of Verdun.

All this seems so incredibly ridiculous, that one cannot record a much stronger example of the romance—or rather the absurdity of real life.—It is however truth. The cause came on, and its discussion occupied several days. M. Aubry, who was retained on the part of the chapter, stated that the choice of M. Duret had equally surprised and shocked the learned body whom he had the honour to represent; that the Sieur Houvet, who had been forty-three

years a member of the chapter, ought to have known the principles and discipline of the body of which he was a component part; that his nephew had not completed his studies;—and that he was always so averse from learning anything, that his uncle had apprenticed him to a button-maker in Paris, where he had been at work for three years. But, setting all these matters aside, he was of such a diminutive figure that his appearance in the cathedral at Verdun would be a disgrace and an abomination.

M. Aubry then put in the declaration of the chapter, which contained a statement of their conviction that M. Duret was too little to perform the duties of his sacred office with decency—that the nomination would deeply injure them,—that they had, upon a former occasion, rejected a nominee upon the same ground, and that a very little man of high character had, on account of his low stature, been excluded by the chapter of Toul, and their rejection had been confirmed.

M. Aubry supported this declaration by quoting from the 21st chapter of Leviticus, where

may be found the divine authority itself for prohibiting certain persons from exercising the ministerial functions ; in which, amongst other disqualifications, the being “a dwarf” is one. And, furthermore, the learned counsel showed that the chapter of Verdun had invariably acted upon the Levitical law in all their previous proceedings.

M. Aubry showed that on the 8th of April, 1432, a candidate for a canonry was refused, on account of inability to perform the duties ; and in the same year the chapter had refused to admit a barber, who had no pretension whatever to learning. Why then should a button-maker be preferred after such a precedent ? M. Aubry, however, admitted that a little cock-eyed, bandy-legged fellow of the name of Tardiff, *had been* admitted—but, to the honour of the chapter of Verdun and its zeal for the church, he had, in consideration thereof, to contribute largely to its funds, seeing he was rich, and he paid off mortgages for the church, and got valuable effects of theirs, out of pawn. Thus, although M. Aubry did not dwell longer than

necessary upon the obligations imposed upon the candidate, M. Gayot says, "It seems to me that then, as now, gold hid a heap of deformities, as charity covereth a multitude of sins."

Jean Latey, M. Aubry said, named as canon coadjutor by the Pope himself, was refused by the chapter of Verdun, on the 23rd of January, 1710, because he was lame of both legs. It is true that when the Illustrious and Holy Infallible insisted that Latey should be installed—"nolus bolus," as the Dutch innkeeper said, whether they would or no, the refined chapter of Verdun admitted him—but they coquetted about it until the 15th of May, 1711, and then would not have had him at any price, only that at that period the refined chapter of Verdun had not the happiness to be under the domination of France; and had not sufficient influence to maintain itself against the decrees of the court of Rome.—As if any Popish chapter had?

M. Aubry proceeded to prove by precedents, that at Metz and Treves the same discipline

existed—that at Toul a very lame, sinuously-formed priest, of the name of Domangin, having got—by some trickery—a dispensation to hold preferment in all collegiate and cathedral churches, probably as we say, “unsight unseen,”—was stopped in his attempts to install himself in the cathedral of Toul; the chapter having, on the 7th of May, 1658, obtained in the Parliament of Paris a sentence of ejection from his prebend and canonry under precisely similar circumstances.

The learned counsel proceeded to show that the extreme delicacy of the chapter of Verdun upon this particular point was not confined to the admission of canons or prebendaries, but extended even to the chaplains; and contended that this punctiliousness of attention to the Levitical law was not peculiar to the chapter of Verdun, but was equally observed and attended to by every chapter in the ecclesiastical province of Treves. He felt assured that the Court would not decide against what must be considered a devout adhesion to the text of Scripture, which had for its object nothing but to render more



decent and more impressive the celebration of divine service in so fine a cathedral, and which adhesion to the Levitical law had already been sanctioned by the Parliament in the case of the chapter of Toul.

“ Will any one say,” said M. Aubry, “ that the *Sieur Duret* has no deformity of person which incapacitates him from the occupancy of the canonry of Verdun ? One glance will decide that question ; and not only decide that question, but betray the pains he takes to conceal his deformity. If there remain any doubt upon the mind of the council, let them name some medical man to visit him in the presence of two of the canons of Verdun, and they will soon find out the deformities which he endeavours now to hide with his priestly robe ; but which were perfectly evident to every body while the height of his ambition was attained by being the limping ‘prentice of a button-maker.”

It was soon evident, notwithstanding the zeal of M. Aubry, supported as it was by his talent, that the cause he had in hand was a bad one. In fact his case very much resembled M. Duret’s

in one respect, for M. Aubry could not conceal its weakness—even by covering it with *his* long robe. So true it is, that upon certain matters, weak in themselves, all the powers of art and eloquence are unavailing.

After this address of M. Aubry, the *Sieur Duret* put forth a reply. As no advocate's name appears to it, we are to presume it was his own, although written in the third person.

This reply sets forth that M. Duret is a little man—a very little man ; but that littleness is not deformity—that little as he is, he is not a dwarf—that he has no fault in his face—no “ flat nose ”—no fault in his legs ; and that he is neither “ broken-handed nor broken-footed ; ”—nor, indeed, anything else Levitically proscribed.

Besides, says the reply, if M. Duret were in any shape or manner disqualified from the sacred offices of the ministry, why did the Archbishop of Paris ordain him ?—if he is worthy to be a priest out of a chapter, it is perfectly clear that he is equally worthy to be a priest in a chapter ; and it never could be intended that the chapter

of Verdun should in such a manner erect themselves into a committee of taste, in order to set aside the judgment of an archbishop !

Gilbert, in his 'Ecclesiastical Institutions,' p. 204, says, as have all the authorities whom he quotes, "that the bishop alone is to judge of the excluding disqualifications of a candidate for holy orders. He is also to examine him as to his classical and theological attainments, and if he find him a fitting subject for a dispensation, he grants it, either by ordaining him at once, or conferring upon him some letter for future ordination, even to persons whom the bishop sees and of course knows to be physically disqualified; hence comes the opinion that these disqualifications no longer render ordination irregular—but this is an error."

It is quite clear by this passage that the question of what is or is not a dispensable deformity is in the breast of the ordinary. But Gilbert says again, at p. 224, "There are several deformities which the bishop has the power of overlooking, such as those which concern the legs and feet—if the legs are too little for the body

and unable to support it—one leg longer than the other, or, as the Irishman would put it, one leg shorter than the other—feet turned in, and many other similar failings, are all at the disposal of the prelate ;—and canonries *are* amongst the benefices (p. 203) for which the bishop is able to grant his dispensation.”—These authorities are surely sufficient to prove that after the *Sieur Duret*, button-maker or not, had been presented for ordination to the bishop, and that the bishop had ordained him, little as he was, *M. Duret* had a perfect right to the stall in the cathedral of Verdun, to which his kind and fatherly uncle had promoted him.

In addition to all this, little *Duret* went before the council, in order that they might decide whether he was big enough to fill the stall, or too little to do his duty. The council decided that he was no beauty, but that he might do well enough for what he proposed himself, and although not an *Apollo* to look at, might, by disclaiming any pretension to the figure of a heathen divinity, do remarkably well as a *Christian* divine.

But to their great objection the chapter still adhered,—that however pious and well disposed, and by no means deformed, he might be, still he was too little to do the duties attached to the canonry with decency.

Roscommon says—

“ Want of decency is want of sense,”

and so seemed to think the chapter of Verdun, for, because M. Duret was so small as not to be able to do his duty with decency, they attacked his proficiency, and denounced him as a button-maker, not three parts bred to the Church. Duret has them, there—he says, the service of the altar and choir belongs to the canons, to the entire exclusion of the subaltern clergy; but, says he, the duties belong to us canons collectively, not to any particular individual canon alone; and then he goes on not only to point out the different duties which he may and must be called upon to perform, and produces a statute which ordains, that if there be any part of the service which a canon cannot perform without exciting scandal or laughter, *on account of*

*any infirmity*, he may perform such part of the service out of sight of the people—a provision in the highest degree favourable to deformed canons ; and the existence of which proviso, alone, and of itself, determines the eligibility of such persons for that particular office—the fiat of exclusion being final and fatal only to those who are altogether incapacitated from celebrating the holy mysteries of the Roman Catholic religion, either privately or publicly.

The memorial goes on to state, that, as assistance at the divine office constitutes the chiefest part of the duty of a canon, the essence of his state, and the form of his profession, he who is able to fulfil that duty cannot be regarded as incapable of performing those functions even if he were incompetent to the performance of any others ; and after detailing the constitution of the clerical body, claims for M. Duret the option of performing certain parts of the service, or of having them performed—those which the chapter assert he is too little to perform decently—by any of his canonical brethren.

M. Gayot observes that, with the natural yet

reprehensible disposition of idle, thoughtless persons to laugh at things which good and wise men hold most sacred, it would be extremely dangerous to fill twelve stalls of a cathedral with a dozen blind, squinting, crooked, lame, or limping functionaries ; but nevertheless, says M. Duret, such things have been in the chapter of Verdun itself. Old M. Pierre was a canon, and *he* could not walk without crutches ; he was permitted to sit in the choir without his robes ; he was ordained sub-deacon and deacon before the eyes of this sensitive chapter, and no objection was made to *him*.

As to the charge of his not having completed his studies, or having quitted them entirely to pursue a trade, M. Duret denies it, and he declares himself to have always possessed a mind and feelings much above buttons—that he quitted college because he had been appointed to keep clean the sacramental vessels, and other utensils of the altar, in this very church of Verdun—and that, although he left that particular college, he did not abandon his studies, but merely changed his masters.

The reply, in conclusion, says, that with regard to the declaration that the admission of M. Duret, on account of his diminutiveness, would be injurious to the chapter, not according to its constitution, but in violation of its holy decrees—if such be the case, the chapter must place all its future hope of eminence in the height and symmetry of its members. “Whence,” says Duret, “comes the point of discipline which directs that candidates should be measured as horses are?” Much as our modern political cry may have been abused, these worthies of Verdun certainly seem to have anticipated us in the support of “measures, not of men.” The honour and character of other churches do not depend upon the gracefulness of the canons—why Verdun? Neither was Eliab chosen for his good figure, nor Zaccheus rejected for his bad one; and, exclaims M. Duret, “How many illustrious bishops and priests have done honour to our church and our faith who were no beauties!” Monsieur de Talleyrand was not born when this case was argued, or his Highness would have afforded M. Duret a splendid addition to his



list of ornaments to religion who laboured under the suspicion of not being perfectly beautiful.

But, says M. Duret, “ I know what it is ; it is not because I am little or lame that these magnificent grenadiers of the church-militant object to me.—No ! it is because I have been apprenticed to a button-maker. And why ? Is there anything derogatory or disgraceful in making buttons ? Amongst those who enter the Church, are there not many men from the army, from the bar—artists—tradesmen—provided they have never shed human blood, or exercised any infamous calling, such as actors or buffoons, and others specially named by law—and who reproaches *them* ?

“ Is a soldier who has never shed blood, better than a button-maker ?—is a briefless, brainless barrister better than a button-maker ?—is a painter, who has been only successful in oil when making a salad, better than a button-maker ? No !—I deny the fact ; besides, when was it ever heard that to have learned an honest trade before admission into the Church was a crime ? or that having received orders from laymen at

one time was to prevent a man taking orders from a bishop at another? If, indeed, the chapter of Verdun could be exclusively composed of nobility as some chapters constitutionally are, that might be a good and sufficient reason for denying admission to a plebeian, or a gentleman who had sunk in the world so far as to have become a tradesman.

“ On the contrary, the very laws which have excluded the professors of certain infamous and disgraceful callings have expressly set forth those which may be admitted ; and far from reproaching the clergy with having exercised any honest trade before ordination, M. d’Hericourt, in his ‘ Analysis of the Decree of Gratian,’ says, at page 22—‘ It was held in other days highly desirable that the clergy, paying every proper attention to their duties, should, in order to procure the means of supporting themselves, and increase their power of distributing alms, betake themselves to the exercise of some honest trade, or to the cultivation of the earth.’ ”

This statement of the worthy Benedictine, who spent four-and twenty years upon his work,

is strengthened by the words of St. Paul, in addressing both the Thessalonians and the Ephesians; and in the same spirit is couched the decree of the Council of Carthage, which says, canon 5, "*Clericus quantumlibet Dei verbo eruditus, artificio victum quærat*"—"However able the priest may be in spiritual labour, he may gain his bread by the work of his hands." And the 52d canon of the same decree says, "*Clericus victum et vestitum artificio vel agriculturâ absque officii sui detrimento paret*"—"The priest may gain his food and clothing by the work of his hands, or agriculture, without permitting them to interfere with his ministerial duties." The Council of Chalcedon held similar doctrines; and the principle has been acted upon for ages. The ecclesiastical historians furnish many instances of bishops and other ministers of the Church, who have applied themselves to different trades. St. Augustine has left a treatise, "*De Operâ Manuum quotidianâ*," for the use of his priests. St. Benoit has ordained it for his monks, as one of his most essential rules; and St. Thomas praises and authorizes the same practice.

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“ Upon this ground,” says Duret, “ the chapter cannot shut me out. If, since the time of these councils, the priesthood have been forbidden to trade, that does not touch *me*,—that prohibition cannot affect those who left off trade before they were ordained.”

Had M. Duret possessed the advantage of a knowledge of that beautiful Principality which forms so bright a jewel in the British crown, he might, at the period of the trial of his case, have cited the Cambrian clergy, of small incomes, as having increased their worldly goods, not by trade or agriculture, but by playing the fiddle at rural dances. This sounds strange to “ ears polite,” and there is no such anomaly to be found existing at present. However, if Dr. Johnson is to be taken as an authority, the Welsh parson’s calling is infinitely superior to either that of the ploughman or the button-maker. “ There is nothing,” says the lexicographic leviathan, “ in which the power of art is shown so much as in playing on the fiddle. In all other things, we can do something at first. Any man will forge a bar of iron, if you give him a hammer—not so well as a smith, but tolerably ; a man will saw

a piece of wood, and make a box, though a clumsy one ; but give him a fiddle and a fiddlestick, and he can do nothing."

It is clear that, upon this point, there have existed differences of opinion. "Can you play the fiddle?" said Frederic the Great to one of his soldiers. "I never tried, Highness," answered the man, touching his cap. Another proof of innocence upon the theory and practice of stringed instruments occurred once at Godalming, in Surrey. A sailor, on the top of a Portsmouth coach, saw, sitting near the window of a respectable-looking house, an elderly gentleman playing the violoncello. The rattle of the wheels over the stony pavement entirely drowned the sounds which the respectable performer elicited, and the sailor only beheld the operation, without hearing the effect it produced. Three years afterwards, returning to London, after being again paid off, he again passed through Godalming, and again beheld the elderly gentleman, now grown a little older, in his accustomed place, playing as before. "Hang me!" says the sailor to a companion ; "but there he is : why, to my

certain knowledge he has been sawing and sawing at that old thing for the last three years, and arn't got through it yet !”

This digression and joke should be apologized for—the one on account of its length, and the other on account of its antiquity. However, after expressing our conviction that, amongst the clergy of Wales, there exist no fiddle D. D.'s at present, we will return to our “little man,” and his claims upon the chapter of Verdun, who still stuck to their objections to his person, and not to his button-making, as fatal to his admission amongst them.

Out of this arose another point. The chapter having refused to admit M. Duret, the King had been induced to nominate another person—the stall having, by that refusal, lapsed to the crown. It was, however, contended, that if M. Thomassin, the late canon, had died in June, the King could have named his successor, inasmuch as June was one of the months during which the patronage of the cathedral was in the King, as Ordinary ; but as M. Thomassin died in September, the vacancy which was caused in

June, by the refusal of the chapter to admit M. Duret, did not give the King the right of presentation, inasmuch as the stall was not twice vacated by the refusal of the chapter; on the contrary, it remained unoccupied, and would so remain, until the decision of the case; and therefore, whether M. Duret were eventually admitted or rejected, the appointment was still in M. Houvet, in whose month of patronage M. Thomassin died.

This was the argument of M. le Paige, who was retained for the *Sieur Houvet*, and who treated the refusal of the chapter with perfect ridicule—and ridicule, well worked, is a formidable weapon. It pleases every man to laugh at another; and when this inclination is gratified in the support of truth and reason, all the world, except its particular objects themselves, are delighted.

“If one did not know,” said M. le Paige, “what was really laid to the charge of M. Duret, what should we imagine? Such agitation in the chapter—so many consultations and deliberations—letters-missive to the prelates—appeals

to the King—deputations to Paris ! What do not such alarms, such rumours, such activity, seem to announce !

“Should not we think that religion itself had been attacked?—that not only the chapter of Verdun, but the church universal throughout the world, had been dishonoured, and that all the cathedrals of Europe had become objects of contempt, and subjects of abuse, by the nomination of M. Duret ? Would anybody imagine that all this commotion, all these troubles, all this excitement, have been occasioned because M. Duret happens to be a *little man* ?

“All these proceedings—the disgrace with which three dioceses are at this moment threatened—are ascribable to the single fact that M. Houvet has appointed a priest to a stall in his cathedral who is not tall enough to please the chapter ! Horrible attempt upon the dignity and character of the other canons !—an attempt denounced by the reverend body and their statutes on the 13th of January,—a denunciation which, to be serious, I shall forthwith proceed to overthrow.”



M. le Paige then proceeded to argue that the ordonnances contained in the Book of Leviticus were made only for the Jews, and that it was perfectly absurd that Christians, seventeen hundred years after the destruction of the synagogue, should appeal to them in regulating the conduct of their churches, even in the face of St. Paul's Epistles to the Galatians and to the Romans against those who permitted the use of any Judaic ceremony.

The chapter of Verdun demanded, as a right, to cause candidates for admission to be inspected by physicians and surgeons—a demand which it was left for themselves to make public in open court. M. le Paige said he did not envy them the possession of their power, nor did he appreciate their delicate attention to the personal appearance of their reverend brethren ; and if they proposed, according to their declaration, to abide by the disqualifications decreed by the Jewish doctors, he thought the chapter would seldom be full, inasmuch as any one, of two hundred and forty-two deformities<sup>\*</sup> named and expressed by them, would exclude the minister from the altar.

In the nose alone, six faults are declared, which debar the candidate from the priesthood—"And these perfect creatures," said M. le Paige, "are the canons whom this chapter insist upon having amongst them."

What, according to Sozomenus (Hist. book 6, chap. xxx.), did a bishop of the fourth century say upon this point?—"Hæc lex in usu sit apud Judæos : mihi autem si vel truncatis naribus adduxeritis qui sit bonis moribus, eum ordinabo <sup>1</sup>."—Although this law was in use amongst the Jews, if you will bring me a man of irreproachable manners for ordination, I will ordain him whether he has a nose or not.

Upon the highest authority, we are directed not to pay attention to personal defects in candidates for holy orders, but to their lives and morals ; and in the 76th and 77th canons of Vanespen, part 2, tit. 10, "De Irregularitaté," it is said, that if blind men, or deaf or dumb, are excluded from the ministry, it is not because of their bodily imperfections, but because their

<sup>1</sup> Synodica apud Othan. Apol. p. 728.

bodily imperfections render them actually incapable of performing the duties of the priesthood.

During the five first centuries, the loss of an eye was reckoned a deformity, although, towards the beginning of the sixth, it was set down as an exclusion. In the "*Historia Lausaica*," we find that a recluse, who desired not to become a bishop, cut off one his ears in order to disqualify himself ; but he failed in his purpose : *for* it was not judged to incapacitate him. On the other hand, let it be recollected with what eagerness those men were raised to episcopacy who bore upon their persons the marks of persecution ! What can be stronger upon this point than the reproach of Potamo to Eusebius of Cæsarea, that he had preserved both his eyes during his persecution ? Or what more savagely heroic than the conduct of Paphnuceus and Maximus, who indignantly quitted the Council of Tyre, because it was not composed of bishops who had not lost an eye each ? They gloried in the deformity ; and Eusebius of Cæsarea could not endure the

shame of not being so distinguished<sup>1</sup>. Such were the spirit and conduct of the Church in the earlier and glorious ages, now never to be recalled !

After a lengthened display of wit and learning on the part of M. le Paige, in which he distinctly and elaborately explained the constitution of the Church, and defined the different duties of its various members, he proceeded to insist upon the admissibility of any man, however little, inasmuch as there was not one word in any of the canons setting forth the requisite height of a priest. It was true, the Athenians were rather particular as to the good looks of those who were to make the sacrifices. The handsomer and larger men presented the victim to the Gods—the next in size carried the weapons—and the third and smallest carried the incense. But it was the pride of Christianity to abolish all such follies, and demonstrate to the world, by the

<sup>1</sup> A punster would, no doubt, make these preserved orbs address their master, and reminding him of their safety, say, "EUSEBIUS : remember, YOU SEE BY US."—*Editor*.

choice of its ministers, that true religion is spiritual, and accounts nothing great but that which is good <sup>1</sup>.

If the numerous authorities which he quoted were to be believed—as who should doubt them?—St. Paul himself would not have been admissible into the chapter of Verdun. St. Martin de Tours was as little a man as M. Duret; Denis the Little, to whom the Church is indebted for the first complete collection of the laws of the Universal Church, although not a canon of Verdun, was one of the most eminent abbés of his day, deserving a pre-eminence above the bishops, and even some of the popes themselves.

M. le Paige proceeded then to observe, that if a certain height were considered necessary for a canon, the canon of a cathedral must be so many inches taller than a collegiate, and so on ;

<sup>1</sup> Under Tiberius there was much discontent exhibited, because an ugly, ill-made priest had been appointed to the Temple of Augustus. The Persians would not obey an ill-looking prince ; and the Lacedemonians, according to Plutarch, deposed one of their kings for having married a little wife, because they said they wanted to have kings, not extracts—diminutives of kings.

but, at all events, with regard to M. Duret, the archbishop evidently considered him tall enough for a priest, or he would not have ordained him.

“But,” said M. le Paige, “M. Duret was a button-maker. To quit the counter for the chapter-house—what feeling man but must be shocked at the contrast?” M. le Paige then quoted the authorities to which we have already referred, and others which we omit. Was a button-maker less respectable than a fisherman—yet have we not imprinted on our hearts and minds the name of a fisherman who quitted his nets to fill the pontifical chair? What was St. Peter but a fisherman? Again, was a button-maker worse than a tent-maker? Who was St. Alexander, but a man who passed from the dust of a coal-shed to the fragrant fumes of the censer, and exchanged his sack for the pontifical habit? And who was St. Eloy, the glory of the Church of Noyon, but a goldsmith?

M. le Paige concluded a long and learned speech by remarking, that in order to impress the minds of the judges with the excessive dimi-

nutiveness of M. Duret, the chapter had deputed two of their tallest and largest members to attend the proceedings.

M. Cochin, who followed M. le Paige, cited the application made of the text of Leviticus by Pope Gregory the First, who, instead of adopting it literally, rendered it metaphorically, and acted upon it in that sense.

“He is blind,” said the Pope, “whose mind is not enlightened with the light of sublime contemplation.

“He is lame, who knows whither he should go, but who, from the weakness of his mind, is unable to follow the path of a perfect life which is open to him.

“He that is said to have a short nose, is one who has not the power of exercising a judicious discretion.

“He that is said to have a long and crooked nose, is one who is too cunning and disingenuous.

“He that is deformed, is he whose solicitude for human advantages keeps his mind bent upon worldly things, which prevents his turning his eyes to Heaven.

“Whoever is under the yoke of any of these vices is incapacitated from administering the Sacrament; for how shall they hope to expiate the sins of others, who are groaning under the weight of their own?”

“Thus,” said M. le Cochin, “we see that the discipline of the church is conformable with that of Leviticus, only spiritually.”

With regard to M. Duret, if the chapter of Verdun considered him, to use their own phrase, “indecently little,” he ought to have recollected that the chapter of Clermont rejected their Bishop because he wore a large beard.

William Duprat, son of the Chancellor Duprat, Bishop of Clermont, who was present at the Council of Trent, and built the Jesuits’ College in Paris, had the most beautiful beard that ever was seen. Having presented himself at her cathedral on Easter Sunday, he found the gate of the choir closed against him. Three canons, of whom one was the dean, and another a chorister, attended the prelate on his entrance. The dean held in his hands a pair of scissors and a razor, which, as soon as he saw the Bishop, he held up. The



canon, who was not a dignitary, carried the book of statutes of the chapter, leaving it open at the place where it was written that he must be shaved before he could enter the choir—"Barbis rasis." On the other side came the chorister, holding a small candle in his hand in order to throw a light upon the words; at the same time chaunting at the top of his voice, "Barbis rasis, Reverendiss—Barbis rasis;" and as the dean immediately proceeded, scissors in hand, to begin the desired excision, the Bishop, alarmed for the fate of his beautiful crinosity, represented that Easter was too good a feast to be sullied by such an operation. The Dean was obdurate, and resolved to have the Bishop, but not the beard, when Duprat, becoming dreadfully excited, cried out, "Mr. Dean, spare my beard, and I will give up my bishopric."

This compromise had its effect, and Duprat set off, post haste, to his house at Beauregard, about six miles from Clermont, where he not long after died; having however sworn never to visit Clermont again. From this occurrence comes the proverb, "*Officium propter barbificium.*"

There is another fact connected with clerical beards on record, which ought to be given here.

The custom of shaving amongst the clergy—we do not mean that close shaving which the anti-tithe faction in these days attribute to them—but the personal shaving of themselves, naturally renders a long-bearded priest an object of considerable curiosity. A curate who had a prodigiously beautiful beard was, as is the case with such people, as much devoted to it as a fond father is to his heir apparent. The bishop who, unlike Duprat, was an anti-barbist, told him that he could not allow him to carry about his favourite bird's nest under his chin, for that it created very odd sensations in many of his congregation, and besides was very unseemly; but no—in this case the curate was as obstinate as the bishop in the other, and shave he would *not*; whereupon the bishop sent him a *lettre de cachet*, banishing him from his cure. But in copying this formidable document, the clerk either accidentally or purposely omitted to state the place to which he was to be banished,

whereupon the curé (a Sydney Smith of his time, probably) filled up the blank with the word "Versailles," to which he immediately repaired, beard and all. He took care to throw himself in the way of the King—the brilliant Louis Quatorze—who was so much astonished by the prolific beauty of the splendid appendage, that he desired to know who its fortunate owner was. The curé had an audience of the king, to whom he gave the history of his disgrace and its cause. Louis Quatorze ridiculed the prejudice of the bishop, and commanded that the curé should return to his cure bearded "like the pard" as he was, and despite of the prelate.

As for a standard whereby to judge beauty, there can be no such thing so long as tastes luckily say—

"Ev'rything's a matter of opinion,  
Some love an apple—some an inion."

The Blacks have so high an idea of their own beauty that they paint the devil white; and any man who has been in Lisbon within the last

few years, may have seen, for a few days preceding the anniversary of the Festival of Nossa Senora d'Atalaya, the brotherhood of negroes collecting supplies for the occasion.

An extremely agreeable contemporary, rejoicing in the initials, or whatever they are, A. P. D. Q., tells us, that upon this occasion the images of the Saviour and the Virgin are black ; as indeed a clever plate affixed, exhibits. "This," says the writer, "is easily accounted for. The same feeling which induces Europeans to attach ideas of superiority and advantage to those of their own colour, operates with negroes in favour of theirs ; so that not only they cannot persuade themselves that the Deity would condescend to assume any earthly form but that of a negro, but they also fully believe that the devil is of our colour, and represent him accordingly <sup>1</sup>."

How different is this feeling from that expressed by Lord Brougham, the eminent writer on Natural Theology, author of Peter Tomkins's

<sup>1</sup> Sketches of Portuguese Life, Manners, Costume, and Character, chap. xvi. p. 286.

Letters, and some time Lord High Chancellor of England, who, in a work written in his best days—now thirty-three years since—on Colonial Policy, at vol. ii. p 432, after ridiculing, in his sharpest strain, the nonsensical theory of making black apprentices and expecting them to work, says,—“It will be vain to think of securing the privileges of the negro vassal *so long as the hand of nature has distinguished him from his lord.*” This sounds almost equal to the blacks; Lord Brougham’s vanity as to personal superiority over a well-polished nigger falls very little short of the Portuguese Mumbledy Jum’s belief in the blackness of “Nossa Senhora d’Atalaya.”

But to return to M. Duret; on the 31st of December, 1734, the Grand Council to whom the case was referred, declared, “That the attempt of the chapter to refuse the admission of M. Duret was highly blameable; that M. Bourc be removed from the stall to which he had been promoted as a lapsed benefice by the crown; that M. Duret be forthwith installed, and that the chapter of Verdun pay all the cost.”

Besides this, we have an object in consoling, by the decision of this cause, any diminutive ministers—not of the Church, but of the State—who have been admitted into—not a chapter, but a cabinet.

The *Precept* which this report of French *Practice* goes to inculcate is—“HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES.”

FANNY VANE.

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THE Vanes are, as every body knows, an ancient and an honourable family,—perhaps, however, that particular branch which spells its name with an I—VAIN—is the most numerous. The Vanes of whom I am about to record a scene—for it is little more—are descended from the French Girouettes, and have greatly distinguished themselves for many centuries;—most especially in the political world, where their versatility of conduct, and of aptitude to change, have obtained for different ramifications of the house the distinctive sobriquet of Dog-Vane, Rat-Vane, and the like.

Fanny, my heroine, was a remarkable pretty

girl—pert and pathetic by turns—languishing or sparkling as the case might be—grave with a judge—scientific with a sage—pious with a priest—a connoisseur with artists—a Grisi with singers—a Taglioni with dancers, and so on—all things by turns ; and yet, as I believe, perfectly sincere at the moment when she expressed her admiration of any particular thing to any particular person, of which in the next she would with equal fervour declare her abhorrence to another. She had no fixed character, no settled principle. She was a chameleon, and varied the colour of her mind with the opinions of her company ; and if she did not live, as chameleons are said to do, on air, she most assuredly existed as chameleons really do, on flies.

What manner of flies? asks the reader. Was she like the celebrated Anna Maria Schurman, who counted spiders delicacies, and feasted thereon?—Not a bit of it. The flies she sported with were lovers, and the honey with which she limed them—(her *lime labor*)—was composed of looks, and words, and smiles, and sighs, which together formed a composition more alluring



than the swarms of Hybla could ever have produced. She was in fact, a COQUETTE.

I am not certain that she was a professed coquette. I doubt whether the vacillations of her mind were even voluntary. She was placed in peculiar circumstances, and I really give her much more credit than her friends ever did, for a considerate hesitation before she finally made the choice which was to avert her terrible destiny—of which more hereafter—instead of attributing to her that callous disposition to trifle, merely for the gratification of winning hearts and wasting them—as the barbarous angler, after hooking his fish, having first allured, then tortured, and finally caught him, throws him back into the river, satisfied with the sport he has caused, regardless of the exposure to which he has subjected his victim, and the pain which he has inflicted, and left him to suffer.

These are secrets in all families. The lady's maid is generally mistress of most of them. In the family of Mr. Spencer Vane there had been a secret, which, however, long before this sketch is supposed to begin, had ceased to be any

secret at all. It sounds like a story in a novel, but it is nevertheless true. Fanny Vane was destined to be married to a gentleman who had what is called the advantage of her in years, which in her eyes was one of the greatest disadvantages he could possibly possess. He was enormously rich ; miserly and selfish in disposition, and singularly monosyllabic in conversation. One word at a time sufficed to maintain his social intercourse with the world. He was moreover plain—to use the softest expression—with a temper not the sweetest, and some other qualifications, or disqualifications, as the reader pleases, to which it would be impertinent, if not improper, in this place to allude.

Fanny Vane was told that Mr. Skrymegour was to be her husband ; but Fanny knowing why this was settled to be the case, and being well aware that not “ what is he ” but “ what has he ” was the principle upon which this most unholy alliance had been concluded, thought to herself that if, by dint of the sweet compound of attractions, which I have already noticed, she

could contrive to make an equally good match with something younger, handsomer, more agreeable, or rather, somewhat less odious than old Skrymegour, she should act wisely ; hence, as I believe, that disposition to encourage advances, and to flirt, if you will, which, during the last two years of Fanny's life, had incurred the censure of certain highly acidulated elderly ladies, who, never having being "asked" themselves, could not endure to see all the dandies of the season dangling after Fanny Vane.

For one week Fanny listened with assiduous attention to Captain Macsabretache, of the Hussars, and determined in her own mind that a tall man with black hair and mustachios, red cheeks and a white forehead, was *the* thing. The next would hurry her from the delights of these meddling circles in London, to the marine charms of a watering-place ; and for that week she believed happiness to consist in an eternal union with Sir John Tadpole, a minute dandy, with light blue eyes, and a suspicion of white downy whiskers upon his cheeks. He however faded from her mind when the honourable

George Asston approached, and with the redest possible head, and the thickest possible legs, fired off the most unqualified admiration of her charms and qualities,—and so the thing went on: the flies were caught and discarded, discarded and caught again, until at length the period arrived when the veteran Skrymegour was to claim his prize.

“Skrymegour,” said Mr. Spencer Vane, “our period shortens. Fanny has had her run of the gaieties of two seasons, and if you really intend to claim your right to her hand, *I* think, saving your presence, you have no time to lose.”

“None,” said Skrymegour.

“What I mean to say is,” continued Vane, “we have never told Fanny that any particular time was fixed for the marriage—she is aware that the engagement exists, and I have no doubt is quite ready to fulfil it, but it is a vague anticipation—I intend, when you have made up your mind, to announce it to her, or perhaps get her mother to do so.

“Good,” said Skrymegour.

“She has many admirers,” said her father

“but, somehow, I think she prefers men of a maturer age than those who hover about her.”

“Good,” said Skrymegour.

“Of course, a girl like Fanny,” said Vane, “must naturally be admired—she is handsome, with a pretty figure, highly accomplished, and in temper—strongly resembling me.”

“Ah !” said Skrymegour.

“Now,” added Vane, “if you see anything like land—I mean, if you have arrived at anything like a decision, I would say, the sooner you declare the better, because you cannot expect that she, upon a presumption of your expected avowal and claim, is to make the first overture.”

“No ;” said Skrymegour.

“Am I then to understand that you really mean to enforce the condition of your brother’s will, and demand her hand ?”

“Yes ;” said Skrymegour.

“In that case,” said Vane, “I will this very evening break it to her, and put things *en train*, and perhaps, having smoothed the way, you had better come and sup with us.”

“ Good ;” said Skrymegour.

“ There is a sociability in the summer evenings,” said Vane, “ which pleases me,—we are old-fashioned people, and when we are here at the sea-side, we dine early, stroll out after our coffee, and come in about ten, when, as I think, the little snugger of a domestic supper-table is most agreeable.”

“ Aye ;” said Skrymegour.

“ You will come ?”

“ Yes.”

“ At ten ?”

“ Ten.”

“ Yes.”

“ Good.”

And so they parted by the sea-side, at a watering-place which shall be nameless, because the history I have to tell, and the scene I have to record, are known, and it might be unpleasant to Fanny Vane and her lovers to have them identified.

When Vane left Skrymegour, he could not help regretting that circumstances, over which he himself had no control, but which were of

too advantageous a character to be disregarded, had destined his fair Fanny to be the wife of such a man,—indeed to such a degree was this feeling excited, that he could not make up his mind to prepare his daughter to receive their evening's guest in the character of her future husband, and therefore resolved to put the affair under the management of Mrs. Vane, his better half, and who certainly had, as the old proverb says, "the better half of the stick in her hands."

Upon his arrival at the cottage which they rented, and which possessed, amongst other unusual attractions at the sea-side, a very pretty flower-garden, giving, as the French say, to the road, there he found Mrs. Vane plucking off faded roses and tying up drooping pinks, Fanny being in her room, little inclined to expose her fair charms to the rays of even a setting sun.

"Well, Mr. V." said the lady, "here you are—you go dreaming about, and do nothing from morning till night but walk and talk, and eat and drink, till at last you go to sleep."

"What should I do, my dear?" said the patient V.

“Do!” replied Mrs. Vane, “why *I* tell you what you ought to do—either bring Mr. Skrymegour altogether on, or send him altogether off—Fanny is kept in a state of perpetual worry about him; he comes here and he goes away, and he says nothing, and does nothing; and she, poor soul, of course meets people whom she much prefers to him; but as it has been insinuated to her that it is her duty to marry him, and a duty which she is expected to fulfil, she is kept in a constant fever by the attentions of men to whom she cannot but listen, but to whom she knows she must not reply.”

“Well,” said Vane, “you have just hit upon my thoughts—I have asked Skrymegour to come and sup here this very night.”

“Oh!” said Mrs. Vane, “you have?—and what then, Mr. V.? you asked him here last night, and the night before, and he was here yesterday morning, and this morning, and will be here again to-morrow—but what then?—he says nothing to the purpose.”

“That I grant you,” said Vane; “neither *to* the purpose nor *from* it, does he say much, for



he speaks at best only in monosyllables. Now, it is true, a girl may accept or refuse in a monosyllable, but I don't see how a man is to pop in that way."

"Pop!" says Mrs. Vane, with an expression of sovereign contempt in her countenance, "as for his popping, Mr. V., that is entirely out of the question—there is the condition of the will, and if you choose Fan to have the fortune, why, she *must* have the man."

"Well, then," said Vane, "this very night shall decide it; he shall not go until it is concluded.—But as to Fanny, I suppose you have settled it already with *her*?"

"Yes," replied the lady, "settled it as far as we are concerned—but—"

"But, what!" said Vane. "She wants a husband, no doubt; here is one for her."

"On the contrary," replied Mrs. Vane, "she expresses to me the strongest disinclination from marrying at all."

"All girls say that, Mrs. V., till they are asked," said Vane.

"She seems positive," said her mother.

“ Well,” answered Vane, “ it may be so, or it may not be so—how should I know?—all I can say is, I think that that Captain Clifton seems to please her mightily.”

“ She tells *me*,” said Mrs. Vane, “ that he is too handsome, and thinks too much of himself, and that in point of fact she does not care about him.”

“ Then, there is that young Mr. Amesbury,” said Vane; “ why he is always here, dangling and dangling, and flirting and fidgetting,—he is rich, they say,—not, of course, like Skrymgour.”

“ She can’t endure Mr. Amesbury,” said Mrs. Vane; “ he is a great deal too witty for *her*.”

“ And that other gentleman with the long nose and arched eyebrows——”

“ Oh! Sunderland—no! no!” said Mrs. Vane; “ she sees through him—he is a mere flirt, and falls in love with every woman he sees.”

“ Is that such a fault, my dear?” said Vane.

“ Mr. V., it is,” replied his lady; “ *I* know what it is to have married a too-susceptible husband. *I* have put her on her guard against

Mr. Sunderland—the burnt child dreads the fire.”

“ Well,” said Vane, “ that is capital ; to look at me, one would not suppose that I had much of the lady-killer about me.”

“ I don’t know, Mr. Vane,” said his wife ; “ all I *do* know is, that it is generally remarked that you are much more lively and agreeable when talking to other women than when you are talking with me—it’s true—true to the letter, Mr. Vane ; and yet, when I was as young as Fanny, you swore you would love me eternally.”

“ So I do love you, my dear,” said Vane ; “ and shall continue to do so, but youthful love is always exaggerated in its expressions.”

“ I do not quibble upon words, my dear,” said Mrs. Vane. “ I do not reproach you for your conduct, only it is natural for a girl who is full of talent and observation to remark upon what passes.”

“ Oh !” said Vane, “ you think, then, that Fanny is of opinion that I am a bad sample of steady husbands ?”

“ I mean this, Mr. Vane,” said his lady—  
“ That I believe, knowing the world as I do, she is more likely to be happy with Mr. Skrymegour than with any of her younger lovers.”

“ I think she need not be jealous of him,” said Vane.

“ That’s a blessing, Mr. Vane,” replied Mrs. Vane ; “ therefore, if we consult her happiness, we shall mutually endeavour to persuade her to the match. You are her father, do you begin.”

“ After you, my dear,” said Vane ; “ and as she is coming up the walk, you may begin immediately.”

It was quite true, the sylph-like girl was approaching; and as she came near him, her father, who, in spite of his lady’s philosophical recital of the advantages derivable to their daughter from marrying a man so old, ugly, and stupid as Skrymegour, felt it beyond his powers to attempt to deceive his child into a belief that his advocacy of the match was sincere. Fanny, on the other hand, felt very little disposed to be left to a *tête-à-tête* with papa, convinced that the

topic upon which he would speak was one the least agreeable to her in the world ; however, it was too late to retreat—she told him that mamma in passing had whispered that he had something particular to say to her—he hesitated, and then denied that he had—a silence followed—he looked at her—took her hand, and kissed her forehead—and they walked up the walk and down the walk without saying a word. The silence was broken only by the return of Mrs. Vane, whose first question to Fanny was, “ What she thought of her father’s proposition ? ” upon the putting of which question the said father walked into the house.

“ Papa has said nothing to *me*, mamma,” said Fanny.

“ No ! ”

“ Not a word.”

“ Never *was* such a man ! ” said Mrs. Vane.

“ Rely upon it,” said Fanny, “ whatever papa and you desire—if it relates to any serious step in life—I have no wish but yours.”

“ You are a dear good girl,” said her mother ;

“ but—really—has not your father said anything?”

“ No.”

“ How odd !—he promised me.”

“ What is it I am to hear?” asked Fanny.

“ Something you ought to know,” replied her mother.

“ Then tell me,” said Fanny.

“ Why—yes—but here is your maid coming—I can’t speak upon such a subject before her—so come in presently, and I’ll tell you alone.”

Like father like mother ; neither of them, for reasons strong and cogent, when operated upon by their parental feelings, could bring themselves to put the finishing blow to Fanny’s freedom, and fix her for a decision in favour of Skrymegour. But the most absurd part of the whole affair—and which, it must be confessed, seemed in some degree to justify the tender suspicions which Mrs. Vane evidently entertained of her husband’s steadiness—was that Croft, the maid, declared the whole secret to her young

mistress, and had obtained it from no less a personage than Mr. Vane himself, who, finding the *soubrette* in the drawing-room when he quitted the lawn, confessed that he wished Fanny to know that Mr. Skrymegour was coming to sup with them for the purpose of concluding the match.

Fanny was excessively indignant at the haste and decision which her parents exhibited in pressing the affair to a close; and mingled with this indignation the resolution never, under any circumstances, to marry Mr. Skrymegour. What, therefore, principally agitated the young lady, was the necessity for making up her mind, not as to the man whom she would not marry, but as to the one whom she meant to accept; for—the secret must out—Fanny was the most fickle and wavering of her sex—fond of praise and adulation, hoping yet fearing, venturing yet never daring—and, in short, if not constitutionally, was, as I have already said, accidentally a coquette.

Fanny, informed by her maid not only of the determination of her parents with regard to

Skrymegour, but of the process by which the *dénouement* was to be brought about—namely that of supper—dismissed Miss Croft, and begged her, if she were inquired after by either Mr. or Mrs. Vane, to say that she was walking in the garden to compose her spirits.

Scarcely had this well-flounced furbelowed, wadded and whaleboned waiting-woman retired, before Mr. Amesbury, one of the *aspirants* to Fanny's hand, presented himself at a particular point of the garden, to which it somehow appeared he had been accustomed to come. Fanny received him somewhat coldly, and reproached him for having kept her waiting; this bit of anger was followed by a deep sigh—she saw Amesbury, and thought of Skrymegour.

“ You sigh, Miss Vane,” said Amesbury.

“ I cannot help sighing,” replied the young lady, “ when I find those about whom I am interested, and who are dear to me, neglectful of their promises.”

“ Interested,” whispered Amesbury, “ am I indeed so blest? Oh! Fanny, where upon earth is there a being so pure, so single-minded, so



generous as you?—Never doubt my sincerity—my devotion.”

“Never,” said Fanny, receiving—and, I believe, reciprocating a deep, quiet, serious pressure of Amesbury’s hand; “never, never doubt mine.”

It was getting dusk, and how this request was answered I do not pretend to say. What followed, seemed sufficiently impassioned to have been the occasion of one of those chaste salutes which, in the overflowing of faithful hearts, are sometimes adopted by way of ratification.

“If,” said Amesbury, “you really love me, why hesitate? Let me throw myself at your mother’s feet, own my affection, declare it mutual, and beg your hand.”

If—oh these ifs!—*if* Fanny had taken Amesbury at his word—*if* she had permitted him to fulfil his intentions—all would have been well. But no. She liked him—liked to have him as a lover, and could not bear to be bereft of an admirer; and yet, somehow, she did not wish to be Mrs. Amesbury.

“ No, no,” said Fanny ; “ not now—to-morrow.”

“ Why,” said Amesbury, “ why defer it until to-morrow ? What can be the use of delay ?”

“ Come to-morrow evening,” said Fanny, “ and I will tell you all. Go—go now, for heaven’s sake ; I hear footsteps.”

“ I obey you.”

“ Go, if you love me,” said Fanny.

“ To-morrow, then——”

“ Yes, yes.”

And Fanny hurried away Mr. Amesbury ; and Mr. Amesbury obeyed the command which his beloved had issued. But little did Mr. Amesbury guess why he was thus forced off. It was just the hour when Mr. Sunderland—his rival, unconsciously—was expected. She saw him walking on the shingly beach just below the house. With the tact which she unquestionably possessed, she despatched one devoted admirer to make room for the next ; and

“ The last fool was as welcome as the former.”

Sunderland was not slow to supply the place

of his predecessor, little thinking that he had one. When he made his appearance, Fanny received him with coldness, and even refused to give him her hand. Sunderland was aware in a moment of the change in her manner; and, tenderly alive to the slightest variation in her sentimental barometer, he entreated her to let him know what she meant.

“Last night’s ball, Mr. Sunderland,” said Fanny. “Ask yourself.”

“What did I do to offend you?” said Sunderland.

“Why,” said Miss Vane, “while I was sitting next Captain Clifton, thinking of nothing but you, you chose to begin the most devoted conversation with Mrs. Dodman, the wife of the odious Collector of the Customs—a silly, vain, little, black-eyed woman, who thinks, because her grandfather was first cousin to an Irish baron, that she has a right to give herself airs.”

“What!” exclaimed Sunderland, “are *you* jealous of Mrs. Dodman?”

“Jealous!” said Miss Vane; “no, I cannot

say I am jealous ; only I know that she is prettier than I can ever hope to be. Yet, still I believe you have too much taste to be in love with a lady who wishes all the world to be in love with *her* : I think I am tolerably safe there. Besides, how she dances ! In my mind, to be attractive—I mean seriously attractive—a woman must be natural.”

“ Like yourself, Fanny,” said Mr. Sunderland ; and *he* became extremely tender.

“ Do not endeavour to flatter me,” said Fanny. “ It shows that a man has a very mean idea of a woman’s intellect when he thinks he shall win her by praising everything she says or does.”

“ But why,” said Sunderland, “ should you deny me the pleasure of distinguishing you from other women ?”

“ Because,” said Fanny blushing, “ I should be too proud to be like the generality of women.”

“ Like !” exclaimed Sunderland. “ For heaven’s sake, do not put yourself on such a level.—Fanny, all this is idleness. Why should I conceal my feelings ? My heart is yours. I have

no hope, no thought, no wish unconnected with you. Will you ——”

“Stop,” interrupted Fanny; “let us remain as we are.”

“Why?” said Sunderland. “Marriage will strengthen the affections which bind me to you. One word settles my destiny, and secures my happiness.”

“Secures!” said Fanny. “What! Mr. Sunderland, do you doubt my sincerity?”

“No; but once assured, I should be certain,” said Sunderland. “Besides, Fanny, there *are* reasons connected with my family which induce me ——”

“Stay,” exclaimed Fanny; “I hear my mother’s voice: she is calling me.”

“I hear nothing but somebody playing on a key-bugle,” said Sunderland.

“I must go,” said Fanny; “they don’t know where I am. It is getting dark; so pray go. If you really have any regard for me,—go.”

“Whatever you wish,” said Sunderland, “is to me a command.”

The sound of the bugle which had caught

Sunderland's ear seemed most particularly to have attracted Fanny's attention, and her greatest assiduity was increased in order to get rid of the said Sunderland, upon whom she impressed her dreadful apprehension of the anger of her mother, to which she should be certainly exposed if she were detected in an evening walk on their twenty-yards terrace. Sunderland saw the delicacy and difficulty of her situation, and obeyed her commands with all possible expedition.

The bugle was sounded by Captain Clifton, who was in the habit of announcing his proximity to Vane's house by its shrill note—a note to which all the tender sympathies of Miss Fanny vibrantly responded ; yet, such was her alarm and confusion at hearing it so very near her, under such embarrassing circumstances, that, instead of lingering until the gallant officer reached the gate opposite to that by which Sunderland had retired, the fickle fair one walked directly towards the house, not, however, forgetting that, by returning thence to her favourite promenade, she should avoid the chance of exciting the Captain's suspicions that she had been

so recently engaged in a *tête-à-tête* with a rival, even if he had detected his departure.

Mr. and Mrs. Vane, it may be as well to observe, being a particularly domestic couple, were in the nightly habit of playing that interesting and exciting game called backgammon. Absorbed in the mystery of sice ace, four and two, five and three, aces, sixes, blotting, hittings and gammonings, all external objects faded from their minds and memories ; and the moment it grew sufficiently dark to have lights, they sat themselves down to their sport, leaving their artless daughter to gaze upon the moon and the stars, or anything else she liked better, and soliloquize by herself, or, as it appears, converse with others, just as might best suit her fancy.

In order, however, to dispel any little apprehensions they might entertain for her perfect safety, it was her custom, during the summer and autumnal evenings which they passed at the sea-side, to walk every now and then to the windows of the little drawing-room which opened on to the lawn, and look in for a moment, inquire who was winning—as if she cared—and then,

having received a warning from her mother to “mind she did not catch cold in the night air,” return again to her walk. This manœuvre she had successfully performed when she approached the gallant Captain, who was just on the point of blowing a second flourish upon his portable instrument, in hopes of hurrying her appearance.

“Are *you* there, Captain Clifton?” said Fanny, who of her three suitors really seemed to like the gallant officer best.

“Where have you been so long?” said Clifton.

“Listening to lectures from mamma, and sermons from papa,” said the veracious beauty; “but when I heard the sound of your bugle, all they said was lost upon me—I heard but that ——”

“And the rattling of their dice-boxes,” said Clifton.

“They have only just taken to that diversion,” said Fanny, “which gave me the opportunity to slip away. Oh, how wrongly I am acting, Captain Clifton!—how rash is the conduct I am pursuing! You will learn to hate me for my boldness.”



“What imprudence—what rashness can there possibly be in an innocent conversation with one whose every feeling centres in you? Do you doubt my sincerity?” said the Captain.

“Not for a moment,” said Fanny, who trembled, or seemed to tremble, as he took her hand; “but I am sure I do wrong when I meet you in this manner, because I do it by stealth; I conceal the truth from my father and mother, and I should not do that, if it were not wrong.”

“Amiable simplicity!” exclaimed Clifton—“what purity of feeling! what sensitive delicacy!”

“It must not continue,” said Fanny, “you must abstain from these visits—indeed you must.”

“Rather let me ensure myself the right to enjoy them,” said Clifton, in a voice half-suppressed by feeling and agitation; “let this moment decide my fate—you know my fortune—you know my family—be mine—mine eternally.”

The Captain caught the bewitching Fanny in his arms just in time to save her from falling to the ground.—Such was her agitation, that she

softly uttered the words—"Spare me," and fainted.

Clifton was of course alarmed at the scene which he had so unexpectedly produced—in vain he tried to restore her by removing her ringlets from her forehead, so that the evening breeze might play upon her yet inanimate countenance—her cheeks were cold, yet her hands burned, and Clifton began to feel doubtful whether it would not be absolutely necessary to remove her into the house—resolving, if he took that step, instantly to declare himself to her father, and put an end to a life of feverish anxiety which he had been for the last three weeks leading. Accordingly, he drew her towards the lawn in front of the windows, and was on the point of calling for aid, when Fanny, much to his delight, suddenly recovered from her fit.

"What on earth are you going to do?" said the innocent girl; "betray my weakness to my parents?"

"No, no, Fanny," said Clifton; "I am going to avow my affection, and to claim your hand of——"

“Captain Clifton,” said Fanny, in a tone of indignation, “how you can justify the conduct which has placed me in this situation I am at a loss to anticipate.”

“Love—love—love,” said Clifton.

“I must not hear this language,” said Fanny ;  
“least of all at this moment.”

“Why not ?—you have confessed ——”

“Not I,” interrupted Fanny.

And hereabouts the rattling of the backgammon-boxes abruptly ceased, and a cry of “Fanny, Fanny,” was heard from the drawing-room windows.

“Mercy on me, my father’s voice !” said the agitated girl ; “let me go—let me fly.”

“Tell me, angelic girl,” said Clifton—“one word—one syllable—am I loved ?”

“You are forgiven,” said Fanny, with a look and in a tone of indescribable sweetness.

The Captain, who was a man of the world, thought he knew what that meant, and as she bounded towards her anxious parents impressed one kiss—upon her hand. The moment she was out of sight, however, he felt that her

manner was not exactly that which went to assure him of her affections. There appeared a hesitation, an unwillingness to yield up her heart, and he involuntarily muttered to himself—yet loudly enough, as it proved, to be heard—“Why, why will she not decide?”

The question was a strange one under all the circumstances, for it could refer but to one person, and the reference was particularly interesting to him who overheard it. It turned out that Mr. Sunderland, in passing again by the terrace-walk, had heard the sound of the backgammon-boxes still going on, and knowing the habit of strolling in which Miss Vane indulged during its continuance, thought he might as well steal another five minutes' conversation—which, as everybody knows, is above all times in the world most charming in the evening. The sharp rattle of the instruments of play was distinctly audible at a distance, but as he approached, they ceased to sound, and when he entered the gate, all he could distinguish was Fanny's figure flitting over the grass. Had he been one minute sooner, or had Mr. Vane played backgammon

one minute longer, he might have seen something more. As it was, he was retiring, but hearing a voice close to him, and hearing such interesting words muttered, he stopped and turned, and in a tone equally subdued, said, "Who's there?"

"Surely," said Clifton, "that's Charles Sunderland."

"Aye, aye, Sir," said Sunderland, nautically ; "what the deuce are you doing here?"

"I have been taking a walk," said Clifton.

"So have I," said Sunderland ; "but you seem to be somewhat excited—what has happened?"

"Nothing," said Clifton.

"I overheard your words," replied Sunderland.

"They meant nothing."

"I am glad of it," said Sunderland ; "I thought perhaps you might be cruising on my ground."

"As how?" said the Captain.

"Why, to be candid," said Sunderland, "I flatter myself I am a happy man ; although I cannot say that my affair is definitively settled, but—of course it is strictly confidential—I have

fallen in with, as you would say at sea, one of the simplest, gayest, liveliest girls in Christendom—none of your blue dragons of perfection—not a bit of a Phoenix about her—all gentleness, softness, and amiability. I am in hopes that a day or two will terminate my suspense. She has, in point of fact, confessed enough to make me happy.”

“ I congratulate,” said Clifton, “ and at the same time sympathize with you. I have arrived at exactly the same point with a being precisely such as you describe—withheld, perhaps, by timidity from finally accepting me, she has implied all that I could desire.”

“ That is odd, and yet agreeable,” said Sunderland. “ Friends should always run in parallels. I wish you joy.”

“ And I, *you*, most sincerely,” said Clifton ; “ as we are in confidence and cannot be rivals, who is your adorable ?”

“ The daughter of this house,” said Sunderland. “ The all-accomplished Fanny Vane.”

“ Capital !” exclaimed the Captain. “ Come, come, you have been listening, else you would

not have hit it off so well. Oh, now, don't deny it; if you hadn't overheard our conversation, you never could have suspected it."

"Suspect what?" said Sunderland.

"Why, that Fanny Vane and I are all but—if not quite—engaged," replied Clifton. "She loves me,—owns it,—and I am sure she could not deceive."

"Fanny Vane and *you* nearly engaged!" cried Sunderland. "If that be the case, Clifton, we are both duped, deceived, and jilted."

"*That* I never can believe," said Clifton. "I have just parted from her, and all her heart and soul were mine."

"But I parted from her half an hour since," said Sunderland, "and she was equally devoted to me. Tell me, was it you whom I heard blowing a bugle horn?"

"It was,—the concerted signal of my approach," said Clifton.

"The case is too clear for doubt," replied his rival. "Let us settle the affair in a summary way. Let us go up to the house and confront her. But stay ;—we are interrupted. Who is this?"

“ Jack Amesbury, as I live !” said the Captain. “ Amesbury ?”

“ Well,” said Amesbury ; “ who is there ?”

“ Sunderland and I,” said the Captain. “ What, are you upon the same errand ? Are you in love with Miss Fanny Vane, too ?”

“ Too !” said Amesbury ; “ how do you mean *too* ?”

“ Why,” said Sunderland, “ the gallant Captain and I, are under the impression that she is extremely fond of both of us, as we—aye, both of us—are of her.”

“ You !” exclaimed Amesbury. “ Why,—what does *this* mean ? Can she have deceived me into the belief that I am the only man in the world about whom she is interested ?”

“ I believe we are all pretty much in the same predicament,” said Clifton.

“ If so,” said Amesbury, “ the sooner we set ourselves right the better.”

“ But how to do so is the question,” said Sunderland.

“ I’ll prove the case in an instant,” said Amesbury. “ I told her, that if I heard any-



thing which looked favourably towards the conclusion of our affair—in which she professed herself most deeply absorbed—I would clap my hands three times in front of the house, when she would instantly come out to me, provided it was before supper, at which favourite meal of her father's, old Skrymegour, her relation and intended husband, is to be present. I hate bragging, either in myself or others; but, if she answer *that* signal, you will be satisfied that I have not puffed myself off extravagantly."

From this extremely fair proposition who could possibly dissent? Accordingly, Clifton having concealed himself amongst the shrubs on the right hand of the lane, and Sunderland ensconced himself amidst those on the left, Amesbury gave the appointed taps with his hand. A pause ensued.

"An evident failure," whispered Clifton.

"All will end well," replied Sunderland.

And lo! and behold in as short a space of time as could bring her to the spot, thither came Fanny Vane. As she approached, Amesbury also withdrew into the bosquet.

“Where are you?” said Fanny. “Do you doubt me now,—now that I risk everything to fulfil my promise? Where are you?”

“Here,” said Clifton, stepping from the cluster on the right.

“Here,” exclaimed Sunderland, popping out from the bushes on the left.

“Here,” vociferated Amesbury, walking directly up the middle of the lawn.

“What is the meaning of this?” exclaimed Fanny. “I am terrified to death.”

“There can be no very great cause for alarm, Miss Vane,” said Amesbury. “In the society of three men who all love you equally well, and all whom you equally love, you can be in no great danger.”

“I cannot explain this at the moment,” said Fanny. “I cannot, on the instant, make you enter into my feelings, or sympathize with my sufferings: to-morrow you shall hear all.”

“Why not now?” said Sunderland.

At this moment the garden gate again was thrown open, and who should walk in but Mr. Lemuel Skrymegour himself, punctual to his





engagement at the supper, after which his happiness was to be decided by the final arrangements for his marriage with Miss Fanny Vane. He, conscious of his right of way, rang the bell lustily, and passed on without taking any notice of the four persons so deeply implicated in the affair, and proceeding to the door of the house, which opened as well as the drawing-room windows, to the lawn, found a servant with a candle in his hand, ready to greet and give him admission. In the hall was Vane ready to receive him, and Mrs. Vane was not far behind her husband; the candle, however, threw so strong a light upon the white drapery of Fanny, that she could not effect a retreat, while the three lovers, feeling no disposition whatever to flinch from the *dénouement*, maintained their ground steadily.

The old gentleman was warmly welcomed, and having received the *accolades* of Mr. and Mrs. Vane, turned to look for his intended, when, to the dismay and consternation of her astonished parents, there she stood, outside the door, attended by the three complaining suitors.

“What is the meaning of all this, Miss

Fanny?" said Vane. "What are you doing in the garden at this time of night, and who are these,—eh?"

"Friends," said Scrymegour.

"Fanny, Fanny!" said Mrs. Vane, holding up her hand fist-wise.

"That's it," said Scrymegour, taking her by the hand.

"Leave me alone, Sir," said Fanny.

"Sulky?" said Skrymegour.

"No," said Fanny sobbing.

"Shy?" said Skrymegour.

"You should be too happy," said Vane.

"So *I* think," said his wife. "I say nothing more."

"Take Mr. Skrymegour's hand, Miss," exclaimed her mother; "or—"

"Don't flurry Miss Fanny," said Sunderland.

"Miss Fanny will obey you," whispered Amesbury.

"We'll retire," said Clifton.

"Eh!" said Scrymegour.

"Well, Miss?" cried Mrs. Vane.

"Speak, Miss," said her father.

“ Oh ! pity, pity ! ” exclaimed Fanny, bursting into tears. “ I will do anything you wish—and die ! ”

Saying which she rushed into the house, followed by her mother. Skrymegour, in his quaint way, entreated the three beaux to come in and join them,—much to Vane’s horror, lest they should accept the invitation,—of that, however there was no fear. The coquette had been unkennelled, and the dupes of her fickleness beat a retreat—Captain Clifton indulging himself in a flourish upon his horn, which must have sounded disagreeably ominous to the old bridegroom elect. On that very day fortnight, Fanny became Mrs. Skrymegour.

“ A just illustration,” said Captain Clifton, “ of the French Proverb—

‘ QUI COURT PLUSIEURS LIEVRES, NE PREND  
QU’UN RAT.’ ”

## WINE AND WATER.

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It has been generally remarked that the present age is not one of sentiment—that love, pure and disinterested, has taken wing, and that modern marriages have become mere matters of calculation and convenience. Now, to all rules there are exceptions, and it becomes my duty to put upon record a case in which the devotion of a real lover is tested in a most extraordinary degree, and the disinterested affection of a lady proved to demonstration.

But as, according to the great master, the course of true love never *does* run smooth, so in this case, as it has happened a thousand times before, and will happen no doubt a thousand



times again, the lady who loved the gentleman was not the lady whom the gentleman loved: and, although she had never concealed the predilection she had formed for him, his eyes had been so dazzled by the more pointed attentions of her rival (for such in point of fact she was), that he was blinded to the milder radiance of those looks which beamed on him in all the softness and tenderness of affection founded on esteem.

In vain, therefore, did Miss Leslie endeavour to assure the amiable Francis Langley that her heart was his. Brought up together from children, Langley never could regard her in any other light than a sister, while the very nature and character of their long intimacy, seemed rather to confirm his belief that what she fancied to be love was nothing more than friendship, and Langley, being an enthusiast, never satisfied but by extremes, turned with delight from the mild and modest Fanny Leslie to the gay and sparkling Charlotte Featherstock, one of those fearful heroines who take hearts by storm, and lead strings of dying captives in their train.

Luckily, as it will perhaps appear in the sequel, the sister of Miss Leslie was married to a rational respectable, and universally-esteemed man—one Mr. Mottingham, who, having been a husband now some six or seven years, was in the habit of regarding the mad freaks of lovers in a somewhat more calm and philosophic manner than he did while tearing his hair and beating his bosom as the doubting yet devoted admirer of his now amiable wife. The flight of so much time and the arrival of four children have their effect in calming down the enthusiasm which characterizes the yet uninitiated, and in substituting for the wild and imaginative flights of theoretical visionaries, the rational esteem, the affectionate regard, and the implicit confidence which form the charm and chain of domestic happiness.

“Eliza,” said Mr. Mottingham, to his dear wife, “my friend Langley is making himself a very great fool, and your friend Miss Featherstock is most effectually contributing her share to perfect the exhibition. *My* belief is, that she cares no more for Frank than she does for any other man who is content to be her slave, her

creature, her vassal—while Frank, over head and ears in love with *her*, flies from a heart sincerely devoted to him.”

“That may be so,” replied the lady; “but, considering the heart he rejects to be that of *my* sister, it strikes me that it would be the height of indelicacy in either of us to interfere in checking his present pursuit.”

“And yet,” said Mottingham, “if something is not done speedily, I am convinced he will propose to her, and then—what will become of our dear Fanny, who is devoted to him?”

“Poor girl!” said her sister; “she is only in the position in which all other young women are placed by the laws of society—she must have no choice, or if she have, she must not admit it. She is taught from her childhood upwards, the necessity of concealing her real feelings; and thus, as it seems to me, hypocrisy forms the main ingredient of female moral education.”

“Langley is too good a fellow to be thrown away upon Miss Featherstock,” said Mottingham; “and I am sure, if he could only be convinced of the real state of Fanny’s feelings, his

own good sense would induce him to prefer simplicity, sincerity, and single-heartedness, to artificiality, assumption, and affectation.

“But, my dear love,” said Mrs. Mottingham, “you would not have Fanny make a declaration. Husband-hunting is not a very creditable sport for a young lady.”

“Certainly not,” replied Mr. Mottingham; “but what I do wish for, is the occurrence of some event which might call Fanny’s affectionate disposition into play, and convince him of the reality of her regard for him.”

“Rely upon it,” said the lady, “our friend Langley is too far gone to be saved—if save is a proper word to use; he will marry Miss Featherstock; and therefore the wisest thing we can do with regard to my sister, will be to remove her from the scene of his future happiness, and make an extended tour on the continent, during which her mind will be amused, and her thoughts diverted from the one distressing subject.”

Mottingham said nothing, and appeared tacitly to acquiesce in the scheme of his fair partner;

but in his heart he still adhered to the hope of breaking off the match, which she seemed to consider inevitable ; and when they parted, he resolved to make one more effort to open the eyes of Langley to the unwise course which he was about to pursue, by which he would destroy the happiness of a being who loved him, without, as Mottingham considered, the slightest chance of securing his own.

It was odd enough, since Mottingham was a man of the world, and had formed a tolerably accurate estimate of Miss Featherstock's character, that it had never struck him to be possible that that amiable young lady was playing the same game with his friend Langley as she had played over and over again with other lovers, and that her ruling passion was no more like love than she like Venus. If it *were* love, it was love of admiration, love of flattery, and love of dominion, which she unmercifully exercised over her victim of the hour. In the present case she was more strongly excited to the exercise of those fascinations which contributed to give her that power, by perceiving the reality and since-

city of poor Fanny's affection for Langley ; and, as it turned out, the very last thing she wished to induce was an offer from him, the rejection of which must necessarily terminate their intimacy. This, however, never occurred to his friend Mottingham. He esteemed Frank for his excellent qualities, could not but be aware of his personal advantages, was well acquainted with his financial prosperity, and, therefore, even, as has already been observed, appreciating the young lady's character as he did, he never calculated upon such an event as a rejection.

Mottingham, however, was saved from the trouble of much further speculation, or the contrivance of any new schemes for the disentanglement of his friend. One day in the ensuing week to that on which the dialogue between him and his wife, which has already been cited, occurred, Langley, after a "scene" in the evening at the house of Miss Featherstock's venerable Sire, felt that the moment had arrived when he was secure of his prize, and after which his further visits without a declaration would be dishonourable and unjust, and, accordingly, in the

morning he waited upon the old gentleman, who, if truth were told, had grown somewhat accustomed to such calls, and, having obtained an audience, opened his heart, gave an outline of his circumstances and expectations, and begged permission to address his daughter in the character of an acknowledged lover.

“ Sir,” said Colonel Featherstock, “ my daughter is her own mistress. She is independent in fortune, and I fancy in principle. She has only to make her selection to ensure my approval; such is my faith in her judgment. By your own statements, and from the knowledge I have of your family and connexions, and from the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, I am perfectly ready to declare that no objection will be made by me to her decision. You have my full permission to state the nature of our present conversation to her, and receive her answer, which will be mine. I shall have great satisfaction in your success.”

Nobody can doubt what the next step was which Mr. Langley took. He flew to his fond and confiding Charlotte, repeated all that had

passed, offered up prayers to the liberality and excellence of her kind father, stole a sweet kiss from her flushing cheek, pressed her fair hand—*popped*—and was rejected.

The young lady was highly flattered by a declaration of preference from a gentleman she so highly esteemed, but regretted that the character of that esteem had been misconstrued—her heart was pre-engaged, “but she should always think of Mr. Langley with due regard, and be glad of his society as a valued friend.”

Thus in one moment did this dazzling beauty dissipate the bright vision which had delighted and deluded her victim so long. In vain he besought her to revoke the decree; yet even when, having worked herself into something like an exhibition of strong feeling, and rushed from him without relaxing in her decision, she cast one last look upon him at parting, which, exactly as she intended it should, conveyed a hope

“Where reason would despair.”

Langley left the house wholly unconscious of what he was doing, or whither he was going.



To think, after her conduct the preceding evening, after having admitted, more than hypothetically, that her happiness depended upon her marriage with him—after having at all times, and upon all occasions, in parties and in public, pointedly selected him as her companion in the stroll, or partner in the dance, that she could thus destroy his hopes of happiness ! There must be something more in the refusal than he could at first discover ; and then, the last, long lingering look—still—there the fact was—the fiat had gone forth, and the doors of Colonel Featherstock's house were closed against him for ever.

Instinctively, rather than wittingly, he reached the hotel in which he was domiciled ; and, in the hurry of his contending feelings, resolved to quit the scene of his defeat and discomfiture on the instant, but not without communicating the cause of his departure to his friend Mottingham, whose kindness he had often experienced, and in whose advice he had the greatest confidence : advice, however, now he needed not, for who can

“ Minister to a mind diseased ! ”

His impulse was to leave the hotel forthwith ; and, accordingly, he wrote a few hurried lines to announce his resolution, his note concluding with an implicit determination of proving at once the fervency of his love, and the acuteness of his despair, by putting an end to his existence ; for as he expressed himself, “ Why should I live in a world where nothing but misery awaits me ? ”

Before this exciting note reached Mottingham, its unhappy writer had taken his departure. The note was unfortunately read by his friend incautiously, and certainly without anticipating its contents or conclusion, in the presence of his wife and poor Fanny Leslie, who, at its conclusion fell from her chair in a state of total insensibility.

This circumstance rendered the sincerity and intensity of her affection no longer questionable, and her sister and brother-in-law raised her from the floor, and led her to her room. The latter, more than ever, resolved that Langley should be made happy, *nolens volens*, and that a generous heart and noble spirit, like those

of the affectionate Fanny, should be justly rewarded.

Whither Langley had gone, nobody was able to tell Mottingham. All he could discover at the hotel was that he had ordered horses to his britscha, and that, attended by his servant, he had taken the road, at least as far as the first stage went, to Southampton. Mottingham, was not to be baffled in the outset, and feeling as little inclination to remain in the neighbourhood of the Featherstocks after the *dénouement* of the affair as Langley himself, and agreeing with his wife that change of scene and circumstance could not fail to be beneficial to her sister, he announced his determination to the ladies to make a move, and added confidentially to his wife his intention, if possible, to discover the retreat of the disconsolate Langley.

Mrs. Mottingham just ventured again to insinuate something about husband-hunting, but she was cut short by her plain-spoken, straightforward husband, who repudiated the idea as far as Fanny was concerned, and at once declared *himself* the originator of the expedition upon

the much higher principle of preserving his friend from the effects of a morbid sensibility, left to work upon an active mind suddenly doomed to needless solitude and useless reflection.

It may easily be imagined, however strongly Mrs. Mottingham felt in her anxiety to support the dignity of her sister Fanny's character, that she would not seriously object to any suggestion of her husband which might properly, conveniently, and judiciously contribute to bringing about an event likely to secure that sister's happiness, and restore Langley from a state of needless despair to one of comfort and serenity. Their good intentions that way tending were, however, destined for the present to be frustrated; all endeavours to ascertain Langley's destination were fruitless, and all that his devoted Fanny's eyes were doomed to see was the pony phaëton of Miss Featherstock trotting along, the next afternoon, as rapidly and as gaily as ever, while its fair occupant, lolling back in the carriage, was kissing her hand and making *les yeux doux* at every well-ringleted,

white-gloved stripling who had the honour of her acquaintance.

“This will *not* do,” said Mottingham: “that man must not be lost: I know the violence of his passion and the strength of his feelings—he is too good a fellow to be lost in so ridiculous a manner, especially while there is a girl ——”

“Hush, my dear Mottingham,” said the lady; “if Fanny were to hear you express an opinion upon her attachment to him, it would break her heart. Nothing on the face of the earth is so galling to a woman as a feeling of unrequited affection.”

“But if he could be made feel that she is attached to him—devoted to him,” said the husband, “I know, I am sure, that he would be cured of the extravagant grief which he feels about this over-professing hussey, with whom I have no patience.”

While all this was passing, poor Langley, whose heart was sorely wounded, felt, in addition to the deep stab which his *amour propre* had received by the refusal of his offer, a mortification, which even went beyond the wound,

arising from self-reproach, that he should have been so deceived as to fancy himself secure in the young lady's affections, and thus have hurried the affair to a crisis, his own precipitation being perhaps the true cause of her rejection of him. But then, as he argued with himself, why did she say this?—why did she whisper that?—why let me press her hand?—why let me clasp her so tenderly when we waltzed?—why look as she did?—why sigh at one moment?—why smile at another?—in all things sympathizing with *me*;—why talk of married happiness?—why dwell upon the delights of retirement from the world with the man she could love?—why talk of the expressiveness of dark eyes?—why allow me to——But all these monologues were vain; there was fact against theory, and he was discarded: and so he went on and went on, until he went the length of loading his pistols for the purpose of ending the

“Thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to.”

Luckily, his servant, anticipating something of the sort, removed the deadly weapons from his

room, and Langley was, by the fidelity of the kind domestic, for the present at least, preserved from self-destruction.

Pending all this, however, poor Fanny Leslie, whose tender heart was all his own, lived in a state of fear and apprehension, much on a par with that of the amiable Mrs. Cromwell, the mother of the worthy radical reformer who did England the honour to govern it in regal state, while her exemplary and unpretending son was in all his glory ; who never heard a pistol fired in the street without crying out, “D’ye hear *that*? My poor Noll’s shot.” Every sound that could be misconstrued into the finishing blow of her beloved Langley filled poor Fanny with terror. Mottingham having once suggested the possibility of his killing himself, the idea never left her mind ; and, knowing that when romance once seizes the imagination, it is generally carried to extremes, she felt assured that, although gone, he would, if disposed, as he said in his note to his brother-in-law, to quit this world, in which there was nothing for him but misery, return to the spot where he had

received his refusal, and start for the "undiscovered bourne" from the neighbourhood of his scornful fair.

And here let us pause for one moment to make a remark, which I do not recollect to have heard often made, upon a very curious inconsistency of the immortal Shakspeare, which is to be found in the most beautiful part of one of his most admirable plays.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark (or, as the late respectable Mrs. Ramsbottom, who has been good enough to allow several of her letters to be published, called him, Gimblet Prince of Dunkirk), in that most splendid soliloquy upon the very subject which, at the present period of our little narrative, occupied the thoughts of Mr. Langley and Miss Leslie, weighs with infinite skill and beauty of language the alternative of bearing "the ills we have" or of flying to "others that we know not of:" the check upon the desperation which would lead to the latter consummation, being

"The dread of something after death ;  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourne  
No traveller returns."



Now this is a very strange thing—not for Shakspeare to say, because it is beautiful, it is sublime, and it is true—but with what possible consistency can it be put into the mouth of Hamlet, who, but a very little time before, has himself had the advantage of a long dialogue with the ghost of his father, who *did* come back from that bourne, and not only came back, but told his son that he was subject to sulphurous and tormenting flames, obliged all day to fast in fires, and “walk about for a certain term every night?” The same son, moreover, having after that, heard his illustrious parent’s voice under-ground, and in consequence thereof called his demised majesty “old mole,” “boy,” and “True-penny, the fellow in the cellarage.” As to the terms applied to deceased monarchs in those days, we do not venture to complain, nor do we mean to criticise the freedom with which Denmark’s Pride apostrophizes his illustrious parent; the only thing remarkable is, that Hamlet, having had so recent a *tête-à-tête* with a “*revenant*,” should stay his own hand with reference to doubts which the very dis-

agreeable account his illustrious father had given him of the state of affairs below must have gone a good way to satisfy.

Is it merely *à propos de Bottes* here to say, that I once saw what nobody, excepting always the audience of that particular night I should think, ever *did* see ; the ghost of Hamlet's father acted at Covent Garden Theatre in spectacles. Armour, of course, was the costume, and chalk the complexion ; the performer was the late Mr. Chapman, who was remarkably near-sighted. Having acted the ghost so frequently as to have entirely forgotten the part, (for who can expect people to remember things for ever ?) he had put on his spectacles on the outside of the casque which covered his "aunciente" head, in order to refresh his memory by reading over the part ; and, being suddenly called to the stage, on he went, helmet, glasses, and all. When once there, to remove the glasses would have been impossible ; a ghost without speculation in his eyes taking off a pair of spectacles would have been fatal ; and accordingly the ghost performed his duty, even to the

time of cock-crowing, framed and glazed as ghost was never seen before. A thousand pardons for the digression.

Fanny grew dreadfully nervous, and although Mottingham was resolved to laugh off her apprehensions of anything serious as regarded Langley, he could not controul his own ; for, knowing his friend's ardent disposition, the thought of his rashness was ever uppermost in his mind.

" My dear Mr. Mottingham," said Fanny, " my feelings are dreadfully excited about our poor Frank. This morning I heard a pistol fired ——"

" Pistol !" said Mottingham ; " it was the keeper shooting rabbits."

" And then," said poor Fanny, " I heard a plunge in the river which runs close by Colonel Featherstock's house."

" So did I," said Mottingham ; " it was Dido after the ducks. No, my dear girl, you must not agitate yourself in this manner about a man who cares nothing for *you*."

" That makes no difference in my feelings towards *him*," said Fanny. " I know his excel-

lent qualities and the goodness of his heart, and I also know the fervour of his disposition, and cannot but anticipate serious results from the disappointment of his affections."

"Well, but really," said Mottingham, "the very probability of his shooting himself for love of Miss Featherstock appears to me to offer the best possible reason for your indifference about it; if he likes to kill himself, why should you wish to deprive him of the only consolation that is left him?"

"Indeed," said Fanny, sighing, "when all we love is lost, life is scarcely worth keeping."

"But do you think," said Mottingham, "that so pert a flirt as Charlotte deserves to be so deeply regretted? If I thought so, and I were Langley, I declare I should be extremely well inclined to blow my brains out; but I don't, and that's the point upon which we differ."

"But," said Fanny, "under any circumstances, supposing her a perfect angel, you would not, in speaking on the subject to Mr. Langley, palliate the crime and madness of suicide? No;

what I would entreat of you to do, implore you to do, would be to see him, argue with him, exert yourself to dissuade him from so dreadful a design. Bid him live and be happy."

"And give him hopes," said Mottingham, "that he might perhaps discover an amiable and accomplished young lady, whose feelings towards him are not so equivocal as those of Miss Featherstock?"

"Indeed, no," said Fanny, "my anxiety is most disinterested. I know your influence over him, I know his esteem for you, and I am quite certain he would attend seriously to advice seriously given by such a friend."

"Well, Fanny," said Mottingham, "I will make a bargain with you—if you and your sister agree to go with me, I will ascertain whither he has betaken himself, and will follow him; and all that I can do to cure him of his folly shall be done; what other folly he may fall into in consequence, is neither here nor there. I suspect his destination to be Brighton; a few hours will take us there, and your kind heart shall be set at rest. So, if yea is the word, go and tell

Eliza. I will order horses, and off we start forthwith."

"You are a kind good creature," said Fanny. "The idea that the excursion may save a life ——"

"Is most consolatory," said Mottingham ; "not that, in my humble opinion, that particular life is in the slightest danger. However, go, make your arrangements, and I will send to the hotel, and, I think, in all probability, find out where he actually is: and remember, dear Fan, expedition and punctuality are two of my favourite virtues. The horses will be here in one hour."

Fanny, in whose apprehension for Langley's safety Mottingham most certainly did not sympathise, was made comparatively happy by his ready compliance with her wishes. Mrs. Mottingham, with all her dread of husband-hunting, could not but agree in the proposition ; and, it having been ascertained, by the return of Langley's servant to fetch sundry articles of luggage, &c., from the hotel, that his master was, as Mottingham had suspected, actually at Brighton,

in little more than the prescribed time the family party were to be seen "trotting along the road" at the rate of ten miles an hour.

Mrs. Mottingham, whose sensitive delicacy was still kept in alarm by the measure her husband had adopted, made one condition, to which he readily assented, which was, that Mr. Langley should not be apprized of her arrival or that of her sister, at all events, until after Mr. Mottingham had ascertained the actual state of his mind and feelings.

"Leave all that to me," said Mottingham. "If I am not very much mistaken, I shall succeed in rescuing him from the misery into which it should seem he has fallen. One of the most delightful duties of friendship is to soften the afflictions of love. You shall hear a faithful account of my proceedings, and I think the chances are, that the disconsolate Langley will make the fourth at our dinner-table in the evening."

"Your advice may come too late," said Fanny.

"Why, no," replied Mottingham. "If Lang-

ley had resolved upon killing himself, he would, in all probability, not have dispatched his servant for more clothes."

"That might be done," said poor Miss Leslie, "in order to get the man out of the way."

"My dear love," said Mr. Mottingham, "you are conjuring up evils which, as I believe, do not exist."

"But he said he was tired of life," said Fanny.

"Fanny," said Mottingham, "there are on record two or three sage proverbs touching this case which may serve to support you—such as 'Great talkers are the least doers;' and that 'It is one thing to say and another to do;' with various similar axioms and apophthegms, in the wisdom of which I fully concur."

"Well," said Fanny, "I hope you may be right."

This gentle kind-hearted girl was soon destined to be relieved from her anxiety, for upon the arrival of the party at the Albion Hotel, and inquiring for Mr. Langley, they were told that he was out walking: this intelligence was wel-



come to her, who certainly was the most interested member of the party, and the absence of the object of Mottingham's search gave them the desired opportunity of establishing themselves in their apartment without being seen by Langley. Dinner was ordered, and Mottingham placed himself on the Steyne so as to command the entrance of the hotel, and intercept his disconsolate friend on his return.

A move so judicious could scarcely be expected to fail in its object. Scarcely had Mottingham posted himself in his position, before he saw Langley walking towards the house, looking pale and miserable, his eyes fixed on the ground, and his air and manner strongly indicative of sorrow and abstraction, and a total carelessness of all surrounding objects; indeed, so lost was the unfortunate man in the consideration of his own misery, that it was not until Mottingham tapped him on the shoulder, and accosted him by name, that he saw his excellent and sympathising friend.

“Mottingham,” said he, starting with surprise, and looking for a moment gay, “my dear

fellow—how kind !—how considerate this is !—how did you find out my retreat ?”

“ No matter,” said Mottingham, “ here I am come to condole with you—to soothe—to comfort you.”

“ Ah, my dear Mottingham,” said Langley, “ you are too good—but it is all over—nothing *can* soothe—nothing *can* comfort me ! This syren has robbed me of happiness, and life is a burthen to me. Come—come in—I can think and talk only of the one subject—come to my rooms.”

Mottingham, delighted that Langley made no inquiries about the ladies, followed him to his sitting-room, where stood upon a table a bottle of sherry half full, a wine-glass, a tumbler, and a bottle of water, together with some biscuits, the half of one of which had served to keep the life and soul of Mr. Langley together—the wine having been more than half consumed by him in order to raise his spirits sufficiently to enable him to make the exertion of walking out. On another table lay his pistol-case, which during his faithful servant’s absence he had restored to their wonted resting-place.

When they entered the room, Langley motioned to Mottingham to take a chair—they sat down.

“Well,” said Mottingham, “this won’t do, Langley—you are looking wretchedly ill.”

“It will *not* do,” replied Langley; “such a state of existence cannot last long—to think that she of whose affection I felt secure should kill the hopes she had cherished! Really and truly, my dear friend, it is insupportable.”

“I entirely enter into your feelings,” said Mottingham, “and am perfectly convinced that in your position any attempt to reason upon them would be as useless as impertinent.”

“I have made up my mind, Mottingham,” said Langley; “life is now a burthen to me—and one way only is left to escape my misery.”

“What do you mean?” said Mottingham.

“What I hinted in my letter to you,” said Langley. “There lie the means of my emancipation from thraldom and wretchedness;” and he pointed to the pistols. “It is but the affair of a moment, and all will be over.”

“That’s true,” said Mottingham; “and as for pain——”

“I care nothing,” said Langley; “I know that it is an act from which I ought to turn with horror.”

“I don’t see *that*, my dear friend,” said Mottingham, calmly; “if a man’s life is a burthen, why ——”

“Indeed!” said Langley; “is it your opinion then that the sin is venial?”

“Of that I give no opinion,” said Mottingham; “but, when the mind is tortured as yours must naturally be—I confess I should feel disposed to risk the perils which threaten.”

“And put an end to yourself,” said Langley, evidently very much surprised at the accommodating acquiescence of his friend, from whom he expected to meet with nothing but dissuasion or opposition to his dreadful design.

“I should,” said Mottingham, “unless I felt that I could love again, and some new object might interest me, and restore me to the world and myself.”

“Really!” said Langley.

“Nay, more,” said his friend; “my object in following you was to afford you the means of

putting your intentions into execution more surely and secretly than you might otherwise have been able to fulfil them."

"Is it possible?" said Langley.

"True, my friend," continued Mr. Mottingham; "I have always held peculiar opinions upon that point. I have always resolved—with all my natural gaiety of disposition—that, if certain things were to happen to me, and if I were suddenly stricken by misfortune, I should cut the matter short."

"I do not recollect," said Langley, "ever having heard you speak in this strain before."

"Assuredly not," said Mottingham; "such subjects are not matters of every-day conversation, and the broaching such doctrines must infallibly incur the censure of the world; but to prove my sincerity, see, here are the means of self-destruction without pain, without noise, without disfigurement—never have I been without them for years."

Saying which, the sympathising friend drew from a side-pocket a small paper packet, folded, and sealed with a small black seal.

“What !” said Langley, “have you brought it?”

“Here it is, my friend,” said Mottingham ; “its operation is merely soporific—it steals through the system without inflicting the slightest suffering, and in an hour you will sink into a delightful slumber from which you will never wake.”

“How dreadful !” muttered Langley. “Oh, Charlotte—well——”

“Do not thank me for this,” said Mottingham ; “it is an act of mercy and of friendship, which, were I under similar circumstances to yourself, I am sure you would do for me. I will mix it for you—it is tasteless—and, once down, all is over.”

Saying which, Mr. Mottingham proceeded to mix two equal portions of wine and water in the tumbler ; and then, having broken the black seal with a trembling hand, he shook the deadly powder into the glass :—it was dissolved in an instant, and the paper which had contained it refolded, and cautiously replaced in the pocket whence it had been drawn.

“My dear friend,” said Langley, trembling with agitation——

“Langley,” said Mottingham, considerably affected, “I have told you it is the affair of a moment—give me your hand—I cannot stop to see you swallow the potion—farewell!—farewell!—a sweet sleep awaits you—die in peace, and may your sins be forgiven! Farewell for ever!”

Saying which, he rushed from the room in a state of the greatest excitement, leaving his friend pale and motionless, with his eyes fixed upon the deadly goblet.

For some minutes Langley stirred not; then raising his countenance from the object of his present solicitude, he muttered to himself some few incoherent words, expressive of the wretchedness of his condition, the true nature of which he felt to be best declared by the readiness which his friend had evinced to get him out of his misery.

“One draught of this,” said the unhappy man, “and all will be over; a happy release—come—come—yet, if after all she should relent—that last look—she might—she must have

loved me—and if so, and she hears that I have died for her sake, what tortures will she feel! tortures, too, of my inflicting. Have I not sworn a thousand times to live for her alone? and now,—no—no—she will reproach me—curse my memory—I shall be called mad—made a public sight of—no—no—let me get rid of this dreadful temptation, it is too much to struggle with.”

Saying which, the hapless Langley caught up the goblet, and threw its contents out of the window.

“I will go and find Mottingham,—I will conquer the desire for death—and implore him never to reveal the fact that I for a moment entertained the design of self-destruction.”

Having taken this step, and formed this new resolution, he proceeded in search of his kind friend, who in the interim had informed Fanny that he feared they had arrived too late to save Frank’s life, concealing however the active part he had taken in cutting it short.

The intelligence produced effects which unequivocally betrayed the real state of her feel-



ings towards Langley;—to a fainting fit succeeded a fit of desperation, which impelled her to rush to the apartment of the devoted suicide, accompanied of course by her brother-in-law and her sister. There was the room, but its inmate was gone,—there stood the glass, but the poison had been swallowed.

“Oh,” exclaimed the unhappy Fanny, “he is lost—he is dead—gone for ever!”

“No, Fanny,” said Mottingham, “of that there is no chance; the effect of the poison he has taken is not rapid—certain, but slow,—antidotes may be effectually administered; and, Fanny, if by your hand——”

“Oh, what on earth can I do?” sobbed poor Miss Leslie. At which particular juncture in walked Mr. Langley. He started at perceiving his unexpected visitors; but Fanny, too truly and sincerely attached to him, was even more violently affected. The dear girl fell on her knees, and, clasping his hand, implored him to grant her one favour, and she would bless his name for ever.

“Me, Fanny!” said Langley.

“ Yes,” sobbed Fanny. “ You, Francis—you can confer a favour on me, which will bind me to you eternally. My brother-in-law has told me all ;—do—do—for Heaven’s sake, renounce your fatal resolution ——.”

“ Ah !” said Langley, hiding his face in his hands.

“ I know what you have done,” said she, “ but you may yet be saved ;—let me implore you, for the sake of those who esteem and admire you. Let me entreat you to prevent the sacrifice of a valuable life, for the sake of a being wholly unworthy of you. Let me send for medical advice,—Mottingham will run—fly in the cause.”

“ Yes,” said Mottingham. “ Antidotes, Langley. Hot water—the stomach-pump—let me——”

“ You take too deep an interest in me, Miss Leslie,” said Langley.

“ I know you may be saved,” continued the ardent girl; “ the extraordinary circumstances of the case embolden me to say—forgive me—that *my* life depends on the preservation of yours.”

“A thousand thanks!” said Langley. “But—assure yourself that these appliances and antidotes are useless.”

Langley was charmed and surprised at the warmth and energy of Fanny, in whom he had never suspected such strength of feeling to exist; and the effect this new discovery produced upon him was considerably heightened by the horror of making himself ridiculous, by confessing that he had thrown the poison out of the window.

“Langley!” said Fanny Leslie, “you must live—subject yourself to the discipline necessary to your restoration. Consent—you do—you do. In ten minutes the best medical advice shall be here.”

“For Heaven’s sake!” cried Langley.

“It must be so,” said Mottingham. “Send for Doctor Chiselhurst with the stomach-pump, get everything requisite ——.”

“I will fly!” said Fanny, “I will die to save him!”

Whereupon she did fly, to Mr. Mottingham’s rooms, and thence dispatched all available messengers in search of every remedy to counteract

the effects of the potion which the distracted Langley had *not* taken.

“What an excellent creature that is!” said Langley. “How have I underrated her esteem—her regard—her affection for me!”

“Yes,” said Mottingham. “She is indeed an inestimable girl.”

“By Heavens!” said Langley, “I never could have fancied that I had excited such an interest. I thought of her, and felt towards her, like a sister—but——”

“Now,” said Mottingham, “you see the real state of the case. I could have told you long since how she loved you:—but no,—you fled from our house—you devoted yourself to a woman of the world—a flirt, and a coquette,—if nothing worse; see how she has treated you, and see the fatal consequences that have arisen.”

“But,” said Langley, “you not only advised the course I was to take, but even administered the dreadful dose.

“You may yet be saved,” said Mottingham, “and ——”

“ Saved ! ” cried Langley, “ there is nothing to save me from. When you left me, I changed my mind, and resolved to die a lingering death of grief.”

“ How d’ye mean ? ” said Mottingham.

“ Don’t betray me,” said Langley ; “ do not make me contemptible in the eyes of that dear affectionate girl. Mottingham—don’t despise me—I did not take the poison.”

“ Upon your life ? ” said Mottingham : “ that is, indeed, most fortunate.”

“ Yes,” answered the disconsolate ; “ but it is quite impossible, now that I see how much Fanny is interested in my fate, to admit that I flinched from the trial—eh !—she will laugh at me ! ”

“ Not a bit of it,” said Mottingham : “ she will be too happy to find you safe ; however, you must take your own course.”

At this period of the dialogue, poor Fanny returned, accompanied by sundry chamber-maids with hot water, an apothecary’s ’prentice with a stomach-pump, much sweet oil, and the promise of numerous antidotes which Dr. Chiselhurst

would bring over in five minutes. The women, stimulated in their exertions by the energetic appeal of Fanny, proceeded to seize hold of Langley, and the apothecary's 'prentice prepared the pump. Dr. Chiselhurst was actually at the door, and everything was in extremities, when, driven to the last point, Langley, struggling with the women, and baffling the napkins and towels with which they were entangling him, screamed out in a voice of despair—

“Leave me alone—for mercy's sake leave me alone!”

“No, no, no,” said Fanny, “do no such thing—force must be used if necessary.”

And force was about to be used, when all on a sudden appeared in the room Mr. Stephens, Langley's servant, who had been dispatched for his clothes, and the *et ceteras*, to the hotel which he had quitted.

“Oh, Sir!” said Stephens, staring in amazement at the position and circumstance in which he found his master,—“such news, Sir—such news!”

“What?” exclaimed Langley, having ob-

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tained a minute's respite from the operation of the pump—"What is the news?"

"Miss Featherstock, Sir——"

"Oh!" exclaimed Langley, "it is as I suspected—has killed herself."

"Ha! ha! ha!" said Stephens, "not she."

"Gone off with Colonel Longstraddle."

"No, Sir," said Stephens; "you'll never guess."

"Speak out, Sir!" said Langley.

"Do, Sir," said Dr. Chiselhurst, with the squirt in his hand; "there's no time to be lost—your master's life depends upon the promptitude of the application of the pump."

"Why then, Sir!" cried Stephens,—“Miss Featherstock has run away with the gardener!”

"Is that true?" said Langley. "Is it possible?"

"True as gospel, Sir," said Stephens; "I have it under her father's own hand, who heard how you took on about her, and has written a regular cerrywig of the circumstance for your satisfaction."

"A what, Sir?" said Mottingham.

“ A certificate he means,” cried Langley.—  
“ Stephens confounds the words :—and have you got the cerrywig, as you call it ?”

“ Havn’t I ?” said Stephens. And sure enough there it was, in the shape of a brief announcement of the fact to Langley, explaining the misery his daughter’s conduct had entailed upon him, and handsomely expressing his hope that the circumstance would relieve his mind from the effects of a grief which he deeply regretted.

“ What do you think of *that* ? ” said Mottingham.

“ Why, that from the most miserable dog I am in an instant become the happiest man alive !” said Langley.

“ Ah !” cried Fanny, “ This is delightful ; you repent your rashness ; now then you will consent to be saved. Come, Dr. Chiselhurst, out with the pump.”

“ Pump !” cried Langley, “ ‘ take physic, pump’—I’ll have none on’t. Miss Leslie, hear the truth—hear the whole truth—*I did not take the poison.*”

The effect produced by this announcement upon Dr. Chiselhurst, and white-faced Jemmy his apprentice, and upon the waiters and the chamber-maids, was startling. Fanny burst into tears of joy—the doctor looked disdainful, and, having cast a contemptuous glance over the patient's countenance, cocked up his nose, and merely said,—“ Boy Jem, put up the pump, and come along”—the doctor being no more a doctor than the head-waiter, but an apothecary so dignified by courtesy; and away marched the whole body of attendants, all more or less disappointed at there being no probability of a fatal result.

“ Fanny,” said Langley, “ this most important incident of my life has elicited a truth upon which my future happiness depends. Long as we have known each other, constant as has been our intercourse, and unreserved as has been our communication, I never believed that I had inspired you with a feeling beyond that of friendship and esteem; your conduct in this trying crisis convinces me that you are the being on earth to secure my earthly felicity.”

Mottingham and his wife exchanged looks of

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## PRECEPTS AND PRACTICE.

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### THE ATONEMENT.

It rarely happens on visiting different towns and villages, scattered over the face of the civilized world, that one does not find some one resident family, who have somehow rendered themselves remarkable for something ; and consequently form a subject of conversation for their neighbours—and accordingly one hears, “ What odd people those Simpsons *are !* ”—“ I can *not* make out those Hopkinses.” Upon which some stronger-minded and more censorious member of the community sets the question entirely at rest, by expressing a firm conviction that they are mad.

About fifty years ago—as the history runs—  
—one of these mysterious and inexplicable knots  
of people lived in that city, most celebrated as  
the residence of Laura and her lover (the Swift  
and Stella of their day), the head of which  
family was known as the Marquis de Cruentaz ;  
whose name, considered etymologically, prepos-  
sessed his neighbours not much more favourably  
towards him, than the circumstances under which  
his establishment was conducted.

There *are* secrets, says the proverb, in all  
families ; but in this family there was one, of  
which no member of it was aware, save the old  
gentleman himself—we mean the Marquis—and,  
to do him justice, nobody was likely to wrest or  
coax it from his custody—all that could ever be  
collected from him in his most complying moods  
was, that something which had occurred to his  
ancestors had entailed upon *him* and *his*, a male-  
diction, the precise nature of which he never  
mentioned, but of the entire fulfilment of which,  
he evidently, and in spite of forced good spirits,  
lived in perpetual dread.

The very few persons who visited at the house,



believed, like the sages of the English country towns, the old gentleman to be mad—of his scions more anon. Suffice it to say, that the whole party formed the “strange family” of Avignon.

The Marquis was a portly man, and must have been, in early life, handsome; but he had suffered severely from a wound, which extended across the whole of his face, to the cause of which, he never was known to allude—of course, nobody was sufficiently coarse or abrupt to question him about it, and so even *that* remained a mystery. There was most probably a reason for this silence, which the reader may, or may not perhaps, by-and-by discover.

The Marquis at the period to which we refer, had been a widower for sixteen years. His wife had left him a daughter—a beautiful brunette, with large blue eyes fringed with dark eye-lashes, and a figure perfectly symmetrical—and a son, such a son as, perhaps, man never had before :—a stout, fine-looking fellow, who drank hard, swore stoutly, and moreover delighted in breaking horses and breaking heads : his skill in duelling

and similar pleasurable pursuits formed nearly the whole of his mental accomplishments.

His dress was slovenly beyond belief, his ill-fitting clothes, his dishevelled hair, his sword-hilt dirty by use, and his crumpled hat, the feathers of which, broken down, looked like weeping willows after a storm—all indicated the wildness of his feelings, his recklessness of the world, and his contempt for society.

Little as he resembled his sweet sister, he less resembled his father, who, although, as we have said, living in a constant dread of something undefined, assumed a gaiety in society well calculated to deceive those who believe that laughter is always a symptom of happiness, and who could not witness the tortures he underwent in the hours of reflection upon past events in the solitude of his own apartment.

The Marquis loved his daughter ardently, and with all his faults and imperfections on his head, was fondly attached to her wild and eccentric brother. But there was another member of this strange family, who possessed a great share of his affections—a young man of about the same

age as his own children, and who had been educated and brought up with them. This was an orphan, to whom the Marquis had proved a second father: the son of poor but honourable parents, who had saved the Marquis's life, at the hazard of their own.

These formed the *ménage*—no persons of their rank and station could live more retired—except that the occasional outbreaks and mad exploits of the young Cruentaz, every now and then became topics of conversation;—nevertheless they were held in a certain degree of respect, although they were not much visited by their neighbours, who, to make the best of it, set them down as “a very extraordinary family.” If they had known the whole history, they might well have said so.

One beautiful autumnal evening these four persons were together in the garden belonging to the hotel. The good-humoured Marquis, employed in pruning his vines, left Tiburcius—for such was the orphan's name—sitting with his daughter. They exchanged a few words without observing that her brother Rostaing

was close to them ;—in fact, he discovered *himself* to them by attacking an arbutus with a stick which he had in his hand, cutting and lashing it as if it had been an enemy, whistling, as it were to conceal his violence, but evidently labouring under a strong feeling of strong agitation.

Hellione was persuading Tiburcius not to leave them as he proposed, at Rostaing's suggestion, to do—but he was resolved.

“Go then,” said Hellione ; “go, and be happy.”

“If you knew why I go,” said Tiburcius—

“Surely,” said Hellione, “the evening sun in Germany is not so clear, so pure and bright as ours ?”

“Ah !” said her companion, sighing, “I seek no change but for the sake of others. Think, Hellione, if your presence in the scenes you loved best on earth rendered those to whom you owed all gratitude and affection, miserable ; if it exposed them to unheard-of evils, and one continued danger, would *you* hesitate to tear yourself away ?”

“I do not understand you,” said Hellione ;

“but if you *will* go, remember that your affection for us is reciprocal, and never fear——”

“Fear what?” said Rostaing, interrupting them, his eyes flashing fire. “In what has the claim of blood lost its right?” Saying which, he broke the stick he held in his hand into a thousand pieces, and flung them on the ground in a paroxysm of rage.

“You are *one* of my brothers,” said the terrified girl, casting her eyes on the ground; “you need never doubt my love.”

“One!” cried Rostaing, “no division of affection will satisfy *me*. My father has but one son—I have but one sister—she must love but one brother.” Saying which, he rushed from them, casting a murderous look of defiance at Tiburcius, whose influence over his father and sister, obtained by their affection for him, incessantly rankled in the heart of the half-lunatic, half-savage, young man.

“Do not let his hard words, or fierce aspect make you uneasy,” said Hellione to Tiburcius, “we all know his wildness and strangeness of manner—rely upon it he is sincerely attached to

you: but his anxiety about *my* destiny—his jealousy of the approach of any one who seems likely to divert my affections from himself, is part of his madness—for mad I fear he is—or will be; he is as much excited if I pay more attention for a moment, even to my father, than to *him*, while he is present.”

“Why did he fight that Italian?” said Tiburcius.

“Because he treated me disrespectfully,” replied Hellione.

“Why had he the *rencontre* with Count de Bartos?”

“Because,” said Hellione, “he paid me marked attentions, and he did not approve of the match.”

“What was his quarrel with the Baron de Goussai?”

“That I never knew,” said Hellione.

“And with the Chevalier D’Onis?”

“A dispute at play,” said Hellione. “But what matters all this? We know he is violent, impetuous, uncertain, and, above all, jealous of his power and authority over me: you, Tibur-

cius, are my brother by adoption ; my affection for you is sincere, nor do I see any reason to conceal it ; recollect of what comfort you are to my father ;—stay with us—oh, stay.”

“That affection,” said the agitated young man, “is reciprocal : but listen to me. Previous to the last tour, which I undertook at Rostaing’s suggestion, several strange events occurred to me, endangering my life ; events too strange to have been the result of accident—and yet I then apprehended nothing ; until one evening, after a narrow escape, I found on my table a note, written in a hand unknown to me, telling me that the perils by which I found myself surrounded, were one and all preconcerted and designed, and that I ought to take warning, and save myself by quitting the house. I laughed at the supposition, and took no notice of the writing—but those threats, and hints, and menaces, have been repeated.”

“Treat them with contempt,” said Hellione, “the pen of an anonymous letter-writer is the weapon of a coward ; his concealment is the mask of envy and hatred.”

“Do not think me,” said Tiburcius, “weak or base enough to shrink before the sting of a reptile like *that*, on my own account; but, Hellione, the threats and warnings I now receive, affect the lives of others. My obstinacy in remaining here will cause the shedding of blood, to redeem which, I would gladly sacrifice my own. Yes, Hellione, I am denounced, and told that the adopted child of Cruentaz is destined to be the executioner of his benefactors.”

“But do you believe all these mysterious warnings?” said Hellione.

“A short time after I received this last letter,” said Tiburcius, “our father, as you recollect, being on the river, a leak was suddenly discovered in his boat, and he was nearly drowned.”

“I do recollect,” said Hellione, “and Rostaing being fortunately there,—saved him!”

“Three days afterwards,” continued Tiburcius, “when the Marquis and I rode out together his horse became suddenly restive, reared, plunged, and threw him. I caught him in my arms, or else we had now been orphans. Upon



examining the horse, I found that his nostrils had been burned, and upon searching near the stables, found behind the gate of the courtyard, a phial half full of vitriol."

"You should have told me these things before," said Hellione; "rely upon it I should have had sufficient courage and perseverance to discover their contriver."

"I have not finished yet," said Tiburcius. "Do you not recollect one day that the moment I leant on the railing of the balcony before the window, it suddenly broke from under me?"

"I do," said Hellione, "I have not forgotten it; I was in the drawing-room at the time, where Rostaing had sent me to look for a book."

"At that very moment," said Tiburcius, "the Marquis was passing under the window—The day but one after that, I took my departure. You may easily imagine the anxiety of my mind; eight months have since passed away, and maddened by the reproaches contained in your letters, I could no longer endure my absence, and I returned—but I must be gone again."

Hellione trembled, and held out her hand, and in a low voice murmured, "Strange things have happened to myself."

A dead silence followed these words, and the agitation of both the young people was considerably increased by the sight of the Marquis, who came up to them, his countenance beaming with paternal affection.

"And," said the Marquis, "you are happy that he is returned, Hellione? We part no more, Tiburcius; our affections bind us to each other; in *me* you see a second father, and my delight will be to keep both my sons with me—without *you*, this house is terribly dull."

The young people bowed their heads in gratitude, but the heart of Tiburcius was full of grief; believing, as he did, that his presence was the cause of some evil influence over the fate of his benefactor. Rostaing joined them at the moment. The Marquis, on seeing him, breathed one of those sighs which libertine sons sometimes cause their fond fathers to heave; but instantly, as was his custom, he dressed his

countenance in smiles, and turning to Tiburcius, said, gaily,—

“You will be glad to hear that next winter we shall be forced to drink deeply, in self-defence; for it has just been reported to me, that this year’s wines will not keep.”

“Umph,” said Rostaing, casting a scowling glance at Tiburcius, “there are many things besides wine that will not keep through this year.”

The tone and manner in which these words were uttered, went to the heart of poor Hellione; but she was destined shortly to undergo a severer trial. Supper was served—she, her father, and the two young men, took their seats; but Rostaing tasted nothing; he pushed his plate from him. The Marquis did not eat. What Hellione saw, her quick and anxious eye glancing round the table, it is needless here to say; suffice it, that she felt every moment, while the repast lasted, an hour; that she prevented Tiburcius from swallowing a morsel of what was placed before him; and that, when they left the room, she was assured that none of the occur-

rences which he had narrated to her before they quitted the garden, had been accidental, and that the house of her father was no safe home for him.

They parted for the night—Rostaing taking leave of his adopted brother with marked civility; and when Tiburcius passed along the corridor, to his apartment, Hellione's eyes followed the friend of her childhood to the door with a feeling scarcely definable; *why* she entertained such a feeling we shall soon see.

Tiburcius was not aware of the mischief which had been prepared for him at this supper; but which, through the watchful activity of Hellione he had escaped. In the dish to which Rostaing helped him with every show of affection, broken needles had been mixed with the sauce, so that in all probability immediate death would have been the consequence of his partaking of it. Rostaing was not blind to his sister's solicitude and activity upon the occasion, nor did they tend to allay the hatred, jealousy, and revenge, which gave such indubitable proofs of an aberration of intellect.

When Tiburcius reached his room, a large dark chamber, faintly lighted by one candle, he could not divest himself of something like a dread of the snares and plots by which he was surrounded. He drew aside the curtain, and even looked behind a wardrobe which stood facing his couch, to convince himself that no enemy, either animal or mechanical, was actually concealed behind him. He felt almost ashamed of his own precautions; and having undressed, threw himself into bed, resolved to dispel all the unworthy apprehensions by which he was assailed.

He lay down; but with all his resolution, could not help listening to a sort of murmuring noise, which sounded near him. However, sleep stole over his eyelids, and he was on the point of dropping into a gentle slumber, when two soft taps at his door aroused him. He started up, and found they had been given by the old and faithful waiting-woman of the affectionate Hellione. She put into his hand a note, written in pencil, by her young mistress, and crossing herself as she turned away from him, took her leave.

The note spoke volumes. Hellione too surely had been convinced of his danger. Like a true woman, she discarded every feeling of selfishness—she saw that his safety depended upon their separation. The note contained these words :

“ Adieu—*before sunrise to-morrow*—adieu.”

Awakened by this tender, yet forcible, appeal to a sense of all his dangers, Tiburcius rejoiced that she admitted the justice of what he had said the night before.

While this was passing in the mind of Tiburcius, Hellione was seated at the window of *her* room, gazing on the bright stars, ever and anon hidden from her view by the passing clouds, her thoughts dwelt upon her brother Rostaing—dwelt upon him against her will and inclination. She endeavoured, in vain, to drive him from her mind, because she admitted, at least in her solitude, a pure and ardent affection for Tiburcius, between whom and herself her proud and impracticable brother had so violently, so sanguinarily, interposed.

It is scarcely possible to describe the character of this infuriated young man, hardened

as he was by habits of systematic debauchery. In the encouragement of his imperious feelings, he suffered himself to be led to the very extreme of ferocity, which indeed seemed to be inherent in his character, even in early youth. In principle, he was profligate and shameless ; and, when the chord of his insanity was once stricken, nothing could check his wild career—when once excited, neither reason nor compassion had any influence over him. His bodily strength, unfortunately, gave him the power to execute his most daring designs ; and his success as a duellist, and his triumphs as a drinker, had placed him at the head of the society with which he chose to live, which was composed of persons generally avoided by every body else, and who, being by no means rich, clustered round their chief—to whom they gave, in return for his dinners and suppers, a sort of tavern friendship, characterized by a subserviency, which, clumsily as it was proffered, was highly gratifying to one who could bear no rival near his throne.

No trait in his extraordinary character was

perhaps so extraordinary as his romantic affection for his sister Hellione. He was never satisfied unless he exercised an entire control over her. He watched her like a dog, and was just as ready to fly upon any one who approached her; jealous in an inexplicable degree, of an affection which he never evinced towards her. When alone with her, he rarely spoke to her, except to find fault—he was never known to bestow upon her one fraternal kiss—at times he seemed much more inclined to beat her. He was as restless in her presence as a tiger at the sight of fire; and although Hellione loved him with a sister's love, she felt—such was his fierceness, such his pride, such his violence—that she never dare tell him so. Her association with him was one course of dread and horror; more especially when Tiburcius happened to be present.

And in what a position was poor Hellione placed! for if she were exempt from what, as far as one can calculate, seems to have been the family insanity, she was almost as ill-prepared for the world's ways, as the ways of the worldly;



she had had no mother to train her mind—she had no female associates to sympathize with her feelings—her principles and opinions were all formed by herself, aided to a certain extent by her priest, and her *soubrette*, who was in her sixty-third year, and was the old woman with whom she habitually associated. The consequence of all this was, that those principles and opinions were like flowers without roots, planted on the sand ; and, ignorant of the dangers and deceits with which the busier spheres of life are full, she allowed her affections their natural play, and unhesitatingly gave her heart to Tiburcius ; feeling herself justified in her choice by the regard and affection which her father so constantly bestowed upon him. Nothing could be more natural—they had been brought up together from children. He was an orphan—she nearly so ; without relations, without friends, they felt that they were all the world to each other ; and Hellione, as we have already said, saw no reason for disguising her sentiments.

Wrapt as she was in meditations concerning

the fate of him she loved, and of the nature and character of the hatred, the deadly hatred, which Rostaing unquestionably bore him, and even thinking of the means by which she might conciliate her brother, and draw him from a course of life and conduct so cruel and disgraceful as that which he was pursuing, Hellione was suddenly aroused by loud and rapid cries of "Fire, fire, fire !" which resounded through the house, coming from the lower floor on which Tiburcius's sleeping-room was situated, and in an instant afterwards a cloud of burning smoke burst from the windows.

Again the cries of fire were repeated, and before Hellione's heart had throbbed thrice in her bosom, the door of her room was burst open, and Rostaing stood before her.

"What ! what in the name of heaven has happened ?" asked Hellione.

"A little disturbance—that's all," said her brother, in a tone of cool indifference.

"What disturbance ?" cried Hellione ; and all at once the danger to which her beloved, must have been subjected, flashing upon her

mind, she added in a tone of phrensy, "Where is Tiburcius—where?"

"I have told you," said Rostaing, "it is only a disturbance—a noise."

"Rostaing," said Hellione, "your calm voice ill accords with your agitated countenance—something dreadful has happened—some victim has been sacrificed."

"Victim!" said Rostaing, smiling a ghastly smile; "don't weep, it is only a man—"

"Where is he—what have you done with him?" cried the half frantic girl.

"Hark you, Hellione,—Tiburcius is not my brother."

"Speak then," cried she; "where is the fire?"

"Your father is safe; come, let me save *you*—you alone: I will bear you to a place of security."

Hellione rushed towards the door.

"Save our brother!" cried she.

"The ceiling of his room has fallen in upon him," said Rostaing exultingly; "but he *was* not my brother."

"Murder! murder!" cried Hellione; but Rostaing threw himself between her and the door, and stopped her flight.

"Why should the fire cause you such alarm—such anguish?" said he,—“I am not there—I am here safe with you—there is no hurry.”

"But ~~he~~—he—oh! Rostaing let me fly—do not stop me—every moment that passes—oh! Rostaing—" She made an effort to rush by him, but he held her by the arms,—while writhing with torture, she exclaimed again, "Let me go, tiger!"

Rostaing, closing the door, pushed her rudely from him.

"You seem to have a great dread of fire,"

“As much as I hate you,” replied his exasperated sister.

“Then listen, infatuated girl—”

At this moment, a voice of one in grief and anguish was heard above the noise of the crackling timbers of the falling walls. Hellione recognised it—she listened—a thousand feelings agitated her heart—it was the voice of Tiburcius—a human form caught her eye amidst the clouds of smoke, and before she could satisfy herself of the reality, Tiburcius was in her arms. The surprise overcame her ; her limbs trembled, and as he supported her, she whispered in his ear, “I cannot survive this—if we *must* part, heaven bless you !”

Tiburcius laid the fainting Hellione on her couch, and rushed to the staircase to see if escape that way were practicable, and to ascertain whether the Marquis was safe. Scarcely had he quitted the room, his unexpected appearance in which, considering all things for the moment, had unmanned Rostaing, than the infuriated incendiary rushed after him—but he was gone—safe from his vengeance, now in-

flamed in a tenfold degree—but such safety was but of little avail; Rostaing followed him down the staircase, and having lost sight of him exclaimed, with a solemn oath, “Let him go whither he will, I will follow him, and have his life !”

Hellione heard this dreadful denunciation, and flew from her couch to the door of her room at the moment her father reached it. Intuitively, as it were, aware of all that had passed, he threw himself on his knees before his daughter, and turning towards a crucifix which hung against the wall, his features convulsed with grief, plainly developed by the still raging flames of his house, he said, “Heaven have pity on a guilty race—Thy will be done !”

These words, perfectly mysterious to Hellione, fell sadly on her ear, and she sank senseless on her father’s shoulder.

It would be a work of supererogation here to describe that most extraordinary spot of ground called the Camargue, which, within six leagues of the mouth of the Rhone, is bound as it were between two branches of that rapid river, at

which point the salt and fresh waters meet. It is one of the most extraordinary spots upon the face of the earth,—rarely visited by any, except occasionally by shepherds, doomed to watch the sheep which feed upon its marshy herbage, or sometimes by adventurous sportsmen, who rendezvous at Fourques,—consisting of three miserable hovels,—whence, guided by the unhappy herdsmen, they get across the mud-banks, and enjoy excellent sport in wild-duck shooting.

No place upon earth is like the Camargue—one can only assimilate its natural appearance with that of a world in the midst of the work of creation;—every thing in and about it is in disorder—the earth and water are mingled together—the fish swarm amongst the subaqueous grass,—enormous serpents rear their crests to the sun, or bask upon the well-washed pebbly shore. Wild horses are seen swimming about its banks in company with the water-fowl; while in the interior, attracted by the climate, the variety of plants and flowers which grow on the island, its proximity to the sea, and its scarcely broken solitude, birds from all latitudes, unknown even

in the neighbourhood, are seen flying in perfect security, without shunning either the shepherds or their flocks.

Still, notwithstanding the apparent fertility of this strange region,—notwithstanding the interest it cannot fail to inspire, and the curiosity which it must inevitably excite, it is impossible to feel happy or comfortable while in it;—the vapours rising from its marshes; its flowers blooming upon beds of mud; its beautiful verdure treacherously covering pits and quicksands, and the rushing whirl of waters, which are perpetually wearing away the very ground upon which the visitor stands—all conduce to create uneasiness during one's stay there. Its beauty seems perfidious, and we quit it with a feeling that we have left a proscribed country<sup>1</sup>.

One day, just as the sun was setting in all its golden splendour, casting its last rays over the dry land on the north of the Camargue, a huge

<sup>1</sup> The change that has taken place in the Camargue, since the period to which this narrative refers, is almost beyond belief. It is now well peopled, numerous excellent houses have been built upon it, and it is in the highest state of cultivation.



bird of prey rose suddenly from the ground, its beak clotted with blood, uttering a loud and piercing shriek of anger and discontent at having been disturbed from its horrid banquet on a corpse which lay extended within ten yards of the river.

The moment the monster took flight, a stone fell amongst the neighbouring rushes, which had been aimed at it, by a young herdsman, who stepping forward, exclaimed in a tone of vexation, "I have overshot the mark—if I had not, I should—"

He did not finish the sentence—his speech was stopped by the sight which presented itself to his view. The dead body was at his feet—near it lay the hilt of a broken sword, a cloak and coat covered with mud, and a hat ornamented with red feathers.

The startled herdsman stopped, nor was he much gratified by hearing his companion, who was close behind him, exclaim, "Oh! it is *here*, is it?"

"It is, indeed," replied the herdsman; "and is *this* the fish that you told me you could not

carry up to Fourques by yourself? Is it for such fishing as *this* that my brother-in-law, Fouran of Avignon, has come down the river?"

"You have just hit it, Pierin," said the boatman.

"If this is your trade, brother-in-law," answered the other, "you must go to market without *me*. What are you looking at him so earnestly for?"

"To make out, if I can," said the boatman, "whether it is *mine* or the *other*."

"What! are there two?" asked Pierin.

"There are—listen. This morning, about four o'clock, I was busy on the shore at Avignon, getting ready for work before it was quite light, when a young gentleman hailed me, stepped into my boat without speaking, and the moment he was in it, sharply enough, as I thought, ordered me to put off with him directly; at the same time placing a box which he had brought down to the river-side, before him. I did as he bid me, for he was so fierce and commanding that I was afraid to say nay; and when we were

well out in the stream, I asked him whither he wished to go.

“ ‘To the mouth of the river,’ said the young gentleman. ‘You shall be well paid.’ To which I replied, as I thought he must have known, that we could not go lower down the river than Arles.

“ ‘Go to Arles, then,’ was his answer.

“ ‘It is a long way, sir,’ said I; ‘mine are heavy oars, and I don’t think I shall be able to pull for twelve hours.’

“ ‘I will relieve you when you are tired,’ replied he. ‘Besides the current is all in our favour.’ So away we went, and sure enough never did I carry so melancholy a passenger; He held down his head, and at times hid it in his hands; then he would raise his eyes to Heaven, and look at the moon. So, seeing how desolate he seemed, I kept talking to him about every thing in the world that I knew of, in order to amuse him.

“ ‘And perhaps,’ said the brother-in-law, “to find out his history?”

“ ‘Find out,’ said Fouran; “not I—I have

not the least curiosity about me—not that I got a single syllable out of him by way of answer to anything I said. So at last, I mentioned the fire that had broken out in the house of the Marquis de Cruentaz—asked him if he had seen it, or knew if it was out ; for you see I had not even curiosity enough to go to look at *that*. So, in answer to my question, he says, says he, ‘ Yes, it is out, and all is safe.’ This was in his common voice, but between the next two pulls of the oars, I heard him mutter to himself, ‘ Else *I* should not be here.’

“There our conversation stopped. As the day began to dawn, he kept his eyes constantly fixed upon the lessening towers of Avignon, and when they at last faded from our sight, he again hid his face and cried like a child. Seeing which, I thought I would try to please him, and raise his spirits, and accordingly I struck up my favourite song of ‘ *The Troubadour quitting his mistress.*’ I knew I should please him, and sure enough I did ; for I hadn’t sung three lines, before he threw me some money, and begged I would not trouble myself to sing any more ; so

I told him he was too liberal by half, and put his money in my pocket."

"Ah!" said the herdsman, "that was all fair, —gentlemen should always pay for their fancies, —though I can't compliment his taste in not liking your singing; but still you should not have killed him."

"Killed him!" said Fouran; "—this dead man lying here mayn't be him."

"Who can it be?"

"Listen,—as I said before—listen," said Fouran. "About two hours before vespers, just as we had cleared the little islands of Beaucaire, what should I see but a boat a long way astern of us, pulling at a great rate; whereupon, knowing the Camargue to be a favourite rendezvous for gentlemen who have a taste for cutting each other's throats in an honourable way, on account of its being out of the Papal territory, I asked my passenger if he expected any body. He said, 'No: that he should land at Arles and proceed to Marseilles, whence he meant to embark on a long voyage.'

"Before the boat neared us, the passenger in

it, who had been rowing with the waterman, had laid himself down to rest, and I soon saw that it was Bruno who was pulling, although he kept under the opposite bank ; but all at once his companion jumped up, and in an instant seizing one of the oars, went to work, and dashed towards us. The moment he got near enough, he threw a grappling right into my boat, and exclaimed in a tone of triumph, ‘ I have got him—I hold him ! ’”

“ I did not know what to do—but I had not much time to consider, for the gentleman jumped on board, having nearly knocked me into the river, and I perceived in an instant that it was Rostaing de Cruentaz.”

“ The mad gentleman with the sister,” said Pierin. “ He who fights three duels a week ? ”

“ The same.”

—“ And is this his body ? ”

“ Perhaps so, and perhaps not,” said Fouran, “—however, the moment he jumped on board of me he ran aft. Upon which my passenger looking at him calmly and firmly, said, ‘ Rostaing—you meditate some dreadful crime.’ ”

“They then began to talk, and *my* passenger seemed rational and just ; but Cruentaz was mad, if ever I saw a madman.

“ ‘The world is not wide enough for us both,’ said he.

“ ‘Therefore is it,’ said the other, ‘that I leave you. I know my duty to my benefactor—to *that* I am ready to sacrifice every thing—even my pride.’

“ ‘That is not enough,’ said Cruentaz ; ‘I thirst for your blood !’

“ ‘Thirst on,’ said the other, ‘no power shall induce me to draw the sword I have received from the father, against the son.’

“ ‘Coward !’ said Cruentaz.

“The blood mounted to the cheeks of *my* passenger, but he struggled with his rage and conquered it, and answered,—

“ ‘He that has nothing to lose can have nothing to fear—you wished me to go—I am gone—what more do you desire ?’

“ ‘Yesterday,’ exclaimed Cruentaz, gnashing his teeth,—‘Yesterday, your going *would* have satisfied me. Hellione has now degraded, de-

based herself, by owning that she loves you—you must die !’

“ Well, Pierin,” continued the boatman, “ you must understand by this time what droll sort of people young lords are. However, upon that, they both drew their swords ; but as we were close to Arles, and any body from the shore might have seen what they were at, I run my boat smack against Bruno’s, and the shock over-set young Cruentaz.

“ ‘ Oh !’ cried Bruno, ‘ have pity upon us, good gentlemen, and if you *must* fight, let us pull back, and you can land higher up the river.’

“ ‘ That will take too much time,’ said Rostaing ; and seizing the oars, pulled both boats, which were lashed together, with the fury of a demon into the middle of the current, and away they shot like arrows through the rapids before Arles, dashing among the reefs covered with spray.

“ ‘ Holy Mother !’ said I to Bruno, ‘ our boats will both be lost.’

“ ‘ It is all *my* fault,’ said Bruno, whose voice



was drowned in the noise of our extraordinary voyage ; ‘ *my* passenger about an hour after you were gone from Avignon, came to me, and asked me if I had seen any body on foot or horseback pass along the road ; when, thinking no harm, I replied no—but by way of something to say, I told him that you had been hired by a young gentleman to take him down the river. Whereupon he told me that he was certain it was a friend of his, of whom he was anxious to take leave before he quitted France, and gave me some money, in order to induce me to follow and overtake him if I could. However,’ added Bruno, ‘ now that I see what it all means, if they *do* fight, I must take back the survivor, because he will help to pull up against the stream, inasmuch as he will be deucedly anxious to get back to the Papal city—you can stay with your brother-in-law for the night, and come up with him to-morrow ;—but, above all things, if one of them should happen to be killed, do not forget to throw his body into the river.’ ”

“ And which *was* killed ? ” said Pierin.

“How should I know?” said the boatman. The moment they got on shore at the Camargue, one said, ‘No power shall induce me to fight!’ whereupon they came to high words; which seemed to me all natural enough; till at last Cruentaz told him, that if he would not fight, he would kill him as he was. Upon which the other said,—

“ ‘Heaven will require a severe account of this affair—remember, I oppose you hand to hand, only to prevent you from becoming a murderer.’

“And then sure enough, to it they went—off flew their cloaks and coats, and out came their swords; but *my* man was perfectly cool, and parried every thrust of the other, till at length, the ground getting soft under their feet, they removed to another place; where, unfortunately, Cruentaz saw me looking on;—he rushed at me, and ordered me in a tone of fury to get out of sight:—after that, of course I dared not watch them except at a greater distance.

“As however, notwithstanding the rebuff of Cruentaz, I kept looking at them as well as I

could, it seemed to me that *my* passenger refused to continue the combat ; but all at once Cruentaz said something to him, which seemed in an instant to change his nature and excite him dreadfully ; for, seizing his sword, which he had thrown from him, he raised his arms as if calling Heaven to witness some dreadful declaration, and instantly attacked Rostaing with the greatest fury. In half a minute both their swords were broken, and they continued stabbing and digging away with the remaining bits of their blades ; till, abandoning those, they seized each other, and in the struggle fell together amongst the rushes, when I lost sight of them. They rose again, so covered with blood and mud that I could not make out one from the other—I could distinguish but one mass and two arms striking furiously—the mass fell again—one arm only moved, and that but twice or thrice faintly—for an instant I beheld one head above the reeds, but afterwards I saw no more.

“ Then,” continued Fouran, “ I made the best of my way to Fourques ; and, before I met

you, had turned round to look at the river to see whereabouts the boats were—one only remained moored to the bank, and, in the other, I saw two men rowing as hard as they could up against the stream, whom I have no doubt were Bruno and the conqueror.

“As to the other,” added he, turning over the body, “he is so maimed—so cut about, and so covered with mud, that Old Nick himself would be puzzled to make him out—his whole countenance is one wound.”

“Which is to eat him, the birds or the fish?” said Pierin to his companion, who, leaning over the body, was washing the face with some tufts of wet grass.

“Why,” replied Fouran,—“at present, neither; for, bad as he looks, he is not dead.”

Whereupon they lifted up the wounded man, and laid him so that the water of a little rippling brook, hard by, might flow over his face—a proceeding which filled them with considerable alarm, inasmuch as by the laws and ordinances of Popery duellists are *de facto* excommunicated persons.

“ Shall we leave him here as he is ? ” said Fouran.

“ I think, ” said Pierin, “ we ought to be very careful how we meddle with the affairs of great men ; if he recovers, we may get into some scrape. ”

“ Besides, ” said Fouran, “ if it should be the *other*, as I think it is by the hat and feather, I should not like to do him any service whatever, because if he came to life again all well and wicked as ever, he might take it amiss, and cut our throats. ”

“ As for me, I won’t touch him, ” said Pierin ; “ he ought to have confessed himself, before he resigned his life. ”

“ Pierin, ” said Fouran, “ great lords are sometimes rich—recollect *that*—let us, therefore, be humane and charitable, and try to find out which of the two this is. ”

Acting upon this disinterested suggestion, they proceeded to raise the head of the sufferer from the little brook, and discovered that he had endeavoured to drink—but, nevertheless, they could not recognise him—even the distinguish-

ing marks of his dress only served to deceive them ; for, in the hurry of his flight, Rostaing, although he had taken his own cloak, had carried off the hat of Tiburcius. Instead of helping the unfortunate victim, the two worthies held a new consultation as to what they should do for the best—that is, for themselves. Time pressed—twilight was nearly past, and darkness was so fast approaching, that the blood of the victim and the clear water by which he lay, appeared of the same colour ; the wind whistled through the reeds, and the serpents half-numbed with the cold, had already coiled themselves up in their green retreats.

How Fouran the boatman, and his brother-in-law Pierin the shepherd, made up their minds to act under the circumstances, history recordeth not—all *we* know is, that poor Hellione, after the alarm and excitement naturally caused by the recent fire, was satisfied only with having in her hurried note given her consent to the departure of Tiburcius ; for, accustomed as she was to the violence of her brother, she could not but attach a more than usual importance to

the horrible determination he expressed when he rushed down the staircase in pursuit of *him*, whom of all the world she loved the best.

It was on the evening of the day following the hateful *rencontre* at the Camargue, that she was sitting working, and endeavouring to amuse her father the Marquis, suffering as he was under the incipient symptoms of a fit of the gout, brought on by his exposure and exertions during the fire ; but all her efforts either to confine her thoughts to her embroidery, or suit her conversation to her father's temper were vain—her eyes wandered over the room in which they were sitting, which, although it had escaped destruction, yet bore many marks of the effects of the devastating element, the sight of which filled her mind with fresh recollections of the horrid event which had so recently occurred.

Unluckily for *her*, her father, who always assumed a careless manner, and who affected perfect indifference as to the accident which had so terrified and distressed his child ; talked of nobody but Tiburcius, of whose intentional absence he was not aware.

“Why has he left us, Hellione?” said the old gentleman; “tell me, my dear girl, has any accident happened to him?”

“None, sir,” replied Hellione, “rely upon it we shall have good news from him shortly.”

“News!” said the Marquis—“what, then, is he so far removed from us, that he cannot come to speak for himself? And where is Rostaing?—are they together?—Tell me, I own my son’s language, when he rushed out of your room on the night of the bustle, alarmed me.”

“Oh! no,” said Hellione, “something had passed—some reproach as to his mode of life which excited him—oh!—no—no—it meant nothing.”

“What!” said the Marquis, “may I not make a single observation upon the conduct of my own son?”

“My dear father,” said Hellione, “do not be angry with what I am going to say; but, rely upon it, if you yielded less to *him*, he would respect you the more.”

“Ah! Hellione,” said the Marquis, “you talk well—but I am growing old—I love quiet—



I do not like to irritate him. Rostaing has in his veins, blood that—aye, aye, in *him*, the most terrible of his ancestors lives again. True, most true is it, that the sins of our forefathers are to be visited upon their children.” But then, having almost unconsciously assumed a tone which it was his constant effort always to avoid, and seeing moreover that Hellione was seriously affected by perceiving him so moved, he instantly assumed the playful smile, which he had generally at command, to disguise his feelings, and added, “You remember Bluebeard’s key, the stain of which could never be effaced—man’s destiny is not to be averted.”

“What *are* you thinking of, my dear father?” said Hellione.

“Thinking,” replied he, “that Tiburcius vexes me by leaving us.”

“Hush! father,” said Hellione, “I hear a noise; perhaps he is returned.”

“No, no,” said the Marquis, “it is some of the servants passing along the lobby. Yet,” continued he, “after all, dear Hellione, Rostaing loves you.”

Hellione bowed her head, as if admitting the proposition.

“When I die, Hellione,” said the Marquis, “he will be your support.”

“Oh ! dearest, dearest father, do not talk about dying,” said Hellione.

“Why,” answered the Marquis, with his accustomed gaiety of manner, “flying gout, my dear girl, does not confer a patent of immortality.”

“Listen, father ! listen !” said Hellione eagerly. “I *do* hear steps—I am not deceived—there is a knocking at the gate—some one is coming up stairs—it is Tiburcius.”

Hellione was right, and she was wrong—steps *were* heard. Hellione threw down her work, and the Marquis raised himself, by placing his arms on those of his chair, to listen.

A servant opened the door of the room.

“Is it he !” said the Marquis.

Rostaing stood before him.

“No,” said the Marquis, “no ;” and as if correcting himself, added, “yes, yes ;—’tis *he*.”

Contrary to his ordinary custom, Rostaing entered apparently in excellent spirits ; his air

was gay and triumphant. The Marquis looked at him with parental satisfaction, which his numerous indiscretions could not eradicate, till, seeing on his face two fresh wounds, he said to him, "What, Rostaing, you rogue, you have been in some new quarrel—scarred in the face like your father;" and then the old gentleman laughed. Had any one else referred to his scar, he might not have been so complacent.

"Oh, no," said Rostaing, "do not compare the scratch of a beast's paw with the cut of a sabre—and how are *you*, my little sister?" added he, holding out both his hands to her, in which she placed hers, trembling with the dreadful recollection of their last interview; but she dare not even whisper *that* which occupied her whole mind—she looked at him—waited to hear him speak—a second seemed to her an age.

"Have you seen our Tiburcius?" asked the Marquis.

"*Your* Tiburcius!" answered Rostaing, scornfully. "No! not to-day."

There is blood on his face! thought Hellione—"Your wound is deep," said she, in a faltering voice.

“Do not frighten yourself about *that*, my dear girl,” answered Rostaing, “I never was better in my life.”

“I am delighted to find you so,” said the Marquis.

“I am tired,” said the son ; “and I am hungry.”

“So much the better,” exclaimed the affectionate parent, delighted to find that, contrary to his habit, his son felt an appetite which, from his regularly irregular course of living, was unusual with him.

“What on earth *has* happened !” whispered Hellione to herself.

The Marquis rallied all his energy to ring the bell, which was on the table beside him, in order that something might be immediately got ready for his son’s repast.

“What would you like to eat, Rostaing ?” said the Marquis, as the servant obeyed the summons.

“Why,” said the exhilarated young man, “whatever is best will do for *me*,” at the same time pacing the room, evidently in the highest possible spirits.

“ Ah !” said the Marquis, “ my dear fellow, if I could but persuade you to lead a regular life—this—”

Here the old gentleman was interrupted in his paternal lecture, by a shout of laughter from his impracticable son ; and Hellione, watching his movements, overcome by the deepest anguish, murmured, “ All is lost for me !”

Rostaing, whether he heard the muttered exclamation or not, darted upon his unhappy sister a look full of demoniacal irony, and seeing her pale and terrified, approached her, and in the sweetest tone of voice, said,—

“ What is the matter, dearest Hellione ? the sister who loves me—undividedly—why dearest, you look as if you were sleepy.”

She trembled—a voice which spoke to her heart alone, whispered, “ Tiburcius is dead !” No longer able to endure this horrible torture of mind, she fixed her scrutinizing eyes upon her brother, and measuring him as it were, from head to foot, spoke not a word, but pointed with her finger to a stain of blood which was on his coat. Her lips moved—again her eyes rested

on his countenance in search of an explanation of what she saw.

“Ha, ha,” said Rostaing; “is it blood you see, my dear Hellione? I have been shooting—that is the blood of a turtle-dove.”

“Have you killed any thing?” said the Marquis, with a smile of mingled doubt and good humour.

“Yes, Sir,” said Rostaing; “a fine turtle-dove. Do you doubt it, Hellione?” added he, again turning to her—his eyebrows contracted by a frown, while his lips quivered with a malicious smile. “Do you doubt me, I say?”

Without waiting for the poor girl’s answer, he threw upon the floor the hat, which in the hurry of quitting the Camargue, he had brought away from the field of battle, round which was twisted the black feather which Tiburcius always wore.

“There! Hellione—there!” said he, pointing to the object. “The dove is dead, perhaps you will recognize the bird by his plumage.”

However much the hopes of Hellione had sunk before her forebodings of the dreadful



1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

3. The third part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

4. The fourth part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.



event that she felt convinced awaited her, she did not at the moment comprehend the meaning of her mad brother—but a minute's consideration brought the horrid truth to her mind. She trembled like the ivy, torn by the wind from its support—her mouth opened to give utterance to a cry—but in vain, she had not the power to speak—she stepped forward a few paces, her hands stretched forth—she tottered, and as if endeavouring to cling to something—Life perhaps—her eyes grew fixed—her lips contracted—her head sank, and with one long-drawn sigh, she fell backwards.

At this moment Rostaing was summoned to his repast.

“So much the better,” said he, rubbing his hands joyously: “to-day I could eat stones!” and turning to the servant who was approaching the fallen Hellione, he called out, “Come, sir, come—that is nothing; I know her—it is all acting—all acting:” and away he went to his solitary banquet.

All this had happened in so short a time, that almost before the door was closed, and certainly

before the Marquis was aware that his daughter had fallen—SHE WAS DEAD.

\* \* \* \* \*

After this event, the character of the wretched Rostaing underwent an entire change ; a long stupor of grief was succeeded by a transport of rage, and the conviction that his sister had so far debased herself as to love the plebeian object of his father's bounty, obliterated from his heart the sorrow he at first felt for her death.—The hour of remorse had not yet arrived.

Resolved to drive her from his memory ; as soon as common decency permitted, he launched into all sorts of excesses—no tender or fraternal feeling had a place in his hardened heart. He gave himself time neither for thinking nor sleeping, but abandoned himself to the society of the most worthless men—stained with crime, loaded with debts, and protected only from the course of law and justice, by the holy walls of Avignon.

Above all things, he dreaded sleep—to avoid it, he had recourse to constant activity and spirits. His haggard eyes glistened over his

cadaverous countenance, and gave him an almost superhuman appearance. Totally lost to all sens of honour or principle, he delighted only in working the ruin of others, and involving those who called themselves his friends, in all the mischiefs in which he could by any possibility entangle them. He seldom visited his father's house, the scene of the dreadful tragedies of which he had himself been the author.

On the other hand the Marquis remained shut up, refusing to see any one! mourning incessantly for Tiburcius, and tormented with a dread of fatalism almost incomprehensible. He fully believed in the efficacy of the ban, under which his ancestors so long ago had fallen, and compared, in all the bitterness of grief, the history of Œdipus with his own.

Like a criminal purified by remorse and repentance, he waited the fulfilment of his destiny as the payment of a debt; and without trembling at the approach of the great atonement to which he was convinced his whole family were to be devoted, bowed his head submissively, without even caring upon whom the avenging

arm was to fall. From his youth, the Marquis had been the sport of fate, and the remembrance of his forefathers had been so deeply impressed on his mind, by the recital of their dreadful deeds, that even religion itself had failed to cure him of his superstition ; the sudden death of his child had awakened all his apprehensions, and he looked upon the blow by which she fell, as like the thunderbolt which destroyed Ajax, or the fire which swallowed up Abiram.

The death of Hellione had been so instantaneous, that neither her father, who knew little of her heart or feelings, nor the servants could account for it. It was not extraordinary therefore, especially with the Marquis's forebodings, that he should attribute to the will of a just yet avenging providence, that, which surpassed all human comprehension. Left to himself then, as he had been by his son, since the occurrence of the calamitous event, he thought of nothing—spoke of nothing, but his lost Tiburcius.

Whether it were that the repetition of this name by the Marquis (one day in the presence

of Rostaing, during one of his “few and far between” visits to his parent), in a tone of mingled affection and sorrow, excited in Rostaing’s breast pity, jealousy, or justice, who shall guess?—suffice it to say, that in answer to his father’s usual mournful complaint that Tiburcius was unkind and ungrateful, else why was he not at home?—the madman exclaimed,

“Tiburcius has *not* abandoned you ; he is *not* ungrateful—he cannot return—he never *will* return—he is dead ; dead as Count D’Onis is—dead as others are—because he dared to love my sister.”

At these words, a slight shock agitated the Marquis, but he struggled with his feelings manfully ; he closed his eyes for a few moments and spake not—when he opened them, he appeared perfectly calm and composed.

“And *he*,” said the old man, “he is gone too—so young. He was not of our family—still—still—he was the brother of my daughter !”

“And I,” exclaimed Rostaing, clenching his fist in his father’s face, “who then am I ?”

“ You,” said the Marquis, “ are the one predestined—you are to be the executioner of our family, and of yourself—at once the sword and the victim: so runs the curse that is over us. Rostaing! dreadful will it be for him who goes last—the dregs of the cup will be bitter—ruin, eternal ruin waits him who drains it. As for myself, I am at ease; I am equally free from hope and fear.”

“ Oh!” replied the young man, laughing, “ the cup is a large one. I have tried myself to empty it, but it is bottomless. You, my dear father, would drink the Rhone and Durance too, if they were full of bitterness. Grief seems to me to do you good, you grow fat upon it.”

It is quite true, that the more the old Marquis kept out of society the more he appeared to thrive. Notwithstanding the poignancy of his sorrow and the paleness of his countenance, under the cuticle of which one could scarcely believe the blood to circulate; he really did, as his son said, seem to thrive upon the evils which surrounded him, and which he bore with an external carelessness almost inconceivable.

Different, indeed, were the state and position of his ill-conditioned son : we have seen how he passed his miserable life ; but it had become now essential—to his comfort one can scarcely call it, for comfort he never knew but—to his existence, to drink. He ate nothing—brandy had superseded the blood in his veins—he slept never—he was a victim to alternate restlessness and lassitude ; but he could not die.

Whither he went or what he did, seemed to be a matter of perfect indifference to the infatuated young man ; he had enlarged the circle of his dissipation, and been far a-field in search of new excitements, so that nearly a fortnight had elapsed before he thought of paying his father another visit. Fevered, and wretched, and broken down by excesses of all kinds, he at length turned his thoughts towards his once loved, now hated home, and accordingly proceeded to Avignon, which he reached just as the bells of the churches were tolling heavily. As he entered the street in which his father's house stood, he saw the end of a procession passing round one of the corners of a neighbouring

square, returning from a funeral. On arriving at the gates of his paternal residence, he found them open. He entered, and the first objects that caught his eye were the undertakers, stripping the walls of the hall—in which stood two trestles, whence a coffin had evidently been just removed—of the sable hangings with which it had been gloomily decorated. He looked round him in amazement—he went forward—all was silent. He saw the old waiting woman, the faithful attendant of his lost sister, coming down the stairs, carrying a bundle in her arms ; he was about to ask her a thousand questions connected with all he saw around him, when dropping him a low courtesy, and placing in his hands a large bunch of keys, she said, bursting into tears,

“ Marquis, I have served your sister, and your father—they are dead—*my* task is fulfilled. You are now alone in this house, in which I saw you born, and where I have staid till the last, to give you the keys. *My* masters are gone—they exist no longer ; I go, and never will I enter these doors again.”



There was something in the address of this venerable and excellent woman that struck into the heart of the reprobate, the mad Rostaing. He hastily thrust the keys into his pocket, placing his foot upon the first step of the staircase with the intention of ascending. The sound reverberated through the walls, and he fancied he heard the voices of its former inhabitants—his imagination giving new life to those whom he had destroyed—his courage failed him ; he could advance no farther.

“To-morrow,” cried he, “to-morrow I will take possession.” Saying which, he rushed out of the hotel without even shutting the doors after him ; such was his agitation ; and hurried to the society of his drunken associates to drown in new excesses the miseries which overwhelmed him.

“My father is dead,” said he, as he entered the room where they were assembled. Whereupon these dirty parasites raised a loud cry of congratulation, that their patron and dupe had come into possession of his fortune. But he heard them not—his thoughts were on his

sister—on the sudden death of her, of whose honour and affection he had been so jealous—whose death came from his hand.

“ So young—so good !” murmured Rostaing.

New shouts of laughter followed this involuntary exclamation.

“ And so handsome !”

“ Are you mad ?” said one of the most familiar of his creatures. “ What a strange funeral oration over a dead father—the respectable Marquis ——”

In an instant, waking from the reverie in which this soliloquy escaped him, he cast a look of rage and fury upon the daring jester, who had ventured to touch upon his father’s memory, and without condescending to utter one syllable of explanation upon a subject, with which he never meant to trust his *friends*, he hastily quitted their presence.

To endeavour to describe the state to which the infatuated young man’s mind was now reduced or exalted, would be impossible—the sharpest agonies of remorse filled his heart. It was but too clear to him that to his own ferocity

and abruptness, the death of his strangely-loved sister was entirely attributable; and to that event, wholly unaccounted for by any natural causes to the Marquis, might unquestionably be traced that of his father. Whither could he fly to hide his anguish—whither could he turn for consolation? He walked rapidly along the streets. Having reached the ramparts, the very silence startled him; he crossed the river—he abandoned himself to every excess of grief, which excited his constitutional infirmity in a more dreadful degree. He threw himself upon the ground, called upon the name of his murdered Hellione, and even bit the earth which had swallowed her up. In fact, his own account of his sufferings fully justifies that, which no longer remains a question of doubt, that in inheriting the vices of his ancestors, he also inherited their insanity.

Arousing himself in a paroxysm of frenzy from a lucid interval of comparative repose, during which tears had come to his relief, he started to his feet again, and an insatiable anxiety for action seized him; he felt that he

could only conquer his misery by violent exertion, and he ran rapidly and eagerly towards the hills, on which stand the romantic Villeneuve and St. André, taking however the most difficult paths, laughing and crying hysterically, as he scrambled up the sides of the acclivities. The combination of his feelings as to Hellione was terrible ; but, as regarded the mass of crime he had committed, remorse, alas ! was not among the number.

Just as it was dark, an open gate presented itself to his view ; almost unconsciously he entered by it, into the church of the Chartreuse of Villeneuve—he passed through the corridōr into a court-yard—thence he walked into the burying-ground. He walked *there* amongst the tombs, unconscious that they *were* tombs ; he lost his way in the cloisters, and little as he cared what became of him, endeavoured to retrace his steps,—his effort, however, was vain, for the gates had been closed upon him.

By what influence he was affected beyond that of the mental excitement and bodily fatigue he had undergone since he had quitted his unworthy companions, it is impossible to say ; but

a combination of these natural effects was sufficient to account for his falling asleep where he was, without caring to exert himself further for extrication from a shelter which, however ill-suited, spiritually speaking, to his case or condition, at least covered his aching head, and ensured him a resting-place for the night.

In the evening of that very day, a person arrived at Avignon by the river, from the Camargue, who, upon landing, directed his steps towards the hotel of the Marquis de Cruentaz. He was a young man, thin and pale, the sallowness of whose countenance was rendered almost ghastly, by the marks of wounds which must have been recently inflicted on it.

He reached the house ; gazed up at its windows with a melancholy satisfaction, and smiled in the midst of his evident suffering, as if he had awakened from a frightful dream, and welcomed the approach of some long-hoped-for happiness. His countenance seemed to express the delightful anticipations of a son about to be restored to a father—of a lover on the eve of regaining his mistress. He crossed the street.

It was clear, by his manner, that he was ignorant of what had recently happened in the house which he approached. As he drew near the gate, his anxiety gave him new life and energy, and without waiting either for inquiry or consideration, he entered the deserted, dilapidated hotel, whence nobody ever saw him return.

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It may now perhaps be as well to throw a little light upon the "events of other days;" to which, according to the belief of the dead Marquis de Cruentaz, the evils which had been foretold, had fallen upon his family

One hundred and fifteen years before the occurrence of the circumstances which have been here recorded—that is to say, in the year 1658, six persons were assembled under the trees in the court-yard of the little convent of the Carmelites, at Villeneuve. Two of them proceeded to the gate, and the Superior of the house, then a dependency of the Carmelite convent at Avignon, delivered over to them a young and beautiful girl, from whom she appeared to part with deep regret; their affection seemed

mutual, and nothing but the cheering presence of an extremely fine young man, evidently her accepted lover, would have forced a smile to move her rosy lips, or checked a tear which seemed ready to flow from her sparkling eyes, over her long and beautiful eyelashes.

The young couple were so perfectly handsome—

“ So justly formed to meet by Nature,”

that even the three persons who accompanied them, could not refrain from looking at them with delight and satisfaction, rejoicing that fate had propitiously destined them for each other ; and nothing could equal the grace with which the young bride, bending before the Superior (their hands clasped in each other's), offered her, as a pledge of her affection, a portrait of herself, painted by Mignard ; in which she was represented in the dress of a nun, smiling with a sort of innocent malice at the world, and carrying in the folds of her woollen robe, woven by her own hands, tufts of roses, which she had learned to forget.

Let us see how events realized the flattering hopes which this union excited. Nine years after this marriage, a series of horrors occurred, in which the husband and his brother were involved, and which ended in the murder of the lovely wife, who after receiving thirteen wounds with knives on her beautiful person, was hurled lifeless from one of the windows of that husband's house.

Far from anticipating such a result, this lovely creature delighted to exchange the faithful friendship of the Carmelite sisters, for the love of this graceful cavalier, who was no other than the MARQUIS DE GANGES !

From this monster, whose name is never mentioned without horror, and whose memory is held in detestation, and upon whom, and his descendants, rested a curse, the Marquis de Cruentaz was descended in a right line ; but, as in consequence of a clause in a will, by which his father succeeded to a large estate, the family name was changed, the near relationship of the Marquis, to the De Ganges family, was not generally known ; still he himself could never



get rid of the consciousness of his liability to be visited for the sins of his ancestors.

The Marquis, who was of the elder branch, had been brought up at Montpellier, and nobody recollected the period when, under his family name as the Chevalier de Ganges, he engaged in the early wars of Louis XV. If any ancient soldier lives to remember GANGES-LE-BALAFRÉ, he would perhaps be puzzled to fancy that the late-departed, complacent old gentleman, had been the cornet of dragoons of other days, so well known to the Imperialists; although, as we have seen, he did not hesitate to show his face, upon which appeared the dreadful wound, which has already been described.

The portrait of the beautiful victim of her husband's violence, which she had given to the Superior on their separation, still smiling, as its lovely original had smiled, upon her ill-fated marriage, remained for many years exhibited amongst the pictures of numerous other benefactors to the convent; but the Carmelites having sold their house at Villeneuve to the Chartreuse, the likeness of the beautiful nun, whose

name was unknown to the new possessors of the convent, was hung up in the corridor, as St. Rose, and became an object of veneration to the ignorant laity, and of the admiration of more than one monk.

It was at the foot of this very picture that Rostaing, overcome by fatigue and exertion—the last survivor of the race of which this beautiful St. Rose was, in fact, the wretched source—fell into a feverish sleep and dreamt. To describe the dreams by which he was tormented, the dreadful visions which were conjured up during his feverish slumbers, would be vain. At length, worn out with imaginary miseries, he started from his resting-place, and placing both his hands on his forehead, which seemed bursting under a rim of iron, he cast his eyes round the walls of the corridor, and beheld close to him the portrait of the Marchioness de Ganges.

Not all the horrid spectres, not all the dreadful visions, which had bewildered him in his dreams—not all the thoughts and recollections of blood and crime which filled his mind and memory—could produce an effect equal to that

which the sight of this picture created. It was so strong—so striking a likeness of the lost Hellione, that the idea of its being a painting vanished from his highly-excited mind ; he believed it to be her—his sister—the sister he had murdered.

He threw himself upon his knees before it—he wept—he implored mercy—pardon. His sight failed him ; after a struggle, he again raised his eyes to the animated canvass. Still it smiled. He raved—fear, dread, every bitter pang that Providence can inflict upon sin and infamy filled his heart ; he could no longer bear the sight of that innocent smile, which seemed to have been perpetuated in the person of his ancestress to torment and torture the last of her race. He turned away from the object, which he could no longer bear to look upon. He hastily quitted the corridor, but still the beautiful vision was before him, strewing his path with roses imbued with blood.

The monks, who were by this time moving about, were perfectly astonished by the conduct of Cruentaz ; and not knowing exactly by what

means he had become an inmate of the convent, and believing, as they naturally might by his manner, that he was mad, gave him to understand that he was quite at liberty to depart whenever he chose, and even seconded the hint by "suiting the action to the word," and opening the gate. Cruentaz, without noticing them, quitted the place, and pursued his course across the country ; every object that his eye rested upon presenting to his disordered senses, the figure of his murdered sister.

Tired, and wretched, and faint, he again crossed the river, and, perfectly unconscious of the course he was taking, re-entered Avignon, and more likely from the force of habit, than from any settled intention, found himself opposite what was now his own house. The moment he was conscious of the fact, he rushed into it, as if to hide himself from the gaze of man.

At the sight of his home, his iron heart was softened, and grief resumed its empire over it. He ascended the stairs—entered the suite of apartments—wandered amongst them for some time apparently regardless of surrounding ob-

jects, and deeply buried in thought. The wind whistled through the rooms, the doors of which had been taken off previous to the funeral ceremony, and had not been put up again, and of which many of the windows had been broken on the night of the fire. He found a good deal of the wainscoting half-burnt, the ceilings cracked, the plaster broken from the walls, and the hangings blackened. He looked at the scene of devastation, but did not appear to recollect the cause of all these disasters ; that portion of his life seemed to be forgotten.

The sight of one room alone, seemed to awaken him to a sense of his existence ;—it was that, in which his sister had lived, till the night of the fire. The sashes of the windows had been broken, and the north-easterly wind had blown in the dry leaves of autumn, which were whirling about in little eddies upon the floor. Over a richly-gilt oak cabinet, hung a piece of wainscot detached from the wall, waving in the air like the leaf of a book. Rostaing cast his eyes towards the ceiling, where he beheld a dark and deep cleft, from the edges of which hung long cob-

webs wafted to and fro in the fitful breeze—there reigned in the place a silence—a desolation—an air of nobility, and marks of ruin, of which it is difficult to describe the effect.

The heir of the deserted dwelling turned himself round—the canopy of a bed, its curtains torn, still rested over the remains of a couch, covered with ashes—the half-burnt mattress was concealed by the quilt and blankets—against the wall, a white cross, surmounted by a nail, pointed out the spot where Hellione—the lost, the lovely Hellione, was wont to hang the image of her suffering Saviour.

Moved by an impulse which might have acted upon one more sane and rational than Cruentaz, the bereaved brother lifted one of the tattered curtains. Scarcely had he touched it, before he started back in an agony of terror and surprise—he returned to the bed—drew his hand over his eyes—listened—again lifted the curtain—again held it up for a moment, when overcome with horror, he again retreated—stifling, at the risk almost of his life, a cry of desperation and dismay which gurgled like a death-rattle in his throat.

Beneath the curtains of the deserted bed of his dead sister, Rostaing had seen *a corpse*!

Bold as a lion in his madness, when roused, Rostaing discredited the evidence of his own eyes—he thought it was a vision—he was not to be daunted—he resolved to be satisfied; and in leaning over the bed, to assure himself of the fact, one of the feet of the couch gave way, and the mattress falling over, the corpse sliding in the same direction, fell slowly against Cruentaz, exhibiting to his view a ghastly mutilated countenance. In trying to avoid the contact, Cruentaz missed his footing, and the putrid face of the dead tenant of his sister's bed, lay close to his.

Rostaing disengaged himself from this horrible union, and rushed to one of the broken windows for air—but his reason was gone—entirely gone. He returned to the horrid spectacle—he saw—he knew it was the corpse of Tiburcius. But in the frenzy of the moment, convinced that he had killed him on the Camargue—he believed it was a vision—a vision so dreadful, that he cried in an agony of terror, “What! am I to see them

all?—Tiburcius, Bartos, D'Onis, all that I have killed—killed—yes, yes—that *I* have killed!” In this paroxysm of insanity inherent in his family, the wretched Rostaing could not quit the fatal room—he was aware of his wretched state—he could not find the door—he could not call for help—his brain burned—his sight failed him—he fainted.

While in this state of insensibility to all surrounding objects, Rostaing beheld in his trance the vision of St. Rose, the murdered Marchioness de Ganges, still smiling as he had seen her in the picture. The sight revived him—with a shriek of horror he exclaimed,

“ Away, away with it !—My sister—my poor murdered sister ; you will kill me !”

His terror at the sight amounted almost to raving madness : he fell prostrate, as he fancied, before the figure which imagination had presented to his mind, and his head rested upon the floor. This proud, impetuous man,—this murderer without belief, without religion, without fear of man, or mercy towards him,—was hum-



bled and abased—the hour of atonement was at length at hand—HE PRAYED!

\* \* \* \* \*

It may easily be conceived, that the death of the old Marquis did not cause any very great sensation in Avignon, where he and his family had led such a retired life; but the conduct of his son certainly *did* attract attention, from the circumstance of his sudden disappearance immediately after the funeral; since which event, excepting on the day immediately following it, when he had been seen traversing the streets in the most extraordinary manner, nobody had either seen or heard of him.

People, who had little business of their own to do, began to make inquiries about him—none of his boon companions could give any account of him, and the inhabitants of the sacred city of the Pope laid their heads together, and wondered what the meaning of all they had seen and heard, connected with the dark, deserted house of Cruentaz could possibly be. Surmises turned to rumours, hints and insinuations superseded mere fancies, till at length reports were spread,

which induced the Vice Legate to order the commander of the Roman troops to arrest the Marquis Cruentaz, if he were shut up in his hotel.

Such was the character of the house, as regarded popular feeling, that not one human being had ventured to cross the threshold of the gate, although it had been for some time left open; but on the morning of the military visit, a considerable crowd assembled in the street to hear its result—and what *was* the result? After searching the house in every part, they found at the foot of a bed in one of the rooms a corpse, so disfigured and so far decomposed as not to be recognisable; but which, of course, finding it where they did, they concluded to be that of the young Cruentaz. They accordingly drew up a *procès-verbal* of his death, and the discovery of his body; and the body was interred without much ceremony—no servant being found in the establishment, nor any human being to take charge of the hotel. But this legal decision did not give universal satisfaction, nor did the facts obtain general belief;

for such is the disposition of the superstitious, to prefer the marvellous to the probable, that some people were ready to swear that they had seen Rostaing at midnight at the foot of St. Agricole, while others were convinced that they had themselves beheld him walking on the banks of the Rhone, close by the bridge of St. Banezat. One woman declared, that she had watched with her own eyes (as if she could have watched with any other person's) a man kneeling among the tombs in the cemetery; and the boatmen averred, that he had been seen walking on the Camargue with a cross upon his breast: although how, considering the time, and the distance of Avignon from that uncertain islet, they should have had an opportunity of witnessing his patrol upon the unholy spot, did not seem entirely clear. However, all these rumours died away in time—the gates of the hotel were closed by the Commander of the troops, and the stories about it, lost their interest, until at last total forgetfulness of the family grew out of the indifference which so generally reigned.

Six months had elapsed when the brother of the Chevalier D'Onis, whom Rostaing, as we know, had killed in a duel, and who had attained considerable eminence in the church, was called to Rhodéz on some business ; and being a stranger in the place, he was mightily startled one day during his temporary residence there, by the approach of an old woman, who, after following him for some time, came up to him and placed a note in his hand, begging him to read it immediately.

The Priest, although a most excellent and pious man, was not quite proof against the sight of a billet-doux, placed so expressively in his hands, by so respectable a looking person as his now old friend.

He opened the note and read.

“A person”—it was so well contrived as to leave it quite in doubt whether it was a lady or gentleman who wrote—“a person who has seen you pass the window, entreats you to call this evening, at eight o'clock, at the house whence this is dated ; you will then know the writer, and the motives for this request.”

The invitation was one which the good priest felt he could not conscientiously decline ; and accordingly, as soon it was dark, he proceeded towards the Cathedral, and turning to his left found himself in the *Rue des Hebdomadaires*,—since rendered notorious by the tragedy of Fualdes,—and although somewhat disgusted by the appearance of the neighbourhood, directed his steps to the house pointed out in the missive. When he reached it, its aspect was by no means inviting, but self-assured by the purity of his intentions, he took the deciding measure of tapping at its door.

He knocked ; and while waiting for admission, the weathercock on the gable end of the roof, twirling on its rusty stock, afforded a very respectable imitation of a screech-owl, the two flaming eyes of a huge black cat at the same time glistening on him, from the grating of the cellar.

The old body who had given him the note opened the door, and wholly ignorant as to whom or what he was about to see, he mounted

the stairs ; she preceding him with a light. Arrived at the door of the room on the first floor, she pushed it open, and he found himself alone with a man of whom he had no recollection.

Dark matted hair covered the countenance of the haggard creature, worn to the bone, and nearly bent double. He was dressed in filthy clothes, like those of a gravedigger, smelling of churchyards. His weakness overcame his habitual civility, he could not rise from his seat to receive his visiter ; and when, after an effort, he spoke, the good priest looked round him to ascertain whence a voice so hollow and so death-like could proceed.

“ Providence,” said the unknown one, “ has been kind and gracious to me, in giving me the opportunity of imploring forgiveness of one of those whom I have so deeply injured.”

“ Sir,” said D’Onis, “ you are mistaken, you cannot have injured *me*—I do not even know you.”

“ No, no,” said the other, “ the vengeance of Heaven has so changed the face of the murderer

that you do not remember me. Look at me ; look at me well."

Saying which, he held his face to the lamp. Under the appearance of haggard age, D'Onis recognised the face of a young man—he saw who it was, and started back with surprise and indignation.

" Ah !" said the guilty one, falling on his knees, " take your revenge—trample me under your feet—I can bear all—all—but do not kill me—spare me a few days. For oh ! how I dread what is to follow after death !"

" Do I see before me," said the astonished D'Onis, the invincible terror of Avignon, whose sword defied the world ? This despair, this humiliation, melt me to pity. Marquis," continued he, in a firm tone, " I see—I appreciate the sufferings to which you are subjected. If I can alleviate them in any degree, command me. It is useless recalling what is past—as far as mortal man can forgive another, I forgive you."

" Blessings on you," said the wretched Rostaing, for Rostaing it was. " When I saw

you pass this house in which I have buried myself, to shun mankind, whom I have basely injured, and to whom I am odious—I seized upon the hope of humbling myself before you, the happiness of whose family I destroyed—you, the pious minister of Heaven. If my life could serve as an expiation, give me but time, and you should have it. I never feared death—I—Ah!” said he to himself, “what!—proud still—still vain—still boasting? Down, down; crawl, crawl, worm, till the hour comes when you shall burn eternally!”

He paused for a few seconds after this excitement, and then proceeded :

“ But you are too generous ; therefore, as you pardon and pity me, let me confide to you my wishes with regard to the property which I possess, but am determined never to enjoy. I would have the whole of it revert to the convent of the Chartreuse, at Villeneuve, and other similar establishments, so that I may obtain the prayers of the religious for my soul, when this miserable body shall have ceased to exist.”



“ Rely upon me,” said D’Onis ; “ but still hope for a longer life, amended and repentant, do not renounce the world.”

“ It is closed against me for ever,” said Rostaing, “ the destiny of our family must be fulfilled—blood will have blood—and atonement only can expiate the crimes of that blood, the last drops of which are in my veins. My life is over. Nobody ever knew my griefs, nobody ever understood my feelings. I was called a tiger ; but they knew me not. Think too, when every effort to conquer our feelings has been made—when every sacrifice has been offered to pleasure, to passion—and upon reflection we see what has occurred, and what is to come. What—what remains ?

“ RELIGION,” said D’Onis ; “ the comfort of the strong, the support of the weak.”

“ Ah !” said Rostaing, shuddering, “ the terrors of *that*—”

“ Have better courage, Marquis,” said D’Onis ; “ repent, fervently—sincerely, but do not despair—the love—”

“ —Love, love !” interrupted Rostaing, look-

ing intently on the ceiling, and muttering some name which his spiritual comforter did not understand—And then followed a scene of horror, which it would be difficult indeed to describe. His eyes starting open, were fixed to one point—terror agitated his countenance, his breast heaved—he muttered incoherently—

“ Hah !—there—there you are—that robe—those roses.—Ha !—ha !—I killed him—yes—your lover—go—go, leave me—that hated smile—what would you have ?—See—see—see—she laughs !”

And then the wretched man burst into a fit of horrid laughter.

“ Go—go, leave me—I hate you—I hate your smile, I want to sleep—go, or I shall die—”

He started up suddenly, his hair standing on end, and raising his arms over his head, he cried, at the very top of his voice,

“ By Heaven ! Monsieur D’Onis, I will kill you again !”

This was the last gleam of consciousness, subsequently his paroxysm became that of raving madness.

“ What does this mean ?” said the astonished priest to the woman of the house, who, upon hearing the outbreak, had hurried into the room.

“ It means, sir,” said she, “ that it is midnight ; therefore your reverence had better go ; your friend will be incapable of speaking to you till to-morrow. It is at this hour the fit comes on.”

“ What is the cause of all this ?” said D’Onis.

“ Why,” said the old woman, “ I think he has been a bad one in his time, and is now repenting ; but by what he says about the robe of a Carmelite, and all that, I think, saving your Reverence’s presence, he has run away with a nun. His uncle—”

“ What, has he an uncle then ?” said the priest. “ Why, then, does he lodge with *you* ?”

“ His uncle, sir,” said the woman, “ is one of the canons of the cathedral ; it was on *his* account that he came here. But his reverence is too ill to stir out, and my lodger will neither live with *him* nor leave this house ; he eats nothing but bread, and drinks nothing but

water ; and I am sure, unless you can do something to console him, he cannot survive much longer, for I see him waste away day by day."

In the best possible spirit, and with the most genuine feeling of piety and kindness, D'Onis, who was quite of the same opinion as the old landlady, as to the duration of Rostaing's existence, resolved to extend his stay at Rhodéz for a few days longer. He paid the wretched man daily visits, and received from him many confessions, some of them of a nature most terrible ; still his sense of duty overcame every other feeling, and he resolved to exert all his energies to restore the suffering sinner, by whose hand his own brother had fallen, to a state of tranquillity.

There was no time to be lost in the attempt. He sank gradually, but rapidly ; and his once Herculean frame was now wasted to a shadow. His voice grew weaker, his body was bent ; but, in his lucid intervals, the endeavour to awaken in his mind, hope for the future, was vain ; nevertheless, every day and night did the good man visit Rostaing, and incessant were his efforts to

counteract the effects of the unhappy culprit's despair of forgiveness in another world. In vain were all the consolations of absolution proffered to him—his frenzied mind seemed in the midst of all his consciousness of quiet unfitted for sincere repentance ; and although constantly employed in reading the Holy Scriptures during D'Onis's temporary absence, his Bible lay more frequently open at the history of the remorse of Judas, than at the penitence of St. Peter.

After some days, Rostaing certainly became more quiet ; one night his excellent friend left him weak but composed, and expected to find him the next day in the same improved state. The night had been colder than usual ; a thick fog obscured the sky, and the weathercock grated harshly on its pivot in the shifting wind more than was its wont. D'Onis returned, and the penitent knew him when he approached him. He spoke to him ; but his eyes remained riveted on a crucifix. D'Onis watched what he hoped was his devotion, fancying, however, that the end of his existence was not far distant.

In an instant came a paroxysm. Again he

beheld the vision of St. Rose. Again he screamed—cried—tore his hair—uttered some unintelligible words—stretched forth his arms towards the spectre, at once the object of his love and dread ; when, turning suddenly round, and starting from the floor on which he had fallen, he beheld his companion sitting on his bed, watching the progress of his delirium with intense anxiety and interest. The sight brought to his mind the thought of the corpse of Tiburcius upon the couch of Hellione. He started back with a cry of horror.

Totally ignorant of the cause of this new accession of fancy, D'Onis jumped up in order to console and support him, but he rushed from him with the greatest dread and alarm. He burst into tears, entreating pardon a thousand times ; but the instant that the good priest endeavoured to convince him of his delusion—whence arising he knew not—and caught him by the arm to allay his terror, his fury knew no bounds ; he dashed himself violently against the walls of the room, and screaming in a voice which made the windows vibrate, “ Tiburcius—

Hellione—they are alive—they love each other!"  
fell senseless on the floor.

D'Onis rushed to his assistance—all further  
care was superfluous—The elder branch of the  
House of Ganges, was extinct <sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> In the fifth volume of "*Causes Célèbres*," p. 149, the reader  
will find a most interesting history of the barbarities of the  
ancestors of this unhappy man, which were supposed to have  
entailed upon his family and himself the miseries by which  
they were oppressed and finally exterminated.

### WIDDLEZIG.

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So much has been said and read on the truism touching the turning of great events upon small ones, that it might seem, in the year 1838—(alas!—before this reaches the reader's eye, it will be 1839)—something like a work of supererogation to endeavour to bring any thing to light, which has for its avowed object a further illustration of a doctrine so universally received. But having, in a pursuit after light reading for leisure hours, discovered, some six weeks since, a work in eleven volumes (large quarto), written by a shamefully-neglected German author—the Baron Von Zlippzlopp—de-



voted to a new exemplification of the wonderful results of trifles, I could not resist the desire of bringing it in some shape before my readers.

Having in the course of a month, skimmed the surface of the work, it appeared to me that a literal translation, of Baron Zlippzlopp's eleven volumes would be somewhat too much for the generality of English readers; and although the liberality of our leading publishers (there *are* exceptions to all general rules) never was more remarkable than at the present moment, still it seemed doubtful whether even the princely munificence of Albemarle-street itself, could be justly exhibited towards so elaborated a history, turning, as it does, upon a subject which I—perhaps unjustly as regards the Baron—conceived might be *Pemmicaned* into a comparatively few pages. If, in consequence of my presumptuous endeavours to compress, I destroy the effect of his eleven substantial tomes, my only comfort is, that the Baron Zlippzlopp now rests under the floor of the church of St. Peter at Heidelberg, not likely to be disturbed by the noise of reviews or the explosion of magazines.

The history of Widdlezig—unquestionably true—is one which, I fear, must suffer much from the compression of which I speak; but it will suffer more from the necessary omission of the baron's reflections and considerations, comparisons and deductions, and all such other adjuncts to the main history. However, if the incidents which occur in the course of the narrative seem to come huddling on, helter-skelter, too rapidly, and without due and prudential well-regulated order, the reader must make allowances, from knowing that eleven volumes of philosophy and argument have been, for the especial service of this work, squeezed into scarcely more than twice as many pages.

I have taken one liberty with the author, which, considering he is in his grave, I have done with the greater security. His book is written in the first person, and Widdlezig's story is made a narrative—I have ventured to let Widdlezig speak for himself, and instead of trusting to Zlippzlopp's interpretation, allow him, as I find him capable of doing, to express his own feelings under all the curious circumstances

with which he was mixed up.—Henceforth then,  
WIDDLEZIG LOQUITUR.

“So, my dear Baron Zlippzlopp, you are anxious to hear my history,” said I, to the dearest friend I ever had, and the soundest philosopher I ever knew.

“I am,” said Zlippzlopp.

“Well then——”

And after this, I shall omit all the questions and answers, (47,586 of which, with their answers, occupy four volumes and a half of the work,) and let Widdlezig’s narrative go on, as if he were publishing his memoirs, instead of conversing with his friend.

“It is a wise child that knows his own father,” said I (Widdlezig)—to know his mother is not quite so difficult an affair; but I knew neither father *nor* mother. My male parent, as I have since learned, was somewhere about seventy when he married my female parent, who was at that time twenty-two, and from what I can collect, particularly fond of hussars and poodles. After the honeymoon, when my respectable

father, whose appearance at the time of his third marriage (having had no issue by the two first), with my mother, reminded every body who saw him of the official description of a line-of-battle ship in an admiralty-list, pierced for eighty-two, but carrying seventy-four, chose to make a tour of Europe with his lady, partly to amuse *her*, and partly to avoid the remarks of his kind and considerate friends and neighbours.

They were accompanied by a Count Waggenheim, and a beautiful milk-white curly poodle—quite a love of a dog—to whom it appeared the young Baroness Widdlezig's affections were devoted; or if not exclusively devoted, divided only by the charming Waggenheim.

Well, of all the beauty of the tour, and all the odd adventures, and the way in which my poor dear father walked out at this place to see a view, or rode out at another place to see a friend, or how my young mother staid at home when my father was out, or how she went out when he staid at home, or how the poodle was washed and curled, or how the Count Waggenheim sang duets with the Baroness in the shade

in the summer, or took exercise in the cool of the autumn, or whatever it was, I, of course, recollect nothing, seeing that I was not born. But, at last, I *was* born ; and, although unconscious of the fact at the time myself, I have since heard, that however delighted my father might have been at such an acquisition, my mother, whose habits, tastes, prejudices, and principles had conduced to make her think that such a “pledge” (as a child is called) was a most inconvenient addition to the travelling party, considered me as something which would greatly interfere with the comforts of their journey after her recovery, and especially with the accommodation of her darling poodle, for which, as we have seen, she had the greatest regard.

Now it so happened, that in the town where my dear parent's confinement—quite-unexpected by my father, for they had not been married more than seven months—took place, a certain Mr. Von Doddle, a most worthy and exemplary protestant clergyman, with a very charming wife, was established. Mr. Von Doddle christened me, and my mother was charmed with Mr. Von

Doddle ; and so, after numerous discussions with two physicians, the Von Doddles, and Count Waggenheim, my mother, balancing in her mind the danger of moving so young an infant as myself on a tour, in the absence of any nurse whom she could trust, or of accommodation for her, if such a person could be found—the inconvenience of having so young a child in the carriage, and the difficulty of finding a place for the poodle, who could not bear the variations of the weather outside, in case the child were brought in, induced my affectionate mother to leave me in charge of the Von Doddles.

All this is of course traditionary, as far as I am concerned—I knew nothing of it. I felt no pang at parting with my parents, and as I was not conscious of their presence then, so never did I see them afterwards, although my father and mother lived many years after I was born,—when the poodle died, I never exactly ascertained—of Count Waggenheim I knew more afterwards.

The Von Doddles were good, kind people; and as I grew up I loved the Von Doddles, and whatever allowance they had for educating me,

I am sure they behaved liberally to me, but I never was sent for home. My mother, although she knew I was *hers*, did not want a growing boy to make her look an old mother ; and my father, from something that occurred after his return with Count Waggenheim, did not feel so much paternal affection as he might perhaps have entertained for me, if he had not been blessed with two or three kind friends who hinted to him the advantage he might derive, and the increase he might secure to his domestic happiness, if he would but just watch under such a window on such a night, or wait in such a passage on some other night, or burst into his lady's chamber at such an hour, or break open her writing-desk or dressing-case at some other hour. So, between my papa and my mamma, I was left pursuing my education at Mr. Von Doddle's till I was hard upon fourteen years of age.

For seven years before this period I recollect how kind and indulgent the good Von Doddle was to me. He never troubled me to learn any thing—never scolded me—never beat me—never

saw wrong in the thing I did. He knew I must in time become Baron Widdlezig, and therefore he treated me with all due tenderness; and the Von Doddles had a little daughter about my own age, with black eyes, and black curly hair, and pretty feet and ancles, and such rosy lips! and Von Doddle and his wife were delighted to see us play about together; and Von Doddle used to look at Mrs. Von Doddle and say, "I should not wonder, eh?"—And Mrs. Von Doddle would look at Mr. Von Doddle and say, "Nonsense, dear,"—by which, and from putting one little thing and another together, I have since made up my mind that they thought Bertha Von Doddle would some day become Baroness Widdlezig. I know I loved her *then*, better than any thing in all the world beside.

Every month letters came from my father or my mother saying, that the next week I was to be fetched home; but I believe the longer my legs grew, the less my young mother wanted to see me at our house; for I must, when I was fourteen, have been taller than herself, and as she detested my person when I was a baby, it



was by no means likely that she would approve of it at a later period ; so I went on not caring, and every day growing fonder of Bertha, who was so quick, and so clever, and taught me all sorts of things in natural history, which set me agog to become a practical zoologist ; and I used to hunt after specimens for her little museum for hours, too happy if I could bring home any thing which would obtain from her one of her sweet smiles.

At last came *the* letter—I *was* to be sent for the next week—taken to the home of my father, and duly received at the castle of Widdlezig—and, oh ! what a day it was to me ! Wholly estranged from my parents by conduct which I was quite old enough to think extremely unnatural, and devoted to Bertha.—Oh ! Bertha was so pretty, such a sweet little figure ! I could not help crying bitterly when I heard the summons read which was in seven days to tear me from my dear play-fellow—it had just grown to something more than *that*—I loved Bertha—and I know,—*why* I never will tell,—but I know that dear Bertha loved *me*.

All preparations were made for my departure. Von Doddle was exceedingly out of spirits—he had *his* views. Mrs. Von Doddle did not like to part with me, good kind woman, and Bertha did nothing but cry, bless her little kind affectionate heart—I could not bear to see it beat, which I did, as her bosom heaved up and down under the tucker she had recently taken to wear.

It seemed perhaps unnatural to shrink from going to my home—but I was in fact going *from* my home. Cast off in favour of a poodle dog, I had been left for nearly fourteen years, until my poor father—I mean the venerable husband of my beautiful mother—had reached an age when his eyes could scarcely have been gladdened by my appearance, even supposing they had not been opened several years before, and I own that the bitterest pang I had ever yet felt, was that which was occasioned by the certainty that I was to quit the Von Doddles in four or five days.

The morning after the arrival of the fatal mandate, as I could not sleep at night, I was

up early in hopes of meeting Bertha; but she, poor girl, had cried herself, as her maid told me, into a regular fever, and could not leave her little bed. I did not know what to do: I did not know by what means I could best show her my anxiety to please her. I ate my breakfast with Von Doddle—his wife did not breakfast with us; and after an affecting dialogue with him, he went to do duty in his church, and I sauntered out in a state of abstraction.

All at once I saw flying just before me one of those beautiful butterflies which the unlearned entomologist calls the "Emperor." It was the very thing dear Bertha wanted for her little museum. I delighted in the pursuit to catch it for her—it diverted my mind while it excited my feelings, and between boyish emulation and something very like the desire to please a being I loved, I resolved to hunt him down. Away he went—so did I. I had no trap but my hat, and my great fear was, although many opportunities occurred, that by a premature or hasty *coup* I might destroy his beauties in the capture.

Fluttering through the air went the gaudy

creature. I stole behind it,—but whether it *were* fate, or whether the mere instinct of the insect, I do not know ; the faster I pursued, the faster it flew ; till at length, fatigued, irritated, and excited by fifty feelings,—forty, at least, of which were new to my heart—I swore, as roundly as a boy of fourteen dare swear, that Bertha should have the butterfly, if I died for it. Whether butterflies are in the habit of swearing, I do not pretend to surmise, but certainly the “ Emperor,” seemed as desperately resolved to thwart *me* as I was to catch *him*. I am sure I followed him four good miles, and that in the direction from Von Doddle’s house in which we never took exercise, inasmuch as the hills behind were skirted by a thick forest and underwood, which were said to be the resort of banditti by whom all the neighbouring villages and passing travellers were constantly plundered, and from which, indeed, the inhabitants were warned by the police of the district.

What cared I for this? it would make my adventure the more romantic—it would make

Bertha love me better. Oh ! that was it—?—I found out the object of my heart, precisely at the moment that I had my hat over the butterfly and slipped nearly up to my chin in a thick muddy bog.—Butterfly off as lively as ever !—

Under these circumstances I confess I roared out lustily ; not expecting that I should be heard, but merely as an effort to do something, as I felt myself “sadly sinking” into the quagmire. I thought of Bertha and the pastor, when all at once I felt myself grasped by what seemed the iron hand of a giant—for when one has been butterfly-hunting for a couple of hours a man seems gigantic—who dragging me out of the mire said, in a voice of thunder,

“What are you doing here, you young spy?”

“Spy !” said I, terrified almost to death by the appearance of my deliverer, who was a huge man with a savage-looking beard, wearing, moreover, two pistols in his belt,—“I have been hunting a butterfly, sir.”

“Very likely !” said the man. “A fellow with long legs like yours may be better employed than hunting butterflies.”

“It was an Emperor,” said I earnestly.

“An Emperor!” said the fellow—“come, none of your nonsense. If it were the Pope himself who sent you as a spy upon us, you are not likely to go back to tell him what you have seen.”

“I have seen nothing,” said I.

“You have seen *me*,” said the man; “so now come.”

“But, sir,” said I, “what will Mr. Von Doddle say?”

“D—n Mr. Von Doddle.”

I had never heard Von Doddle so spoken of, before.

“He is one of the most active of the magistrates.”

“He is a good man,” said I, in hopes to conciliate my preserver.

“And I am a bad one,” replied he; “so come.”

Whether I had meditated a refusal or not, would have made but very little difference on the present occasion, for having given me the hospitable invitation to go somewhere—whither I knew not—he stuck two of his hard iron knuckles

into my shirt-collar and forced me to do his bidding—not without once or twice muttering strong imprecations against my excellent pastor.

Having proceeded through the thicket for about half an hour, the worthy gentleman who favoured me with his protection, brought me to an open space, some forty or fifty yards square, when applying a whistle to his mouth, and giving a blast which made even the distant hills reverberate, he seemed to wait for a responsive signal, which soon was heard, and in about ten minutes afterwards I was gratified with the sight of two other gentlemen, dressed in a somewhat similar costume to that worn by my preserver, on horseback, leading a third horse, which I naturally presumed to be intended for his special use.

“ I have caught a young spy,” said *my* friend to his friends—“ a likely lad for what we want.”

“ A spy,” said one of the respectable party—  
“ why not shoot him ?”

“ He is a spy of Von Doddle’s, the magistrate,” said my friend.

“ No spy, sir,” said I.

“ Of Von Doddle’s ?” said the other. “ Let’s strangle him !”

“ No !” said my preserver. “ Recollect—we want him.”

“ Want him !” said one. —

“ Luigi,” said my friend, putting his finger to his nose.

“ Oh !” said one of the party.

“ Ah !” said the other.

“ Come,” said *my* friend, “ jump up behind me on this horse, and we will take you where you will be happy and comfortable if you behave well ; with plenty to eat and drink, and be merry withal.”

“ But,” said I, “ I am a baron !—I—”

Whereupon they all three set up a loud shout ; at the cessation of which, my preserver said,

“ Yes --and hunt Emperors !”

At which the two other brutes, without knowing why or wherefore, or in what the joke originated, laughed like two great fools. I despised their stupidity infinitely more than I hated the other’s malice.



Having no power of resistance, I mounted the horse, and, after about three-quarters of an hour's progress, at a walking pace, through rides "else unexplored by mortal," we reached a tuft of trees, into which we plunged, and again found ourselves advancing into the thick part of the forest, when my friend, again applying his whistle to his mouth, gave out a low but lengthened sound. In less than half a minute it was answered, and we proceeded some thirty yards, when he bade me jump down. I did so ; and having dismounted, he laid his hand upon my shoulder, and told me to fear nothing.

We walked forward. Two men, having taken charge of the three horses upon which we had travelled, and having thrust aside what appeared to me a heap of brambles, I discovered the head of a cave, into the passage of which my friend gently pushed me, and under almost paternal guidance I found myself at the entrance of a long vaulted room, which in an instant brought to my mind "Gil Blas," which Mrs. Von Doddle's maid had lent me to read two years before.

There it was—all the scene was realized—nine

or ten men were sitting round a table exceedingly well covered; one or two very pretty women, much bigger and older than Bertha, but not so handsome, were seated with them; some of the men were playing cards away from the rest; but there was plenty of every thing, and nothing could exceed the comfort which appeared to reign amongst them. The effect which the sudden transition from daylight to torchlight had upon me, was, I recollect, striking; and so was the joyousness of the scene. I had no doubt as to the company I had fallen among, but I began to doubt the accuracy of Von Duddle's taste, or the sincerity of his axioms, when I saw infinitely more gaiety, and revelry, and conviviality amongst the robbers against whom he was constantly warring, than I had ever beheld under his own roof.

I was introduced to the party as a new acquaintance, and extremely well received. The women were very good-natured indeed, and I was treated to nice bits of the dishes, for which I was extremely grateful, considering that my appetite was unmitigated. Sharpened by my





Emperor-hunt, and my subsequent adventures, it was quite in a condition to receive all that could be given ; and moreover, on seeing the plight in which my lower garments were, from my accident in the mud, one of the fair ones volunteered to get me a change of clothing, which I put on gratefully. However, a few weeks afterwards, I ascertained that the drapery had belonged to a boy of the name of Luigi, who died about three days before my arrival ; and whose name, repeated by my friend to the other two, in the wood, acted as a charm in my favour, as indicating in one word, that I was destined to succeed to his duties and drudgeries :—when I had made this discovery, I did not feel quite so grateful for the “ fit ” as perhaps I ought.

After eating, and drinking some much better wine than any I had ever tasted at Von Duddle’s, I became sleepy, and exhibited signs of a desire to go to bed. One of the ladies undertook the office of showing me to my dormitory, and treated me with the greatest kindness. She was very good to me, and if it had not been for the recollection of Bertha, I could have been

very happy where I was ; for the novelty of the scene itself, was enough to please so young a mind as mine. “Tired nature,” however, gave me a sound sleep, except that now and then I found myself dreaming of my dear Bertha Von Doddle.

Little, however, did I expect what was to happen to me the next day—and the next. Little did I comprehend that the kindness of the good young lady who put me to bed, was intended to conciliate my regards for the females of the “gang”—ay, that is the word—generally, with whom I was destined to live for the future. When I awoke, and got up, my specific duties were pointed out as successor to Luigi. I was to boil the kettle—turn the spit—scour the pots—keep the covers nice and tidy—and while the men were out pursuing their professed avocations, to take my share of work with my female fellow-servants. Ah ! Gil Blas again came into my mind ; but as I knew Gil Blas had been in a robber’s cave, I did not venture to hint at my recollections to my fair companions, lest it might not be quite genteel to

assimilate the pursuits of the "present company," with those of the hero of Don Gusman Alfarache.

There can be no advantage in recapitulating the proceedings of seven months which I passed in this place, where one day was exactly "ditto" to the one preceding it. My hours of duty of sweeping, washing, roasting, eating, drinking, and sleeping went on ; until, so completely are we creatures of habit, especially when one finds that exchange is almost impossible, I began at last to think less of poor dear Bertha, and to think Helen—a great fine large woman—who, as I said before, was very good to me, a charming creature. But she paid no attention to my civilities, and the only she thing that seemed to care for me, was an old being who was rather pleased with me, and whom they called Bagga ; her real name being Sala Baga, a half black, and less than half human creature of some seventy years old.

Seven months, then, had I been in this place ; but without a hope—without a chance of escape—so I made the best of it, did all I was bid to

do, and not only obeyed my mistresses, but was joyous with the male guardians of the cave; for it should be remarked, that, whenever the main body of robbers was out, there were always two or three left at home as a reserve. Luckily, one day, the two guardians, finding the peace establishment dull, were pleased to dissipate, in a game of sequin hazard, and a bottle of the best wine the "Cave" afforded; the women—that is to say, the two effectives—had gone to the brook, either to bathe, or wash linen, with neither of which pursuits I had any thing to do, and Bagga was fast asleep.

I watched the gamblers with intense interest, until I found that they had begun to nod over their second bottle; and as they were playing for what is called love—which I soon found out in gaming means nothing—they, too, became equally somniferous with Old Bagga.

Did I lose a moment?—not I. The instant I saw the two dicers so perfectly *tête-à-tête* that their heads fell together over the table, either of them taking the other for the side of the cave, up I sprang, rushed along the passage, and



found myself clear of my prison—free—in the light—in the air! Not but I had been frequently taken by Old Bagga into a dell to which another part of the cave opened, and in which was the spring whence we got all our water. But, when I *did* get there, which way was I to turn to get out of the forest? I knew nothing about it, nor, as it turned out, did it much signify; for I had not consumed five minutes in considering what I should do, before the tramp of horses' feet induced me to take to my heels faster back into the cavern than I had even darted out of it. It was *my* friend and *his* friends returning from an expedition; and, as I calculated that my appearance above ground would induce them to be more severe with me when they got me below it, I hurried as quickly as I could to my old position, where I found both my friends, whom I had left relying upon each other for support, prostrate upon the ground, with the table upset between them; at which I was rather grieved, inasmuch as it struck me I might be blamed for not taking better care of the economy of the "*Salon*."

In came the gentlemen ; and the old history of littering down the horses, summoning the ladies, ordering something to eat and drink, and depositing or dividing into shares whatever might have been the spoils of the night, took place ; and again went on the same scene of revelry.

I was very young, but I wondered why they had not more ladies of the party. I thought to myself, if my black-eyed Bertha had been there I could have been as happy as the day was long—and the night too—but there seemed no love amongst these people, except at play—it was all riot and noise, and the affection of the two ladies for the twenty gentlemen seemed general, and very unlike the comfortable doveliness of Mr. and Mrs. Von Doddle.

Well, to cut the matter short ; in this cave, with this party, I remained two years and fourteen days. Bagga died—poor old thing—and, although I hated her while alive—she was the first human being I had ever seen a corpse—when I looked at her, stretched out stiff and pale, and saw those lips closed for ever, with

which she used to talk to me till I almost wished her dead, I would have given my right hand to hear one single word from them. The moment I beheld her helpless, motionless, unconscious—and, oh! so cold she was—I felt that I had behaved ill to her—that she *did* care for me, and *had been* kind to me.

We could make no coffin for her—the women sewed her up in her sheet, and she was laid in a hole, called a grave, which they dug in the dell. There was no prayer said over her—it would have been a mockery there. I confess I *did* cry throughout that night, although I was then sixteen years old and more.—Poor old Bagga!

It may seem strange to some, that a very young man should have been so deeply affected by the loss of a very old woman; but such, as I have already said, is the force of habit, that I positively pined after her; besides which, I was kept more strictly after I lost her. Whether the reserve who remained at home, had received any hint as to my attempted flight, or whether they fancied they saw a restlessness in my manner,

which had not previously exhibited itself, I know not ; all I *do* know is, that my tether was considerably shortened ; and, in fact, I became quite a close prisoner.

The longest day will have an end ; and, on the fifteenth morning of the third year of my inhuman inhumation, I was preparing an uncommonly nice mess for dinner (aided by Helen), a tempting olio of fowls, and onions, and sweet herbs, with all sorts of tempting sauces, when my ears were saluted by the sharp, twanging reports of five or six carbines, followed by a rush into the cave of eight or ten of the body, one of whom was bleeding at the breast ; a cry followed, and a heavy trap-door, which covered the entrance to the cave was lowered, by which, for the time, the inmates were saved.

“ We are betrayed, Helen,” said one of the party ; “ the thicket is surrounded by soldiers. We must try and escape by the dell. Seven are gone—dead—flat on their backs. There is no time to be lost—if they are not aware of the other opening, we may yet be spared.”

Helen, heroine as she was, let go the huge kettle, in filling which with savoury eatables she had been so assiduously employed, and rushed towards the other entrance of the cave ; the other lady belonging to us was speedily alarmed, and also betook herself to flight. A sudden explosion of gunpowder followed this step, by which the heavy trap-door above was shivered to pieces ; and, as I heard the footsteps of the invaders rapidly approach, I took advantage of my nimbleness and slimness, and leaping up over what served as a fireplace, jammed myself into the cranny, which, when the fire was lighted, did duty for a chimney.

It was not one moment too soon. The troops, in two minutes afterwards, occupied the cavern, and a rigorous search took place, but the survivors in the conflict above had escaped ; some remarks upon the excellence of the *cuisine*, made as the officer of the party looked at the prepared dinner, led him to the hearth ; and all I feared was, that, being tempted by its appearance and flavour, upon which I piqued myself, they would, perhaps, have lighted a fire for the purpose of

trying its merits—a circumstance which must inevitably have brought me out of my hiding-place.

They, however, were soldiers, and too deeply intent upon the strict performance of their duty to care for any thing else ; but my horror was by no means insignificant, when I heard the officer give directions for securing both entrances of the cave till the morning, when the legal authorities would repair to the spot, and make search for the vast accumulation of stolen property which it was supposed to contain.

The idea of being shut up in this dismal place by myself all night, only to be apprehended as a thief in the morning, was more than I could bear. Judge, therefore, my relief, when I heard the same officer order down all the men to the other end of the cave, where, he said, he apprehended some resistance, since, as they had defeated the robbers at the upper entrance, there could be no necessity for leaving any guard there.

I was too young to know much of military tactics, but it showed me, that the officer's

regard for his own personal security led him, upon this occasion, to take a somewhat injurious step in withdrawing all his men from the upper entrance—however, he did so—and it was not more than ten minutes after the last soldier had left the cavern by the dell side, that I quitted my hiding-place, and ran, for the second time since my confinement, up the strait passage, which led to the copse.

The first thing I saw was the body of *my* friend—my original patron in the society—with a terrible wound through the middle of his face. I recognised one or two others, but did not dare to look on death in such hideous shapes. I took to my heels as fast as I could, not knowing what I did, until I reached a tuft of trees, under which lay a heap of leaves, wherewith I covered myself, resolved to wait where I was until the military had taken their departure from the neighbourhood.

I was not wrong in my determination, for I had accidentally taken the very *route* which the soldiers were also to take on their return to the town where they were quartered, and which I

felt perfectly convinced was the town, of all others, that I desired to see, and where the dear Von Doddles were located; but at my time of life, having been immured from the world for upwards of two years, I could not decide whether I ought or ought not to give myself up to the officer, and tell my own story—which latter I now see would have been the thing to do—and therefore lay *perdu* as they passed me, having in the midst of them five of my intimate friends, with their hands tied behind them, and Helen and her fair companion tied together.

It was not very long after this that I shook off the leaves, and followed, as I thought, the track through the forest by which the troops had left it. However, I certainly missed that particular path, and, bearing away more to the right, found the forest get less thick and dark, until, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, I reached a high-road. I looked round, but saw no object that I recognized. It was in a valley, and I could discern nothing which indicated to me the course I should pursue, and I determined, being, moreover, a little tired, to sit



myself down on a stone by the road-side, and wait until somebody should come by, of whom I might inquire the nearest way to my native town, and to the house of the dear Mr. and Mrs., and Miss—Von Doddle.

I waited—and watched—but it seemed a dull part of the country, and nobody came ; until, at last, I saw approaching two caravans full of wild beasts and birds, driven by a huge black man in a pair of crimson short breeches, spangled theatrically, without stockings, and having a long brown great-coat over his gay costume ; he being armed with a long whip, and walking by the side of his moving menagerie.

Whango Jang—for such I found to be his name—looked at me as he approached. I rose from the stone upon which I was seated, and asked him, in the most plaintive voice, if he could tell me the way to Mr. Von Doddle's.

“ Von Doddle !” said the black. “ What, the protestant clergyman ?”

“ Yes,” said I.

“ Get upon this first cart, my boy,” said he,

“ and I will set you down at his door before supper-time.”

“ Thank you,” said I. “ I promise you he will reward you for your trouble.”

The black man smiled, and showed his great white teeth. Up I got, and in less than five minutes began to think of Bertha, casting into the deep shade of a long perspective the cave and all its horrors, my protracted captivity, and every thing else ; never thinking to myself that, as I must have been accounted dead, Bertha might probably have got married. That never occurred to me—and on I went, watching every glade and every tuft of trees, in hopes of seeing amidst them the roof of my dear pastor, and almost parent’s house. But no !—on we went. The black man sang, and his beasts roared ; but the sun began to decline, and no Von Doddle. After a good long drag, we stopped at a very small and very bad inn ; but to me, unused to travelling, and young enough to care for nothing, it seemed snug, although the rooms were dark, and by no means delicately clean.

“ When shall we reach home ? ” said I to the black man.

“ Not to-night, I fear, ” said the black man to me. “ One of my horses has fallen lame, and we shall be obliged to sleep here. To-morrow, you will be snug at Mr. Von Doddle’s. ”

Now although I had passed one-seventh of my life in the society of the greatest villains on or under the earth, I myself was as innocent as Bertha in all worldly matters, and if I had had any suspicions that Whango Jang was playing me false, the lessons which my excellent pastor had taught me, that every black I might meet with in the world, was my friend and brother, would have set my suspicions to sleep—but I *had* no suspicion, for why *should* he deceive me ? So when morning came I helped to clean the horses, (to which I had become pretty well accustomed), and get them harnessed all ready for a start. Start we did, and travel we did ; we stopped on the road to feed the beasts, and after them—ourselves. We were again in motion ; again “ the shepherd (to use the words of Dr. Zlippzlopp) drove home his flock, again the reapers quitted

the golden field, again the shadows lengthened, again the glorious sun dipped his bright beams in the western sea." But no red-tiled roof appeared ; another hour passed, and the black man and the tiger, and the lion, and the porcupine, and the ostrich, and the monkeys, with myself to boot, had passed the Neapolitan frontier. In one hour more, and when Whango Jang thought himself secure, he changed his manner towards me, and instead of speaking humbly and encouragingly, said,

" Now, you young vagabond, I have got you safe, you may thank your lucky stars I did not give you up to justice. Look at your jacket—where did you get *that*, but in the cave of some banditti—eh ? Is it not so ? You are a young thief."

" No," said I, " I am no thief—I have been forced to live with thieves."

" Ha, ha, ha," said Whango, " I thought I was right—and how long did you live among them ?"

" Two years and fourteen days," said I innocently.

“ Well,” said Whango, “ now look you : by your own confession I have your life in my hands ; especially after the murder of the Viceroy’s son by your particular friends ; at least if I may judge of the place where I picked you up ; but if you behave well, and do as I bid you, I shall say nothing about it. *My* boy who used to look after my tiger affronted him, last week, and the tiger killed him—I want just such a fellow as you to take his place.”

“ To be killed,” said I, “ to please the tiger !”

“ No,” said my sable patron, “ not so ; I will take care of the tiger myself, you must look after my ostrich—you need not be afraid of a bird ; are you content ? if not, I shall hand you over to the officers of justice.”

I did not like to affront the black man—I did not like to be handed over to the officers of justice, and I did not mind taking care of a bird, provided that I might, by patient suffering for a certain time, lull the suspicions of Whango, and so eventually get out of his clutches. I therefore professed my readiness to do his bidding, not altogether prepared for one

circumstance, which certainly did not transpire in the early part of the negotiation, namely, that I was to be locked up every night in company with my charge; a precaution, for which, as I have since found out, Whango Jang had a double reason. The one founded on the fear of my running away from him, and the other on the apprehension that if I went about, even without the intention of eloping, my story might get wind, and he become amenable to the laws for his abduction of me; so that while *he* was trembling lest I should quit him, *I* was trembling lest he should make good his charge against me of having voluntarily joined a band of robbers. To invalidate these statements I could by no possibility adduce a single witness. It will scarcely be believed that under the influence of our varied feelings, Whango Jang remained my master, and I little better than his slave, for more than a year and a half, in fact till I was just eighteen; during which period I had, in addition to the care of the ostrich, the occupation of stirring up the beasts with a long pole whenever we were in a town where they were exhibited. As for the

ostrich, it loved me, would run after me playfully, and at last Whango Jang having found that I could make it dance by dancing about before it, with the skirts of my jacket up, I had to perform that feat some twenty times every day.

We traversed the greater part of Germany, zig-zagging about, in order to make the tour more profitable, and I suppose, since as the proverb says "use is second nature," that I should have been to this moment a bird-keeper if I had not been, fortunately for myself, seized with a fit of zoological inquisitiveness which shortly put an end to my career in that line.

One day our porcupine died—and Whango, lamenting over his loss, was collecting its quills, of which he hoped to make something in the way of curiosity, when we fell into discourse as to the power which that animal has of darting those quills at an enemy, which Whango declared he had never seen it do ; and so from one thing we got talking of another, and when I was going to my den—literally—I said to myself, "I wonder whether the story of the ostrich being able to digest iron is fabulous too." Where-

upon, the opportunity being excitingly at hand, I resolved upon trying the experiment ; and accordingly, instead of its ordinary supper, I administered to my pet, the key of the kitchen door, which was hanging up close by, and two or three smooth-edged stones which I picked up in the yard. The bird, which was more than usually hungry, made no scruple of swallowing the whole collection, in addition to its ordinary food ; after which, I was, as usual, locked into my retreat, and in due time fell fast asleep.

It was with infinite satisfaction I found in the morning that the ostrich, although not so lively as heretofore, was looking well after its night's repast ; and so perfectly satisfied with it, that it declined its usual breakfast ; a circumstance which I intended to turn to account in getting into the good graces of my master, by announcing to him the great saving in provisions which my proficiency in natural history was likely to ensure him ; and when we began our move for the day, every minute seemed an hour, until I could open to him the valuable secret of my success.

About noon we arrived in a valley, formed by



the mountains of Hartzburg, when we called a halt, and Whango having drawn up the caravans under a large tree, we ate some cold meat and bread, and drank some very light wine, and then, being tired, he laid himself down to sleep, giving me strict orders to be watchful and wake him on the appearance of any travellers. Scarcely, however, had he settled himself comfortably when he was suddenly alarmed by the screams of his ostrich, and the flapping of its wings against the sides of the caravan. He jumped up, and opening the door of the cage, beheld the unhappy bird lying on its back in the greatest agony. It gave one last look at Whango and—died.

Never shall I forget the expression of Whango's countenance—a black man turning almost white with anger is a fearful sight. I presume my looks betrayed my feelings; for, seizing me by the collar, and anathematizing me in the coarsest terms, he insisted upon knowing what I had been doing to his treasure—his ostrich—his bird of birds, the like was nowhere to be found upon earth.

I shook myself out of his grasp, and falling on my knees, told him the whole truth as related to the experiment I had made. Whereupon he seized, what he called in his *menagerie*, the “taming whip,” and began to belabour me over the head and shoulders as if I had been a refractory tiger; the which correction, much as I might have deserved it, I could not stand: whereupon I made a start, and taking to my heels, ran as hard as I could from the scene of my mishap, perfectly assured that Whango Jang dare not run after me, and leave his beasts—for bird he now had none—by themselves, and equally satisfied that fifteen stone of sable mortality was not likely to come up with somewhat about half the weight of youthful elasticity. In vain did the big black man call to me—beckon to me—assure me I was forgiven—that nothing more should be said about the bird.—No, no; I had seen what his temper *could* be, I had felt the lash of his “taming whip,” and on I ran, leaving him, panting and blowing as he was, to pack up his dead ostrich and travel by himself.

I confess I was very sorry for the poor bird,

yet, nevertheless, the result of the experiment was perfectly satisfactory, as exhibiting the fallacy of a generally-received vulgar error.

In my present state, aware exactly that Whango could journey only on the high-roads, I struck off into a forest, which lay on my right hand ; not without an instinctive apprehension of being clawed up by some new robber, who might consign me again to mother earth before my time. . However, I proceeded cautiously, having now plenty of time upon my hands, in hopes, if I could, of penetrating the wood, and getting out upon some other road, which I surmised might be on the other side of it. But in the midst of my cogitations and projects, I was overtaken by a tremendous storm of rain and hail, which came pattering down amongst the leaves like small shot. Wind, flashes of lightning, accompanied with terrific claps of thunder, soon added their appalling influence in this attack of the elements, and by the same code of philosophy to which the ostrich was indebted for its death, having learned that nothing is more

dangerous than remaining under lofty trees during a thunder-storm, I was delighted to find myself at the edge of the wood, although I was absolutely saturated by the rain, which poured down in torrents. Judge what was my delight at seeing a small cottage on the wood's side, within fifty yards of me. I ran towards it as fast as I could, and found easy admittance, inasmuch as the door was open, and I observed a gentlemanly-looking man, in a shooting-jacket, with two dogs at his feet, assiduously shaking off the wet from his clothes and his hat ; while an old woman, apparently by his direction, was kindling a fire, summer as it was, for the purpose of drying him.

The gentleman was evidently startled at my appearance, as a stranger in so wild and unfrequented a country ; but seeing, I suppose, that I did not look very guilty or very wicked, he asked me what brought me there, in a tone which implied, as I thought, that he was disposed to be kind to me. So I told him the truth—that is as far as my natural experiment upon

the ostrich, and my escape from Whango Jang went, sinking of course, the history of the cave and the robbers.

As I anticipated, the gentleman behaved with the greatest good-nature; he gave me some brandy from the bottle which he carried, and finding that I was really ignorant of the locality into which I had fallen, told me if I chose to follow him to his house some three miles off, he would see what he could do for me. I was enraptured at his offer, and kissed his hand in token of my gratitude.

As we walked towards his residence, he never exchanged a syllable with me. He talked to his dogs, who jumped about him in playful acknowledgment of his attentions; nor did I feel myself much cheered during our progress, until I saw smoke issuing from three or four goodly chimneys, from amongst a clump of lofty trees. A few minutes more brought us to his gate. We entered the court-yard, where there were plenty of servants, and plenty more dogs. He spoke to his men, and encouraged his hounds, and then told me to follow him to his own room.

I did so, and entered a large, oak-panelled kind of parlour, ornamented with the horns of numerous stags, which had been killed during the last half-century. A very few books lay huddled together upon one small table, while on a larger one, near the middle of the room, was laid a cloth covered with all the preparations for a substantial meal, such as I had not seen for many months.

We were received exceedingly well by a lady, whom I afterwards discovered to be the housekeeper, and two boys of fifteen and sixteen, who struck me very much to resemble the said housekeeper's master. One helped him off with his wet boots, another brought him a comfortable loose woollen gown ; his pipe was handed to him, and he threw himself upon a sofa, and smoked while the dinner was getting ready.

"Well," said the worthy gentleman to me, "come here. You have interested me about you ; if what you have told me is true, I will see what I can do for you. I am the superintendent of the mines here. I may be of use—  
—but your history must begin much earlier than

the period at which you joined the showman—what is your name !”

“ My name, sir,” said I, “ is Widdlezig, of Zizzlestein.”

“ What !” cried mine host, dropping his pipe, and jumping from the sofa, “ Widdlezig ! who ran away from the house of Mr. Von Doddle, in Naples ?”

“ I am he !” said I, astonished to find any body who knew, and seemed so much interested about me, “ but I did *not* run away.”

I cannot express the warmth of manner in which the superintendent seized me by the hand, and pressed it to his heart ; he seemed quite overcome ; he caught me to his heart, and almost sobbed aloud.

“ This is most extraordinary—it seems incredible—are you indeed—the boy Widdlezig—can it be—tell me, my dear young man, what can have brought you hither so far from Italy ?”

Whereupon, having no duplicity in my nature, nor any reason for reserve, I related the whole of my history from the time of my capture by the robbers to the present day.

“Then,” said the superintendent of the mines, “you must know that I was the most intimate friend of your revered father and your charming mother. I am the Count Waggenheim, of whom I dare say you have heard, while under the care of the exemplary Von Duddle. I travelled with your esteemed parents, and only four years ago, heard from your dear mother that you had ran away from that admirable man, and that in spite of all inquiries you had never been heard of.”

This was indeed the Count Waggenheim, who nearly nineteen years before, shared the affections of my beautiful mother with her beautiful poodle, and who, after his return from that very tour, had been appointed to the office which he now held. A change of habit seemed to have suited him; for the duties of his vocation he had given up what is called the gay world, and associating with sportsmen and the miners themselves, had formed new connections and entered into pursuits which, as he advanced in years, seemed to agree with him admirably.

He had not married—but as I have just said he had a housekeeper called Caroline—a very



handsome woman, who it seems had attracted his attention by her misfortunes, and eventually induced him to take her and her two orphans—their father having died somewhere abroad—into his establishment; which orphans, as I remarked the moment I saw them, were by one of those odd coincidences which will sometimes occur, as like the Baron Waggenheim himself as possible.

All these explanations between me and the Baron were made before a most excellent dinner was put down on the table—when that was done, Caroline seated herself at the board, as was her usual custom, so did her orphans; but when she saw that the Baron took the greatest notice of me, placed me at his right hand, and helped me first to all the nice bits, she grew as I thought rather sulky and silent, nor was her temper at all sweetened by a remark of mine host, that he really thought he perceived a likeness between me and her two boys.

In the course of the evening we had a most interesting conversation. I found that my mother, whom I of course did not remember,

had been dead about eighteen months, having survived my father for more than ten years; that upon her death it appeared that my paternal estate was so deeply involved, that the relatives of both parties had relinquished all claim to it, and that I being supposed dead, the whole of the property had been sold for the benefit of the creditors. So there was an end of all my bright prospects—there, too, was an end of the hope I had always cherished of offering my hand to Bertha, who had my heart already in her keeping; and although delighted to have found an asylum, the happiness I should otherwise have felt was embittered by the reflection that I dare not venture to make my feelings known to the amiable daughter of the respectable Von Duddle.

Well, I must be brief. The Baron declared himself my personal friend—Caroline, the housekeeper, began to scowl and thwart me in every possible way—the boys avoided me, and when the Baron gave me an appointment under him, and put me into possession of numerous books tending to enlighten me in the science of mineralogy, I could not but see that they were labour-

ing under the most signal and serious envy and jealousy ; nevertheless I studied hard and laboured much, and at the end of six months had attained a knowledge of my *métier* which delighted the Baron, gained me the respect of the workmen, and even astonished myself.

I began to feel happy—but still my happiness had the one alloy—where was Bertha ? when should I be rich enough to address her in the strain of a lover worthy of her hand ? Over and over again, did I sit down to write to her father, and as often drop the pen ;—why should I take advantage of any influence I might fancy I possessed over her, to draw her away from her happy, peaceful home, into the troubles of the world, rendered only comfortable to me by the benevolence of the Baron, who might be taken from it any day. What *then* should I have to trust to ? Even *now* I should, except for the trifling salary which I received from the Baron, be a beggar ! So I resolved to go on hoping in silence.

But I was not destined even to so much comfort as that. The malicious, malignant Caro-

line and her imps strengthened in their hatred and detestation of me exactly in proportion as the kindness of the baron increased. Until at last, one day, I was recounting at dinner a conversation which I had had with two of the miners, who assured me that one of the goblins—of whom there are crowds on the Hartz Mountains—had been into the mine the night before, and destroyed all that they had been doing for the three previous days. I said that I had laughed at the notion, and that the men were quite shocked at my impiety.

To my utter astonishment, Caroline, whose influence over the Baron was very great, burst into tears and left the room, followed by her hopeful orphans ; nor was I less surprised when the Baron himself, looking extremely grave, said that it was a serious thing to endeavour to combat the prejudices of the miners, and that a belief in the existence of those unearthly beings was so strongly impressed upon their minds, that to disregard them was looked upon as a proof of infidelity certain to be provocative of the most serious calamities.

I wondered—and should have remonstrated, but the woman returned, and announced that the miners were all assembled to declare that they could not venture into the mines while the unbelieving overseer remained ;—nay, added she, addressing the Baron, “ already have the effects of this outrage been made manifest—your fleetest hunter is gone, although the stable-door was locked, and your favourite dog Carlo is dead.”

Imagining myself perfectly able to account for these disasters without the intervention of magic, and not believing that my most excellent friend the Baron could possibly lend himself to such absurdities, I started up to defend my conduct and deny, of course, the existence of such supernatural beings.

“ Widdlezig,” said the Baron, with a gravity which, if it had not promised exceedingly disagreeable results would really have been too comical to endure, “ you are in error, I tell you. It would be ruinous to endeavour to meddle with the prejudices of the worthy men who work in these mountains. They believe that a goblin has had dominion here, for nearly a thousand

years; nor can I," added he with a portentous shake of his head, "myself affect to disbelieve its existence. Hundreds of persons during that period have felt its influence. It is under the favour of these inexplicable beings our mines prosper; it is in the fear of these mysterious creatures that our miners work."

"Why," said I, laughingly, "do you mean to say that they believe in ghosts?"

"Say!" said the housekeeper, "Baron, Baron, this young man is an atheist—"

"Leave us," said the Baron to the housekeeper.—She went. "This," continued he, "is a very serious affair; between ourselves, I have no great faith in these goblins, but all these men have. It is clear you have wounded their feelings—you must go—I know them. Nothing but your dismissal will tranquillize them. I must announce your removal—stay here till I return."

This was a pretty affair!—Here was I, who had been confined for more than two years in a robber's cave for trying to catch a butterfly—horsewhipped by a black for a philosophical experiment on an ostrich—now to be turned adrift

out of house and home because I had the obstinacy not to believe in ghosts. "Well," said I, "what a world this is !"

I stayed of course as I was bidden. I listened; and after hearing a confused noise arising from the subdued murmuring of a number of persons, distinguished the sound of a single voice speaking somewhat authoritatively. When that had ceased, shouts rent the air, and the whole body of miners marched off, singing one of their popular songs, which never sounded so inharmonious to me as upon that particular occasion.

The Baron returned, and although visibly much affected, told me that, as he had foreseen, he had been obliged to promise the miners that I should be forthwith dismissed, and never again appear amongst them. "But," said he, "I tell you what I will do, I will give you a letter to an excellent friend of mine, no less a person than Prince Felderstein, whose territories, it is true, are not large, but whose spirit is noble, and whose liberality is unbounded—as far as his means permit. He is fond of the arts, and of science in all its branches, and encourages all sorts of accomplishments. I am sure, with the

qualities which you possess, you will make yourself acceptable to him ; and, considering the precarious state of your finances, you must contrive to gain his favour. I have suggested his giving you any suitable appointment in his household, and you must not be too proud to accept of it, let it be what it may. The total ruin of your family estate—small as it originally was—will fully justify your humility in the eyes of the world ; but here you must not stay.”

After this speech, which he delivered with great feeling and energy, he presented me with the amount of my last half-year’s pay in his service, and a letter to the Prince, advising me to be clear of the neighbourhood before the workmen were stirring, or he would not answer for the consequences. Accordingly I took an affectionate leave of him, and was quite astonished at his agitation when we parted.

In the morning I was off before breakfast, convinced, in my own mind, that the only goblin in the mines was the housekeeper—a conviction in which I was considerably strengthened, by seeing her, as I crossed the courtyard, grinning exultingly at one of the windows,



with one of her brutes of brats on either side of her.

I need hardly say that I lost no time in proceeding to the court of Prince Felderstein. I hired a horse to carry me to the inn in the capital of his principality (which was but fifteen miles square), and having been properly imbued with a sense of my own humble circumstances, carried all my wardrobe in a leathern portmanteau fastened on the front of my saddle. Wonderful to relate, nothing happened to me of any importance on my way, and I arrived at my destination late in the second evening of my journey.

At that period of my life I had never seen a prince, not at least that I could recollect, and I was proportionably nervous; but as it was late when I reached the sign of the Goldenne Sonne, I resolved to have some supper, and sleep there, deferring my visit to the palace till the morning, nevertheless letting it be understood by the people of the house that I was an accredited visitor to the court.

I was exceedingly well treated and well served, had a capital bed, and the most assiduous attend-

ance, and heard the most unqualified praises of his Highness, who was pronounced to be the most admirable, generous, amiable, excellent prince in all Christendom ; which report greatly encouraged me in my proceedings.

Accordingly, about eleven o'clock, with my heart palpitating and my knees shaking, I repaired to the palace, which compared with the bettermost houses in Naples, still strong in my memory, did not strike me as awfully grand. I advanced to the entrance, where I was stopped ; and mentioning to an extremely civil soldier-like man that I had a letter for his Highness, he said something which I did not exactly understand, and bade me go through a doorway on the left, which led into a long passage, into which several other doors opened—at which of these doors I was to knock, or through which I was to go further, I knew not—so I stood still, looking very like a fool, until presently, a gaily dressed officer passed along the passage, who, seeing my embarrassment, inquired what I wanted. To him I explained that I came from Baron Waggenheim, and had a letter to the Prince.

To my great delight, he showed me into one of the rooms in which, I presume, it was at first intended I should wait, and, taking my letter from me, told me he should be back in a few minutes. There, of course, I was planted. I had nothing to do, but to stop till he returned—and wait I did. I heard the palace-clock chime and strike, and strike and chime, half-hour after half-hour and hour after hour. During this suspense, one or two persons belonging to the establishment opened the door of the room, and looked in; at last one entered it, and unlocked a sort of cupboard, and took out a book and went away—all of which proceedings I was vain enough to imagine had some sort of reference to my recommendation to his Highness, but I was mistaken; for, after waiting nearly four hours, a servant, in a splendid livery, made his appearance. He began to lay a cloth for dinner, evidently for three persons—this looked well—I felt that the Baron's letter had had its effect, and I was about to become an inmate of the palace at once. Here I was again in error; for, after the servant had taken the initiative

with regard to the cloth, and the forks, and the spoons, one of the persons, who, in the early part of my stay had looked into the room, re-entered, and asked me what it was I pleased to want.

At the moment, knowing very little of the world, and not a great deal of the language of the principality, I thought he meant to enquire what I should like for dinner ; but, as his manner seemed to negative any such civil invitation, I told him that I had brought a letter from Baron Waggenheim to his Highness, and that an officer of the court had taken it from me to the Prince.

“ His Highness has been out these two hours,” said the man, “ you can have no answer to-day ; and this room is wanted, for the dinner of the equerries in waiting.”

“ Then,” said I, feeling a little of my family blood mounting, “ when *can* I see the Prince ?”

“ See his Highness !” said the man, smiling. “ Upon my word, I don’t know ; but you had better come here to-morrow morning, or leave word where you are staying in town,”—town

sounded well,—there were in it but twenty-two houses besides the *Goldene Sonne*,—"and you will be sent for, when your presence is required."

I certainly had never been in a palace before, but it is quite impossible to describe the "tail-between-leggishness" which I felt as I retraced my steps along the passages, and had to cross the hall, where were porters, and pages, and guards, all of whom, as I felt it, seemed to be saying, or at least thinking to themselves, "who the deuce are *you*?"

When I got back to "mine inn," I resolved not to face the difficulty again; who the gentleman with the embroidery, who had taken my letter, might be, or what his functions, I knew not; no more did I know whether I should ever hear any more about it. I stayed at home all day—dined as before, and was well treated—slept as before, and rested well; but I began to despair of success in my courtly mission, when, on the third morning after breakfast, the very officer, whom I had seen, appeared in the front of the "*Goldene Sonne*," on a snorting, pawing

horse, followed by an orderly. He dismounted—I heard my name mentioned—I saw the melting devotion of my landlady to the embroidery, and was quite delighted when it was ushered into my little sitting-room.

The object of the visit was to invite me to an audience of his Highness before he went out for his accustomed ride. I had, of course, nothing to do but to obey the command, and accordingly proceeded to the palace at the appointed time; and, without any of the difficulties which had two days before impeded my progress, found myself, speedily after my arrival, in the presence.

I never was more delighted in my life than with the reception which his Highness gave me; instead of all the pride and formality that I had anticipated, I found the Prince graceful, gay, and infinitely less stiff in his manner than his menial who two days before had ordered me out of the equerries' dining-room. He spoke to me of the Baron, seemed perfectly acquainted with my family, and all the circumstances connected with it, and was graciously pleased to inform me that my mother's extravagance had completely ruined

my father, and that she had excited the greatest disgust after his death, by an affectation of grief and respect for his memory, when it was notorious to every body, that she had hated and ridiculed him during his life, and had been the cause of all his misfortunes.

His Highness, indeed, was so communicative that I felt my cheeks tingle—but *that* he did not see—he, however, told me, that I had arrived at a favourable moment, for he had an office in his household vacant, which he thought might be acceptable to me—the rangership of his Highness's parks. I was startled at the importance of the post, and was but too happy to accept it with gratitude. The Baron had, it appears, partly in earnest and partly, I presume, in jest, communicated to the Prince the fact of my having a great love for natural history, which passion, as his Highness's parks were famous for being stocked with the rarest animals of all countries and of all descriptions, would render the situation particularly agreeable to *me*, while my attainments and love of the pursuit might make me a valuable officer to his Highness.

His Highness having signified his pleasure upon this point, referred me to the comptroller of the household for all further particulars, and I bowed myself out. The comptroller followed me, and I went to his room, when I was made acquainted with the amount of my salary and the advantages of apartments in the palace, and a cover at one of the tables in the establishment. No sooner said than done—the keepers were sent for, and ordered to show me round the domain and explain the particular points to which my attention would necessarily be called. I fixed the next morning for the expedition, and trembled at the responsibility I had incurred.

When the morning came, I repaired to the palace, and found my subordinates in waiting. I inquired if there were a horse ready for me ; whereupon my subordinates smiled, as if such an animal were not absolutely necessary to my visitation, and so it turned out ; his Highness's park was not much more than a mile and a half in circumference, but it was beautifully kept, and as I had been previously told, adorned by numerous



curious animals, who consorted amicably together. I felt that I should take a pride in maintaining it in all its beauty, and thanked my stars that I had found such a retreat from the cares of the world ; moreover, as time wore on, and I began to make friends with my companions at the palace, I found my position growing every day more and more agreeable.

His Highness very frequently would ride round the park, attended only by myself, and taking the Baron's hint, I had "read up" for my duty, and had already attained sufficient knowledge to please the Prince, and convince him that I knew something.

Of all the objects in his collection two beautiful Spanish sheep were his especial favourites—never did Prince more prize animals than those—the *Toison d'or* itself would scarcely have repaired their loss, and he never rode in the park without going to see them, and never left them without talking to them for half an hour, and talking of them for an hour afterwards. It was, of course, my great object to attend to the comfort of these Spaniards, and to see them

well tended and taken care of—and my assiduity, I had reason to know, was highly approved of; for at a grand birthday ball, when I had the honour to be present in my handsome uniform of office, and not looking as ill became a Widdlezig, his Highness presented me to the Countess Von Friedburg, who was a very great lady at court, and who deigned to bestow upon me a smile of gracious approbation. Encouraged by these flattering testimonials of royal consideration, my attentions to the animals outside were redoubled. The Spanish sheep had never before looked so well—the other animals thrived prodigiously, and I began to consider, as it was clear that I was fixed for life in my office, when I should have accumulated a sufficient sum to make my projected offer to Bertha.

But, mark !

One day I was going my rounds, seeing that all was right (and my duty had become a pleasure to me), when just by the side of a very pretty summer-house-kind of pavilion, and directly at the back of some thick shrubs, I perceived that a large hole had been made in the wall of the

park. It immediately struck me that it was the prelude to a robbery, and I started back with mingled surprise and delight, at having discovered the attempt. I instantly called as loud as I could, to one of the keepers whom I saw at a distance, in order to send for the stonemason to build it up, and so defeat the marauders, who no doubt had a design upon the Spanish sheep, or some other valuables ; but having ineffectually endeavoured to make the man hear, I was not a little surprised by seeing a little boy of what was called the town, jump through the hole, and touching his cap give me a note ; having delivered which, he jumped back again, and was out of sight in a moment.

I opened the missive of course, and read,

“ If Mr. Widdlezig wishes to keep his office, he will leave the park-wall as it is.

“ A FRIEND.”

There was something striking and ominous in this brief appeal ; but, as it was probably part of the design of the sheep-stealers, I was re-

solved, although I obeyed the injunction it contained, to watch the approach of the marauders, well armed ; and if my suspicions were confirmed, make them pay a severe penalty for their intrusion.

Accordingly I armed myself with my rifle, and without saying a word to any human being, took up a position which commanded the aperture, and remained in the silence and darkness of the evening to see what would happen.

I had not been long there, before the first object that met my eyes, by the light of a bright rising moon, was the beautiful Countess Von Friedburg attended by her maid, who proceeded to the pretty Pavilion-like summer-house, which I had before described. The maid then went to the hole in the wall, and in three minutes after, a remarkably smart officer of hussars stepped through. He was attended by a servant, who, as far as I could see, amused himself while his master was enjoying a little rational conversation with the Countess in the summer-house, by flirting with the Soubrette.

Seeing this, I let down the cock of my rifle, and stole away towards the palace, resolved never to meddle with a hole in the wall again. "Those who have made it may mend it," said I, "I am deucedly obliged to my unknown friend who gave me the hint."

But such was the slippery state of my footing at court, and such the ill-fortune that seemed to pursue me, when I was taking the most prudential course, that I was baffled and beaten even here. I went to sleep—perhaps I dreamed of the Countess de Friedburg—but of whatever I *did* dream, I did *not* dream of an infernal wolf which had been prowling about the neighbourhood, and which on that very night, of all others, made his way through the aperture, walked into the park, and as the deuce would have it, met on his first *entrée* the two Spanish sheep, which were taking a quiet walk, just as if one had been a Countess and the other a Hussar. The result of which *rencontre* was, that the wolf, who probably had never tasted Spanish mutton before, made no bones of demolishing them both, and subsequently retiring through

the aforesaid hole in the wall without the least let or hindrance.

Oh ! such a storm as the morning produced—such a rage as the Prince was in, when the Spanish sheep were missing !—How could it have happened—what caused it—did a wolf come in, or did the sheep get out ? Alas ! there was evidence enough on the spot where the sanguinary deed was done to prove the fact.

Summary proceedings were taken against me ; of course I dare not even hint at my reason for leaving the wall as I found it. I was charged with negligence, with carelessness, and with wilful misconduct, all in various ways, and amongst the most violent of my opponents was the Countess herself—this I thought hard ; but I have reason to think that I was not altogether unseen when I quitted my hiding-place.—She knew that I would suffer myself to be sacrificed, rather than betray her, and therefore she pressed the matter against me in order to get rid of a witness of her indiscretion. This added fuel to the flame which raged in the Prince's breast about his two diabolical Spanish sheep, and the

result was, that I was not only dismissed from my office, but actually sent to the prison of the principality.

What ticklish places courts are, and how little did I one week before, think what was going to happen to me !

It will scarcely be believed that I was confined in this prison, in a room about ten feet square, a bundle of straw for a bed, one chair without a back, and a three-legged table (one leg absent without leave), being all its furniture, for three weeks ; at the end of which period it happening to be the anniversary of the Prince's birth I was discharged, at the intercession I was told, of the Countess Von Friedburg, on condition that I quitted in three days his Highness's territory, which I could have walked across, in as many hours. This last mark of his Highness's lenity was extremely gratifying, and I did not stop to avail myself of his gracious permission to remove from them, one hour after I was liberated.

What was to be done !—I was again upon the world—my only friend was the Baron Waggen-

heim—Him I had offended by my disbelief in ghosts and goblins ; or rather his miners. Well, but surely, thought I, if I do not presume to meddle with the mines, or even show myself to the workmen, I may go to the house—to the house of one who has behaved so kindly, so generously, so liberally to me, and explain to *him* the cause of the total failure of all his kind exertions in my behalf. Besides, if it be necessary to believe in ghosts, I have no particular objection to become credulous to a sufficient extent to secure me his protection and support.

Accordingly I resolved to return to the Baron ; he could but send me away again ; and so, having now every reason for husbanding my resources, (I mean what money I had in hand,) I resolved to walk back, and having disposed of my trunk and other superfluities, I packed into a kind of small wallet the change of linen that I might require on my journey, and accordingly started from the Principality as poor as when I entered it.

I journeyed for four days on my return, and when I again approached the house of my kind



but superstitious friend, I felt I can scarcely explain how ; my sensations towards the Baron I could hardly define, but as I drew nearer and nearer to the domain, a thousand thoughts flashed into my mind, and all that the Prince, in the plenitude of his gracious condescension, had told me about my poor mother came full into my memory.

In thoughts naturally arising from such interesting subjects I was deeply involved, and scarcely knew which path I was taking, when I suddenly heard a cry of distress in the thicket on my right hand ; I did not know what it might be, but I knew I was a child of fortune, and that every turn of my life turned upon some sudden impulse ; so armed with nothing but the stick which served me as a support during my pedestrian tour, I dashed in amongst the underwood, and scrambling into an open space, which was near the centre of the copse, beheld the Baron Waggenheim on the ground, weltering in his blood ; while two assassins, armed with rifles and a dagger each, were on the point of achieving his murder.

I lost not an instant in flying upon them with my stick, and immediately disarmed the bigger one of the two, who took to his heels and fled as fast as he could ; the other showed fight, and levelled his piece at me, but I struck it upwards, and by still greater good fortune it missed fire, whereupon he followed the example of his companion. The reader may perhaps anticipate who the villains were. They were the two sons of the wretched woman who had driven me away, instigated by their mother to destroy the Baron, who had begun to evince his disgust at her conduct, and had consequently excited in her bosom the most implacable hatred.

Having driven off the miscreants I returned to the unfortunate Waggenheim, who was desperately wounded. He knew me, and said, raising himself with difficulty from the ground, “ You have saved my life ;—I never ceased repenting the day, on which, at the instigation of others, I drove you from me ; but I am happy, for I see you again before I die.”

I found that no time was to be lost. I lifted the Baron on my shoulders, and with great effort

and exertion got him to the house, where I had him laid on his bed ; Caroline being suffused in tears and exceedingly hysterical. I, however, under all the circumstances, took the liberty to order her to be shut up in one of the cellars ; being quite conscious that the unfortunate orphans would not have been engaged in their murderous business without her privity and concurrence.

I then sent off one of the servants for a surgeon, and gave the alarm to a body of dependents about the place, to search for the assassins, who to my great pleasure were so exceedingly silly or infatuated as to attempt to regain the house unobserved : this pleasure was greatly enhanced by seeing them soon after marched into the court-yard pinioned. I do not mean to describe the feelings I enjoyed when I beheld them kicked, cuffed, and spit upon by all the servants who had flocked to see them. The ungrateful wretches confessed that they were set on, by their mother, who, tired out by the length of the Baron's life, had secured a vast sum in gold and other valuables in a chest, with

which, the moment the master of the house could be got rid of, she intended to return to her native town.

In the sequel, Caroline was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, as were the young gentlemen, in different jails, the Baron himself having for natural reasons, interceded to save their lives.

The poor Baron, in spite of every exertion, sank rapidly. The active surgeon and the pious clergyman were unremitting in their attentions ; but all the efforts of the faculty were vain, and about eleven o'clock at night, the Baron, rallying his spirits a little, desired that I might be left alone with him—his wishes were of course obeyed.

I sat myself on the side of his bed ; when, laying his hand on mine, he said,

“ I cannot—must not quit this world, without opening my mind to you, since it has pleased Providence to place you here—if repentance can avail me at this moment, I do repent—but—the husband of your mother—you will anticipate me—I was young—thoughtless—as was

she—all his seeming friends deceived him—for-  
give me—YOU ARE MY SON ! ”

I threw myself into his arms, and felt myself pressed to his bosom—we both wept—bitterly. Soon after this trying scene he sent for a lawyer, and by his will declared me inheritor of all his estates and property.

It was the last act of his life. And when the morning dawned, I found myself the possessor of all his extensive estates, and a large sum of money in the bargain.

Having paid every attention and respect to my poor yet erring parent's memory, and attended his funeral, which was conducted in a suitable manner, I resolved upon instantly putting into execution the often thought of, and as often defeated design of writing to my old friend Von Doddle, and proposing myself for the gentle Bertha, without whom I was convinced I never could be happy ; and accordingly sat down and poured forth my sentiments regarding her in the most ardent language, imploring her hand, and announcing my determination to go to Naples to receive it, the moment my offer should be ac-

cepted. Little did I then think that events had occurred to render such a proceeding on my part useless.

How rendered useless soon shall be imparted ; but never shall I be able to impart my feelings of astonishment when, as I was crossing the hall of my Chateau for the very purpose of sealing and despatching my missive, I beheld at the door three persons, whose sudden and unexpected appearance there, for the instant, served as a practical reproach to me for having formerly professed a disbelief in ghosts and spectres. I started back—rubbed my eyes—looked again—and saw before me, alive and well, my exemplary tutor, Mr. Von Doddle himself, and at his side the beautiful blushing Bertha. In the third person, although much altered, I recognised Fritz, my late father's faithful servant, who used to be sent annually to see me, and bring me such small supplies from home as I might want.

I cannot attempt to describe the scene ; it seemed like magic—that at such a distance from home, and at such a moment as this, the people I most desired on earth to see, should be under

my own roof!—but it was truth—all plain truth.

The excellent Pastor described in the most affectionate terms the regret and despair which he had felt at my loss ; in which, added the good old man, “ this dear girl most cordially joined. Every measure was adopted, every course pursued, for your restoration to home, but—as I now know—in vain ; and when the honest Fritz arrived as usual to pay his annual visit, and found you gone, he resolved never to return without you, and so changed the service of your late parent for mine.”

“ And our dear friend —— ”

“ Ah ! ” interrupted my Tutor, “ my poor dear wife is gone to a better world ! Since her death, our house has not been the same place as it was before. Every hour—every object—reminded us of our privation ; and these circumstances, added to the persevering—I may say persecuting, attentions of a Neapolitan nobleman to Bertha, determined me to accept an invitation, of many years’ standing, to visit my brother, Joseph Von Doddle, who is, as you may remem-

ber, a wealthy and respectable magistrate, resident in Brunswick. With that purpose I took the resolution of selling off all my property in Naples, and, as you see, have undertaken this long journey. We have travelled by short stages; for so, as we were varying the scene, our object was answered. We stayed at Constance nearly a month; and having last night reached the inn in the valley here, to our astonishment we heard the history of the death of Baron Waggenheim, whom I so well remember; and the still more extraordinary account of your being here, and the successor to his property. That," added Von Duddle, giving his old head a significant shake, "is no more than it ought to be."

Fritz, who was standing behind his chair, drew his hand across his mouth, and made a kind of snuffling noise with his nose; and Bertha looked at me as affectionately as ever. I caught her hand—she did not draw it back—she had resisted and rejected the attentions of a Neapolitan nobleman—her heart was, perhaps, still mine.

"Excellent man," said I to the pastor, "you



have heard at your inn the details of what has occurred here. You find me in possession of fortune and estates. Now, to prove to you what was the chief object of my hopes and ambition under the great change in my circumstances and position, read that letter.

Saying which, I placed before him the epistle I had just finished, the contents of which are already known to the reader. I entered into a faltering conversation with Bertha, who had, in growing up, fully justified the expectations which her earlier beauty had excited ; but neither of us could talk. I of course knew, and she, I think, pretty well guessed, the contents of the paper. I watched the old man's countenance as he read it, and saw in its expression his delight at its purport. Having finished it, he said, nearly overcome by emotion,

“ Bertha, my beloved, this letter, although addressed to *me*, concerns *you*—read it ”—and here his eyes filled with tears ; “ read it, my child, and answer it ; ” and, throwing the letter towards his daughter, his head fell upon his hands, and he sobbed convulsively.

Bertha, trembling like a leaf, took up the paper—my eyes were riveted on *her*, when to my surprise, Fritz, who had been standing behind the pastor's chair, and taken the privilege of an old servant (half worn into a friend), by reading every syllable of it, started forward, and, grasping the fair hand of his mistress, threw himself upon his knees, and bursting into tears, said to her,

“ Miss Bertha, I know it all—I know what it's about—that noble young man wants to make you Baroness Widdlezig. Now—I know how you have talked of him, thought of him, praised him, and lamented him while absent—don't—don't be shy—don't go and break his heart.”

I confess I was a good deal startled by the homeliness of Fritz's earnest appeal in my behalf; but I knew how to appreciate his warmth and energy, although they might perhaps seem to break through the rules of decorum, and, moreover, substantiated the fact that he had been peeping. The abruptness, however, proved neither ill-timed nor misplaced, for it afforded Bertha an opportunity of expressing her consent

to my proposal in the quickest and simplest manner.

“Good Fritz,” said the dear creature, affecting composure and placidity, “do not agitate yourself—whatever my father wishes, *that* will I do.”

I answered that I thought the acceptance was couched in rather cold terms—but it was an answer to a servant, and it *was* an acceptance.

“Then,” said I, “I am the happiest of men.” At these words I clasped the dear girl to my heart, and was delighted to perceive that Fritz, who was evidently a clever negociator, nudged Mr. Von Doddle by the sleeve, and led him out of the room to catch the fresh air, which his friendly servant seemed to think necessary for his recovery from his fit of agitation.

Bertha and I were left alone—and in ten minutes I discovered that I had been during my absence the sole object of her affections, and that other offers, besides the Neapolitan nobleman, had been rejected for my sake.

Things having arrived at this point, there was

but one more move to make ; and accordingly, having written to summon Mr. Von Doddle, of Brunswick, to be present at the ceremony, all due preparations were made for our marriage, which was celebrated in about three weeks after the arrival of my beautiful bride.

The whole Chateau assumed a new appearance. The miners themselves joined in our gaieties, and some of them confessed to me their entire belief, that although prejudice ran strongly in favour of goblins, they believed that the worst demon that ever existed there, was the housekeeper Caroline, who is, for all I know, to this moment beating hemp and picking oakum in one of the Houses of Correction, which are so much famed for their exceedingly wholesome dietary ; and all the other advantages most dear to the lovers of humanity.

Upon this history—which, however, I have been most unwillingly forced considerably to abridge—I mean as regards a number of minor incidents, all conducing to the same point—the erudite Dr. Zlippzlopp greatly relies for the soundness of his doctrine touching small things

and great. If Widdlezig's mother had not been devoted to her dog, Widdlezig would not have been left at Naples to be brought up by Mr. and Mrs. Von Doddle ; if Mr. and Mrs. Von Doddle had not had a daughter fond of zoology, Widdlezig would not, in his anxiety to please her and fill her little museum, have hunted the beautiful butterfly ; if he had not hunted the beautiful butterfly, he would not have been snapped up by the robbers and immured in a cave ; if, when he got out of the cave, he had followed his nose instead of sitting down upon a stone, he would not have fallen in with Whango Jang and the wild beasts ; if the tiger belonging to Whango Jang had not eaten up a little boy two days before, Whango Jang would not have wanted *him* ; if the Porcupine had not died, and the natural history of animals consequently become the subject of conversation between Widdlezig and the black man, Widdlezig would not have killed the Ostrich ; if Widdlezig had not killed the Ostrich, the black man never would have flogged Widdlezig ; if the black man had not flogged Widdlezig, he would not have run away from

him ; and if it had not thundered and lightened in the forest when he *did* run away from him, he would not have run for shelter into the cottage by the road-side. If he had not run for shelter into the cottage by the road-side, he would not have seen the Baron Waggenheim ; if he had not seen the Baron Waggenheim, he never would have seen his house, or been made an officer of the mines ; if he had never been made an officer of the mines, he never would have excited the jealousy of the Housekeeper Caroline and her two boys ; if he had never excited the jealousy of Caroline and her two boys, she never would have got him turned out of the mines ; if he never had been turned out of the mines, he never would have become Ranger of the park of Prince Felderstein ; if he had never been Ranger of the park of Prince Felderstein, the hole in the park-wall would have been mended, and the wolf would not have eaten up the Spanish sheep ; if the Spanish sheep had not been eaten up, Widdlezig would not have been sent to prison ; and if he had not been sent to prison, and liberated only on the Prince's birthday, he would not have thought

of returning to Waggenheim ; and if he had not thought of returning to Waggenheim, he would not have passed the thicket, in which the assassins were murdering the Baron, at the precise moment to save him. If he had not been there, at the precise moment to save him, he never would have known of his relationship to him ; and if he had never known of that relationship, he of course would never have succeeded to his property ; and if he had not succeeded to his property, he would not have been residing on it at the time when Von Doddle and his daughter were passing through the country towards Brunswick.

“ Hence,” said Dr. Zlippzlopp, “ we perceive that all the events here recorded of the life of Widdlezig, with many others (which, as I have already said, I have been compelled to omit), arose from nothing more nor less, than the affection of a fine lady for a poodle dog ; and only tend to establish the truth of the saying—‘ **HOW MANY GREAT THINGS IN THIS WORLD TURN UPON LITTLE ONES.**’ ”

## A FRAGMENT OF MODERN HISTORY.

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THE following narrative is true, in its minutest details—the two persons who sustain the most prominent characters in it, from an easily understood delicacy, decline to place themselves ostensibly before the public. The names of Marcel and Cassan are fictitious—the facts are scrupulously correct.

Every body knows that in the time of *the* French revolution, the Chateau of Maulevrier, once the residence of the great Colbert, was burned to the ground, and that the incendiaries danced madly and joyously round the fire which they had raised.



Near the scene of destruction, a young republican officer was seated under an old tree, contemplating, with folded arms, and tears in his eyes, the excesses which his soldiers were committing.

He was thus wretchedly looking at desolation and destruction, the dreadful results of political delusion, which he could neither check nor prevent, when a staff officer galloped up to him and delivered him a letter.

He broke the seal and read the contents—too easily alas!—by the light of the flames which were annihilating a mansion which a thousand associations ought to have rendered secure from the depredations of a sanguinary and deluded herd of incendiaries.

“Tell General Kleber,” said the Captain, “that in less than an hour my company shall be on the march, and that his instructions shall be punctually obeyed.”

The aide-de-camp galloped away again, and the young Captain having buckled on his sword, which lay by him on the grass, walked towards the crowd of revolutionists, who were performing

a sort of wild and savage saraband about the falling beams and timbers, which were cracking over their heads, and crackling under their feet, and gave orders to beat to arms.

The roll of the drum instantly collected the soldiers to the point; but they were drunk, and absorbed in that sort of fearful delight which we are told animated Nero, even unto fiddling, while Rome was burning. They reeled under the weight of their own muskets and the strength of the wine they had been gorged with, and were stumbling over the burning embers which lay about them; but the word "Forward," delivered in a firm voice, produced a general advance (intended for a march), "*haud passibus equis*," in the direction indicated by the Captain.

Whither they were going they knew not—this, militarily speaking, "signifies nothing;" suffice it to say, that they arrived at their place of destination at five o'clock in the morning.

They had sung, almost perpetually on the way, the "*Marseilloise*," probably to keep themselves in breath; they had sworn, blas-

phemed, cursed, and done a variety of things, equally laudable in the conduct of revolutionists, by means of which they had, to a considerable extent, overcome the effects of their intoxication. But in the midst of the difficulties which assailed them, from the intricacy of the roads which they were obliged to take, lest they suddenly should come upon the advanced posts of the royal army, the Captain spoke not ;—he marched on—watching, as it were, over a herd of debased men, whom his country had committed to his care.

The first word which passed his lips was “HALT !” and the troops were at that moment in front of one of those convenient and charming residences with which the groves of La Vendée were then so thickly studded. No wall defied admission ; it was surrounded by a simple hedge. Peace seemed to dwell in its confines—all was calm and quiet, as if the asperities of civil war had not yet reached it, and that its owner had nothing to fear from the frantic disturbers of public tranquillity, to whose assaults it might at any moment be obnoxious.

“ Shall I beat to arms ! citizen Marcel,” said the drummer, who was a few paces in advance of the captain.

“ No,” said Marcel. “ I have a special duty to perform. I go alone into *this* house.”

He passed the hedge, and knocking at the house-door violently, cried, “ Open—in the name of the Republic—open the door ! ”

The demand was speedily answered, and an old female servant gave him entrance to the peaceful abode, and led him to a room, not merely comfortably, but luxuriously furnished.

“ Citizen,” said the Captain, “ General Stofflet and his staff have passed part of the night in this house. If they are yet here, in the name of the law I call upon you to give them up. If they are gone, I command you to tell me whither.”

The old woman turned pale—her lips quivered—her countenance wore an expression of mingled grief and surprise ; but her tongue—which a woman can command, when she cannot control her looks—was still, and no word

of either wonderment or fear passed her lips.

“Sir,” said she (*she* called him not citizen), “before Heaven I can swear that there is no human being in this house, except those who have a right to be here.”

“Well,” said the Captain, “to prevent worse things happening, let all persons now under this roof present themselves to me immediately.”

The old woman went to make known and enforce the orders of the Captain, without betraying any emotion, leaving him to contemplate the delightful arrangements of the *salon* in which he was ensconced.

In about a quarter of an hour an elegant, handsome lady, of about one or two and forty years of age, accompanied by two beautiful young girls, made their appearance.

One word *par parenthèse* of Captain Marcel—he was a Parisian born—his father had been an obscure workman in one of the most obscure parts of the town, and the son followed the paternal trade; and there he would have re-

mained till the day of his death, in all probability, had not the revolution called forth his energies in a very different sphere.

He joined the revolutionists, young and enthusiastic as he was—his patriotism thirsted not for blood after having been excited by drink. Neither was he one of the sans-culottes, who anticipated nothing in the overthrow of a legitimate government and the establishment of a republic, but their own aggrandizement. Marcel was possessed of courage, single-mindedness, simplicity, and nobleness of character. The revolutionary excesses by which Paris was outraged

“grieved his heart.”

His disgust at the bloodshed and executions constantly in progress in the capital, led him to seek his fortunes in the field: he was a volunteer at Valmy—again at Fleurus—an order of the Convention sent him into La Vendée, whither he went full of grief for the calamities which were accumulating upon the people, but still encouraging the hope that he might, to the full extent of his limited power, lighten their sorrows,

and alleviate their miseries. This disposition and this character obtained for him the confidence of General Kleber, and hence the orders which carried him to the house at which we have just noticed his arrival.

The appearance of the lady and her two daughters, their countenances full of solicitude, and the dread which the sight of a military uniform in those days of terror inspired, affected him much. He was conscious of the feelings his appearance in their peaceful abode had excited—it was his anxiety to soothe them.

“Citizens,” said he, in a manner sufficiently respectful to reassure them, and dissipate their apprehensions; “I am merely fulfilling my prescribed duty as a soldier. It is stated that General Stofflet and his staff passed the last night in this neighbourhood—*your* house is pointed out as the only one in which he could have obtained shelter. I am gratified in its having fallen to *my* lot to investigate this matter, as I hope to be able as much as possible to moderate the rigour of the orders which I have received.”

“We are here alone,” said the lady; “my daughters and myself. We live as retired as possible, and wholly apart from the tumults inseparable from a state of civil war. If you doubt my word—there can be no difficulty in searching my house.”

Marcel’s fine countenance in an instant expressed his repugnance to the idea that he was there in the capacity of a spy, or an agent of police. Madame de Souland saw, and appreciated that expression; her unwelcome visitor, however, contented himself with telling her that her statement was of itself sufficient.

“Perhaps,” added he, “under the circumstances, I might venture to ask you to give a few hours’ shelter and some refreshment to the men of my company, who are here with me—we have been marching all night, and they require a little rest.”

“These rooms are at their service,” replied the lady; “I will give directions that they shall be accommodated as comfortably as we can manage it. I presume,” continued the lady, “there will be no objection to allowing my daughters and



myself to retire to our own apartments during their stay !”

Captain Marcel graciously indicated, his accordance with her wishes, and in less than five minutes after their departure from the *salon*, it was filled by the hungry soldiers of the republic, who rushed into it pell-mell, and lost not a moment in seizing with unmitigated eagerness the abundance of cold meat and wine, which were served to them with an unsparing hand, until they had satisfied their appetites and thirst. One of them, who was universally believed to be a secret agent, commissioned by Carrier and some other representatives of the people, threw himself into a magnificent velvet armed-chair, and stretching his legs, cased as they were in dirty boots upon another, exclaimed, “This is all vastly agreeable, and rather fine into the bargain, and we have made ourselves uncommonly comfortable at the expense of these *ci-devants*; but business must be looked to—the meat and the wine which are merely essential to life, don’t tell us any thing about Stofflet—your orders, Captain, are peremptory,—eh?—

this suspected house is safe—It must not be left so—it must be burnt.”

“ My orders,” said Marcel, “ are strict enough ; but they refer to the finding Stofflet, and it is our duty to sacrifice every thing to get hold of him, and deliver him to the Republic ; but here are three innocent women living in this house—it is quite impossible that they should have answered me in the manner they did, if there were the slightest grounds for the General’s information. No—no, they have treated us well—we are all fresh and ready for a start, so let us get into marching order.”

“ No, Captain, no,” said the suspected agent, “ not just yet. Do *you* think, Captain, that all this fine breakfast with which we have been so *kindly* regaled, was got ready for a middle-aged lady and her two daughters ?—Somebody else was expected—and if these preparations do not open your eyes—look there—what do you think of *that*, Captain ?” Saying which, he tossed the said Captain, a letter written by the Abbé Bernier to Stofflet, which he had found lying open on one of the tables in the room ? “ Dated three

days since, Captain," added the fellow. "What does it say, Captain? that Madame de Souland—the aristocratic 'lady' up stairs would give it to Stofflet himself, the moment he reached her house; what do you think of *that*, I ask, Captain? why, that he *was* here last night, and that she *did* give it to him. Perhaps he saw from that window the flames of our last night's triumph, the destruction of the house of his former masters—they served him as a warning—he fled, and is yet before us. Comrades!—human feelings are not to be considered—the country's welfare is paramount to all. It is our duty to take care that the tyrant shall never again be able to take refuge in this asylum."

The republican soldiers, half-drunk as they were, too aptly comprehended the meaning of this heartless monster's words, and too quickly put his implied orders into execution—in two minutes they were dispersed throughout the whole house—some rushed into the upper rooms, others burst into the cellars—every part of the building was rummaged and ransacked. Oaths the most blasphemous—songs the most vulgar

and disgusting, were yelled within its walls. The wretched Madame de Souland and her trembling daughters heard the horrid sounds even in the remote rooms in which they had shut themselves up ; above—below, tumult raged. The daughters who had already witnessed much of the horror of civil war, endeavoured to encourage their exemplary mother to bear up against the dreadful infliction.

“ We shall soon be houseless,” said the elder one ; “ but in our wretchedness and exile, we shall have the happiness of knowing that the last act of our prosperous life was sheltering and saving one of the noblest supporters of the royal cause.” Madame de Souland clasped her children to her bosom, while tears streamed from her eyes.

All at once a yell was raised amongst the bloodhounds, and the cry of “ Burn the house ! Serve it as we served Maulevrier last night—smoke the fox from his hiding-place ! ” was universal.

In an instant they rushed from the building, and lighting torches made of the broom growing

round about it, set fire to it in various places, and having done so, withdrew in such order as to surround it so that no human being could escape from the blazing ruins before them.

The moment the flames curled round the walls, the wretched Madame de Souland rushed into the balcony over the door, her two daughters clinging senseless to her arms, screaming for help—for mercy.

“ In the name of Heaven raise a ladder ! not for *me*—not for *me*—but my poor children. Oh, save *them* ! ” cried the distracted lady, as in an agony of despair she lifted up one of her beloved girls to excite, if possible, the compassion of the incendiaries.

The agent of Carrier smiled.

“ Captain,” said he, “ I should like to have a shot at those royalists.”

“ The man who fires at them, dies by my hand,” said Marcel, in an agony of despair and disgust.

At that moment two shots were heard, and in an instant two of the three victims in the balcony, which had just taken fire, lay drenched in blood.

Marcel rushed to the man of the people, who had done this deed, and crying out, "Miscreant! you have realized your dreadful intention—I fulfil mine." At which words, placing the barrel of his pistol close to the barbarian's head, he pulled the trigger, and the murderer was a corpse.

This was a desperate step—the coolness and firmness of Marcel, and the sight of the fallen monster, had their effect upon the soldiers—they gazed with astonishment, but murmured not.

"There *were* three," cried Marcel, "two only have been butchered. Citizens, they are women—help me to save the third."

An affirmative shout of willingness was the answer. The balcony was scaled—Marcel leading the party who joined him—he rushed past the bleeding bodies of the poor innocents who had fallen, into the midst of the house; the rafters glistened in the fitful breeze, and the beams crackled under his feet—amidst the dense smoke which still filled the more remote parts of the building, he forced his way—a dreadful crime had been committed, and Marcel had





*A Comment of Chinese History*



sworn never to leave the burning ruins, unless the unhappy girl, now become an orphan, was the companion of his return. In vain he sought—he could find no trace of her; the flames were towering up; every moment added to the perils of his position. Still he flinched not, failed not, till at the very last instant of hope, at the end of a corridor, of which the flames had only just seized hold, he saw a female stretched upon the floor. At one bound, he reached the spot where she lay, she was senseless and cold as death, but she yet breathed: Marcel raised her up, and placing her in his arms, retraced his hurried steps along the burning floors till he again reached the balcony. His precious burden was happily unconscious of the work of horror going on. The flames were already devouring the blood-stained bodies of her mother and sister over which he had to tread while carrying her.

The ladder by which he had ascended, was steadied by the men below, and Marcel brought the rescued innocent safely to the ground. Then did his noble heart overflow—then did gratitude

take place of intrepidity, and tears fell from his eyes.

“ Let us, my friends,” said he to the soldiers, “ complete this act of expiation which has been so well begun—let us protect this helpless girl who now has nowhere else to look for protection.”

The appeal had its effect—the unfortunate creature was no longer an aristocrat—a royalist; she was an orphan, whose mother and sister had been killed—a countrywoman, whom their captain had rescued from death—the sentiment expressed by Marcel, was unanimously adopted.

The generous-hearted victim to political frenzy watched over his youthful charge with a fraternal solicitude, and suggested to his comrades the absolute necessity of removing her from the dreadful scene of her distress and bereavement before she recovered sufficiently to be aware of what had happened; expressing his opinion that the right course to pursue, would be to place her in security at the first farmhouse which they might reach—a proposition

only rendered questionable by the fact, that the active operations of the revolutionists in advance had left scarcely a farm-house standing in their line of march. It is true that the houses of the *ci-devant* nobility and gentry had been specially marked for destruction by the levellers, and the axe and the firebrand had amply fulfilled their duty; but when the bettermost dwellings were gone, the mad fury of popular desperation, which no argument can check, and no reasoning control, fell upon the farms and cottages. At Marcel's suggestion, a sort of litter was constructed, upon which the poor sufferer was gently borne along; nor was it for a considerable time that she evinced any symptom of returning consciousness. The moment at length arrived—the moment which Marcel, who had never quitted the side of the litter, so anxiously expected, and so deeply dreaded.

At that instant a confused recollection of all the horrors to which she had been exposed, flashed into her mind; she raised herself on the litter—she gazed about her—she found herself the prisoner of the men by whom she was sur-

rounded—she gave another wild look around, and hiding her face in her hands, one word only forced itself from her lips.

“ Mother—mother ! ” cried she, in an agony of doubt and fear.

“ Young lady,” said Marcel, “ assure yourself that you are in perfect safety—compose yourself—be calm.”

“ But where ? ” cried the unhappy girl ; “ where is my mother—where is my sister.—Oh ! give them to me—bring them to me—why am I alone—whither are you taking me—why am I deserted—why unprotected ? ”

“ You are neither,” said Marcel, in a soft and tender voice ; “ you have a protector near you who, from this day, will never desert you ; who will ever be ready to sacrifice his life and fortunes for you—a friend whom sorrow and distress has raised up to you. I am that friend—do not tremble—you have nothing to fear.”

“ But my mother ! my sister ! ” repeated the distracted girl, scarcely conscious who it was to whom she was speaking.

“ Alas ! ” said Marcel, “ a heavy blow has

fallen upon you—your mother and sister are no more—your peaceful home exists no longer—you have been preserved by what is almost a miracle. I swore to save you, and I have done it. I have need of all my firmness to keep these men in order—for your own sake do not unnerve me by the sight of your unavailing grief—dry your tears—suppress your sighs—we have yet many difficulties to encounter—that we conquer them, depends upon your own resolution.”

Mademoiselle de Souland was very young, but yet aware of the wisdom of the Captain's advice. She struggled hard to conceal the agonies which she was suffering, but again burying her face in her hands, she implicitly yielded herself to the counsel and conduct of the stranger, who appeared to be so deeply interested in her fate.

The first place at which they arrived, in which he could hope to find any thing like a suitable asylum for his fair charge, was Chatillon-sur-Sevres, which had already been taken and retaken twice by the Vendéans, and the troops of the much-dreaded Westermann. Marcel looked

forward anxiously to reaching this point, inasmuch as he had, some time before, been quartered in the house of a widow, one of its most respectable inhabitants.

He lost not a moment in confiding Mademoiselle de Souland to the care of this exemplary woman ; and having told her all that had happened, succeeded in creating a warm feeling of sympathy in her heart for the young lady—not the less readily excited by the fact that the widow herself had suffered, sadly and deeply, during the civil war. Here the gallant Marcel left her—nor was it till Time developed to the poor young lady all the dreadful circumstances connected with the death of her mother and sister, that she could duly appreciate the noble conduct of her preserver and protector. Time, also, soothed and softened the sorrows of her heart, and the grief with which she continued for some months weighed down and oppressed, was not unfrequently chequered with feelings of solicitude concerning her gallant and disinterested preserver.

Constantly engaged in the various campaigns

in which "regenerated France" was perpetually engaged—ordered from one place to another—either to attack or defend—Marcel had no opportunity of seeing the orphan for many years ; but she was never absent from his thoughts—the scene of devastation was constantly before his eyes. He contrasted in his mind the death-like paleness of the unhappy girl, as he bore her, at the peril of his life, amidst the crackling ruins of her home, with the graceful gentleness of manner, and sweetness of expression, which distinguished her when she so short a time before, had joined her mother in welcoming him to their roof. In point of fact, throughout all the eventful scenes of his active life, even in the breach, or the battle-field, the thoughts nearest his heart, and dearest in his memory, were those of Mademoiselle de Souland.

Time wore on, and the fortunes of war again brought Marcel into the neighbourhood of Châtillon ; but he was no longer a captain—he had risen to the rank of brigadier, the reward of many meritorious services. The moment he had made the necessary disposition of his troops,

he hastened to the house of the widow—the asylum of his beloved. In that humble dwelling, in her simple mourning he found her, yet more lovely than he had ever fancied her, even in his brightest dreams. He approached her with mingled respect and tenderness; and tears filled her eyes as she extended her hand to welcome him.

“Ah!” said she, endeavouring to conceal her emotion, “how truly grateful I am for this visit! it was not until after we had parted that I was fully aware of the extent of my debt of gratitude to you for your noble conduct towards me, and your generous gallant efforts to save those who are gone; believe me, the recollection is engraved on my heart, and never will be obliterated.”

“Those events,” said Marcel, “are equally impressed upon *my* mind, and neither time nor space can efface them. In the dark hour of death and danger, I swore to be your protector—that oath is registered in Heaven! You see before you a brother, who desires only to know your wants and wishes, to supply the one and realize the other; all I ask is, that wherever



fate or fortune may lead or drive me, your thoughts may be with me ; confide to me your sorrows and your hopes, and if fate should deny me the happiness of sharing them, it will be the first object of my life to secure your comfort and tranquillity. The events of that one dreadful day have linked us to each other, inseparably."

Tears fell from the bright eyes of Made-moiselle de Souland, and Marcel if he wept not, felt as deeply as *she* did. She pledged herself to take no step in life without consulting him, and to keep him always acquainted with her circumstances and proceedings. He was delighted with her ready compliance with his wishes, and in the midst of vows and promises of friendship and esteem, forced himself away from her ; the impression being strong upon his mind that they should never meet again.

A few days afterwards, Colonel Marcel was ordered to join the army of Italy.

Time, as of course, still wore on, and neither the loyalist lady nor the republican soldier forgot their vows. Whenever an opportunity offered, they corresponded with each other. Those op-

portunities, however, grew more rare as the war advanced.

When order was restored, and tranquillity re-established in La Vendée, the orphan daughter of the murdered Madame de Souland was put into possession of her patrimonial estate ; the revolutionary government not having the power to order its sale, inasmuch as she, the representative of her family, had not emigrated. Her suit, however, had been zealously pressed by Marcel, who had become one of the most distinguished officers in the army of Italy, possessing in an eminent degree the favour and confidence of the First Consul, who readily gave his consent to the restitution, which not only placed the young lady at her ease as to worldly circumstances, but promised peace and tranquillity for the rest of her life.

Marcel followed his odious and detestable chief from Italy to Egypt, and from Egypt to France. He was honoured, dignified, and decorated, but this elevation did not in the slightest degree weaken or change his feelings with regard to Mademoiselle de Souland.

His efforts to restore her to her property, with all his acknowledged nobleness of heart and generosity of character, might perhaps have been strengthened by a feeling of a tenderer nature than a mere sense of justice, and he might have looked forward at some future day to share the happiness which he had secured for her. Certain it is, that the greatest delight he enjoyed during his long and hard-fought campaigns, was derived from the perusal of her letters, expressive as they were of purity of heart and ingenuousness of mind. Their protracted separation seemed to have increased and even changed the character of his affection for the amiable orphan, and he resolved the moment that circumstances permitted it, to avow his love for her, and solicit her hand. •

That moment arrived sooner than he expected, and after a disunion of eight years, he availed himself of a temporary cessation of hostilities, caused by a base and hollow treaty of peace entered into by the government of France with her enemies, to hasten to the object of his devotion and esteem.

He reached her residence—all was calm and lovely—no vestige of the old house remained—a new and picturesque villa occupied its site—no sign was *there* of death, or blood, with which the scene had from the fatal day, too well remembered, been associated in his mind. The trees were covered with blossoms—the birds sang sweetly—the air was redolent of perfume—all seemed gay and happy.

The moment the name of “General” Marcel was announced, the mistress of the house flew rather than ran, to greet and welcome him—she threw herself into his arms, and with an emotion to which sterner hearts than his are liable, he clasped her to his breast.

“I promised,” said he, when he could speak, “I promised to return to you, and here I am ; fortune has smiled on me, fate has been propitious—I have risen to the head of my profession—I am rich and prosperous—so am *I* changed ;—but as for *you*,—I am the same as I was when we parted at Chatillon, or as I was in the dreadful hour which we must endeavour to forget.”

“And truly worthy,” said Mademoiselle de Souland, “are you of the honours you have acquired. Come—come—sit down in *my* house—the house which you have restored to me, and where your life was perilled to preserve mine.

The General placed himself by her side, and gazed with delight upon those beautiful features, to which maturity had given a sweeter and tenderer expression, as he thought, than they even possessed at an earlier period of her life; he took her hand, pressed it to his lips, and drawing her closer to him, said,

“For eight years I have delighted myself with a bright vision of happiness.—You alone can realize it—my future comfort depends on *you*,—for those eight years I have loved you, dearly, devotedly.”

“Oh, General?” said Mademoiselle de Souland, “do not deceive yourself—do not mistake an interest which the peculiarity of my circumstances may have awakened in your mind for any other sentiment.”

“Assure yourself,” said Marcel, “mine is Love—pure, ardent, honest, and sincere.”

“ Oh ! do not, do not, say it,” sobbed the agitated girl ; “ let me love you as a sister, let me think of you as my kindest brother—as you *have* been and *are* my dearest friend—thanks to your interest and power I am rich ; my family property is restored to me ; but listen—hear me—a cousin of mine to whom I was engaged to be married, in the time of our prosperity, who fought, and who has bled in the cause of the loyalists, has returned from a long exile, a beggar—he comes to claim me. A few hours before my beloved mother’s death, she implored me to fulfil my pledge to him—*then*, little thinking how many years were to elapse before it would be possible for me to do so.—Her words still ring in my ear—can I break the promise I made to *her*—the vow I pledged to *him* ?”

“ No !” said Marcel, as firmly as he was able. His cheeks were pale, his lips quivered, and tears stood in his eyes.

“ Beloved woman !” said he, “ be happy—to secure you that happiness was the object of my life—I *had* hoped to contribute to it—to share

it—that is over, let me remain your dearest friend.” Having said which his countenance assumed another expression, and with a forced gaiety he added,

“But, upon one condition ; I must be presented to my rival—your marriage must take place immediately—let me at least have the satisfaction of giving you to him ; let him receive the blessing, at the hand of the brother whom Providence has given you.”

The struggle was too much for the generous Marcel, and the tears which had filled his eyes, trickled down his manly cheek. Mademoiselle de Souland wept bitterly.

“Come, come,” said the General, “do not let us be childish ; *my* sacrifice is made—sorrow for me is useless—for *you* there is none. Now, tell me where I can find the happy object of your affections—we must be friends, and *that* immediately.”

It is not to be supposed that this (heroic, it may be called) request was uncomplied with—Within two hours the distinguished General was at the door of the emigrant royalist.

“ Sir,” said he, as he entered the largest room of one of the smallest imaginable houses, “ I ought not, perhaps, to be entirely unknown to you ; I am General Marcel. Mademoiselle de Souland, whose life I saved in the midst of the horrors and bloodshed in which her mother and sister perished, and whom I love better than my life, tells me that you are betrothed to her ; with *me*, whatever she says is a command. Yes, sir ; even upon this important point, which utterly overthrows my hopes of future happiness and comfort. Here I am, for the purpose of entreating you to decide the question, which if left in suspense I am sure I should not have strength of mind to endure.”

“ Sir,” said the favoured lover, “ your history, so wonderfully and intimately connected with that of my cousin, has been long familiar to me—your noble frankness of manner demands a similar ingenuousness on *my* part. All her letters to you—all yours to her, since my return to France have been read by *me* ; she consulted me ; I advised her, I was charmed with the nobleness and disinterestedness of your affection



for her ; what has just occurred only proves the justice of my opinion of you."

" Well," said the General, " under these circumstances, you can have no wish to postpone your marriage—why was it delayed so long?"

" Because," said the lover, " till she had seen *you*, and told you all the circumstances, she did not feel herself at liberty to take so decisive a step without your consent ; will you, indeed, General," continued he, " add this blessing to the other benefits you have conferred upon her family?"

" I will," said Marcel, with great emotion ; " but it must be done quickly—I have made up my mind—come with me to her house—*my* sacrifice is made—but I cannot dwell upon it. Come—come—let it be to-day ; hear her consent, and I will stay to see it ratified."

They walked together to the house of the lady ; nothing remained to the completion of the happiness of the young couple, but the celebration of the ceremony. In less than a week, Marcel led Mademoiselle de Souland to the altar, not as a bridegroom but a brother. He bore it calmly and firmly—there seemed no struggle of

feelings in his mind until the pair were married—actually married.

“You will be happy,” said he, as the ceremony ended, his heart beating, and his eyes again wet with tears; “you *must* be happy—it is the dearest object of my hopes, the sincerest of my wishes—farewell! I have seen you established—I have seen you united to the man of your choice—adieu!—but sometimes think of the unfortunate Marcel.”

Monsieur and Madame Cassan, for Madame Cassan had Mademoiselle de Souland now become, clung round their noble benefactor. He embraced them affectionately, but the sight of their happiness he could not long have endured. He rejoined the army.

Eleven years passed after this noble sacrifice and painful separation. Eleven years of hard fighting. Marcel was every where in the thick of it,—from West to North—from Austerlitz to Saragossa—from Vienna to Moscow—his influence with the upstart usurper gradually increased, and he was named General of Division. The assumption of Imperial authority, by the

man who became what he was, by clambering over the ruins of royalty, produced for Marcel, besides his decorations, a title ; and the obscure workman, raised into notice at a period when the destruction of the nobility was the first object of the wretches with whom he was linked, became, under the Napoleon usurpation, Count Marcel ; during which eleven years such were the occupations of the ennobled mechanic, that very few letters passed between him and Madame Cassan ; those, however, which he did receive gave him great pleasure, as announcing the happiness of the wife, and the gratitude to *him*, of the husband.

All the glories of Count Marcel and his master, however, were destined to be dimmed, and extinguished, by Wellington, the invincible. The British army defeated and defeated over and over again all the array of troops, gallant and experienced as they were, which the *soi-disant* Emperor could bring to face them. What the French call the long unsullied purity of their land, was violated, and the tramp of the stranger was heard in its plains, its villages, and its cities.

All these reverses agitated Madame de Cassan only inasmuch as they might affect the Count Marcel. She had shuddered at the perils he had encountered amongst the snows of Russia, and in the inclemency of Beresina ; but she dreaded much more the effect likely to be produced upon his mind by the overthrow of the Emperor, by whom he had been honoured, elevated, and decorated, but in whose downfall *her* loyal heart could not fail to rejoice.

The Imperial throne, based on usurpation murder and injustice, fell ; but Count Marcel was one of those conscientious and consistent persons who boldly stuck by the wreck, even while the ship was sinking. He did not quit Fontainebleau, until no Emperor remained in France.

During the eleven years which had passed since the day on which General Marcel made the noble sacrifice which we have recorded, his character had undergone an extraordinary change. Love no longer occupied his heart—his friendship, his esteem, for Madame Cassan were as warm and intense as ever, but the current of his thoughts, the course of his ambition, were changed. He began to feel the ap-

proach of age—accelerated by the effects of the wounds he had received ; he became grave and thoughtful, and his mind adapted itself to pursuits not purely military ; in fact, his ambition was to become one of the leading men in the empire. His hopes were realized, and when his master fell, he was as highly placed as subject well could be.

When that fall occurred, and he unwillingly and tardily quitted Fontainebleau—all his greatness gone—his rank and titles lost, his thoughts reverted to the only two living beings in whom he had any interest. But what had happened ? The throne of France was filled by the rightful king whose restoration the nation had so long and so ardently desired—the head of that house, for which in sorrows and adversity they had suffered even unto the death, had been welcomed to his capital by the cheers and shouts of rejoicing millions, enraptured to be freed from the tyranny inherent in a *liberal* government. Marcel the great, (although fallen) Marcel, determined never to disturb the quietude and happiness of Madame Cassan and her husband,

and resolved neither to visit, nor write to her again.

The calm which followed the joyous restoration and return of the Bourbons, was, as every body knows, soon broken by military disaffection, and the escape of Buonaparte from his burlesque exile at Elba. It may easily be imagined that Count Marcel, favoured as he had been, by the Corsican chief, flew to welcome the arrival of his eagles again on the shores of France.

In the mean time, and before Buonaparte's escape—if it could be called an escape from a place in which he never was watched—Monsieur de Cassan, the husband of Marcel's love, had been sent for to Paris; and by an impulse of gratitude, not always felt by very great personages towards very small ones, had been rewarded for all the sufferings he had undergone, and all the fidelity he had evinced, by a somewhat important office in the capital. Then came the hundred days—then came the glorious triumph of England, under Wellington, at Waterloo—then followed the surrender of General

Buonaparte and his consequent banishment—Then what happened to General Count Marcel, wounded and conquered like his master—who, however, one ought to say, was conquered without ever being wounded?—Count Marcel was suspected and accused of having been concerned in a conspiracy, to the nature of which we need not here refer, but the effects of which France may long lament.

The moment that Madame de Cassan heard that her protector—he to whom she owed her life and fortune, was compromised, her heart told her how to act. Her husband was established in his responsible office in Paris, she was living in the country, engaged in the education of her children, regardless alike of the troubles or pleasures of the capital. But her dearest friend—the man to whom she was indebted for her existence, her competence, and her husband, was in danger. All thoughts—all considerations, gave way to her resolution to save him at all hazards. Quitting her tranquil home, and tearing herself away from her beloved family, she started for Paris. The moment her hus-

band saw her, he knew the motives of her hurried and lengthened journey.

“ General Marcel,” said he, “ is seriously implicated—you have come to rescue him—I will assist you ; but I tell you he is as deep in the plot as either Ney or Labédoyère. He has some bitter personal enemies in the present government. But I need not assure you that for your sake he may reckon at least upon one friend.”

Madame de Cassan could only reply to this generous speech of her husband, by pressing his hand ; her feelings for Marcel's safety were seriously aggravated by the intelligence which she had received of his position, and she resolved to lose no time in endeavouring to discover the object of her solicitude. This, however, was no easy task ; her applications to his ancient companions in arms, were coldly received ; her entreaties for advice how to act with the greatest probability of success, produced no replies : until at length, and when she had begun almost to despair of having the power to be useful to him, one of his late aides-de-camp, still devoted to his chief, and convinced by her earnestness and soli-



citude, of the sincerity and purity of Madame de Cassan's views and intentions, disclosed to her the name of the person, who, in spite of the vigilance and frequent visits of the police, had ventured to afford the fallen favourite an asylum for the last few weeks. It required great caution, as well as trouble, to find out his retreat; at length she succeeded.

The moment the Count beheld her, as she entered the door of the garret in which he was concealed, he started from the wretched couch on which he was sitting, and running to meet her, exclaimed with a countenance full of hope and joy,

"Fate cannot injure me now!—I care for nothing more—you have not abandoned me, and I am satisfied."

"Nay," said Madame de Cassan, "what have I done for *you*? I came not here through flames and peril—I have not rushed amidst death and danger to serve and save you as you did for me on that fatal night. I am here to endeavour to pay a debt of gratitude; are you willing to trust your life to the woman who owes her life to you?"

“Angel of goodness!” said the General, falling on his knees, “to you—to your care—to your zeal—to your judgment, I too gladly commit myself.”

“Then come with me,” said Madame de Cassan; “this moment come—another hour it will be too late—Fouché’s police are already aware of your hiding-place.”

“But whither am I to go?” said the General, astonished by the energy of his companion.

“To *my* house—to my husband’s house here in Paris,” replied she, “for a time; and then with us to the quiet scenes of your noble devotion, and to my interests; there you will be safe. Ney, Labédoyère, and the others, who have taken part in recent events, are awaiting the decrees of justice. I come to shield you from a culprit’s death—it is my duty—it is my right—you belong to me, for you are unfortunate; and I shall exercise my right for *your* preservation, as *you*, in other days, exerted yours for *mine*.”

Count Marcel, overcome by the unqualified avowal of his friend’s determination, implicitly

followed her ; her husband's carriage, which was waiting in an adjoining street, conveyed the anxious pair to his house. M. de Cassan received him warmly, embraced him, and under the shelter of his name, the credit of his office, and his unquestioned devotion to the House of Bourbon, protected his political opponent in perfect safety, until after passing a feverish life in the capital for some time, the opportunity arrived for his removal to La Vendée. Then shaded by M. de Cassan's white cockades, the conspirator of the 20th of March accompanied his intrepid protectress and her husband to the beautiful retreat, which she owed to his influence with the government now overthrown.

Within one hour of Madame de Cassan's visit to the place of Marcel's concealment, whence she forced him, Decazes was aware of its locality, it was visited, searched—one hour too late.

After all their cares and anxieties, the delight may easily be conceived with which they breathed the fresh air, and enjoyed the bright sunshine of nature, in scenes connected with a deep and

thrilling interest to all the party. Marcel by degrees recovered his serenity of mind, and in the character of a distant relation of the mistress of the house, who had returned to France upon the restoration of her legitimate kings, he remained a resident there until a new change took place in the government. His name was then included in the amnesty which was spontaneously granted by an act of royal goodness and clemency. But when the events of 1830 brought into power those who were rejected in 1815, Marcel (whose services Charles X. had accepted), refused all offers of employment which were made to him.

He still lives—advanced in years, but weighed down more, perhaps, by the effects of his numerous wounds, than by age alone. His time is passed chiefly amidst Madame de Cassan's growing family, in whose society his happiness consists; and often do these excellent friends think upon the events of their earlier lives, while contemplating the scenes in which at one period the revolutionary soldier saved the life of a royalist lady, and which at another, witnessed

a proscribed Buonapartist borne to the hospitable roof of a minister of the Bourbon government for shelter and protection. These thoughts bring tears into their eyes; but strange as the events may be, to which they thus recur, they serve to prove that there exists in this great and busy world something better and brighter even than glory—compassion for the unfortunate.

## A STIR IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

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It is generally supposed that selfishness—one of the most odious attributes of our nature—is overcome and annihilated by matrimony. Old maids and old bachelors seem generally obnoxious to the imputation of this vice, and their state of single unblestness is constantly imputed to the circumstance of their self-love predominating over their love for others ; not that the female portion of the unmarried, should labour under this stigma, inasmuch as they are, by custom and prejudice, prohibited from expressing their feelings towards the male portion, a privation to which the male portion are not subjected with regard to them.

The greatest hero of our time and country compares the different individual details of a

battle with those of a ball ; every man recollects with whom he himself danced, but as to the rest of the *mêlée* he can give no correct or accurate account, being too much occupied by his own personal service to spare any of his attention to the rest of the field. Many a time and oft have we seen, during the heat of action in the dansatory campaign, the longing eye and wistful countenance of the yet unasked maiden directed towards every thing that looked like a disengaged and asking man, in hopes that her turn might come ; and that, although plain and not very youthful, she might yet be afforded an opportunity of showing her *dear* young friends that she was not yet quite laid upon the shelf. The night passes away—nobody solicits her hand, and she returns home with her aunt, or mother, or chaperon, huddled up in the darkest corner of the carriage, vexed, dissatisfied, and dispirited, but perfectly qualified, from the involuntary tranquillity of her position, to furnish an irreproachably correct account of the evening's proceedings for any gazette in the world.

which surround the kitchen garden are thickly set with broken glass—the palings of the shrubberies are studded with tenter-hooks—two fierce dogs range about the stable-yard, and steel traps and spring guns are set in the grounds every night. Against the gable end of the coach-house, which touches the road, a board is affixed, announcing that all persons begging will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law, together with a long list of rewards, offered by the parish for the apprehension of offenders of every description, such as may be seen exhibited on the Surrey side of Richmond bridge, and in other parts adjacent, and which, from the obliteration of certain words (the effect of time and weather), reads thus,

For setting fire to a dwelling-house,	100 <i>l</i> .	reward.
For Housebreaking,	100 <i>l</i> .	reward.
For sheep stealing,	50 <i>l</i> .	reward.

and so on; thereby holding out to the hasty or incautious reader a premium for the commission of crime, instead of a warning against its perpetration.



The name of this isolated couple was Munns, derived originally, as the clergyman of the parish imagined, from *monos*—his intercourse with the family was very limited. Mr. and Mrs. Munns were always ill when there was a charity sermon preached, and as to any little parochial subscriptions which might be proposed, Mr. Munns declined interfering, observing that Providence had given the country an admirable law for the maintenance of the poor; under the provisions of which, besides wholesome and regular diet, they were relieved from the worry of ever seeing or being pestered by their relations or friends, and, by the salutary regulations of their respective residences, relieved from the trouble of taking any unnecessary exercise.

With regard to their servants, it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the manner in which they treated them; believing, strange to say, not only that they were exceedingly kind to them, but prodigiously popular with them. The gardener's daughter, Fanny Till, was desperately in love with the footman, Nokes—Fanny was noticed by Mrs. Munns because she found

her an excellent workwoman with her needle ; and Nokes was a favourite of his master—after *his* way—because he succeeded in worrying every body else. The marriage of the young couple was settled—had been settled—and agreed upon, but the moment Munns and Mrs. Munns, discovered that when they married, Mr. and Mrs. Nokes, and not only they, but Till *père*, the gardener himself, meant to quit them, they declared that if they married they should not have a shilling of the hundred pounds which, to insure the father's services, Mr. Munns had promised Fanny.

Flesh and blood could not bear this, and sundry indications of revolt had manifested themselves in the establishment, when a day full of incidents arrived—such as indeed might have tired the patience of Job ; which day, and which incidents, be it ours to describe.

It was on a fine Friday in June—all this sort of thing happens on Fridays—that Mr. and Mrs. Munns being seated at breakfast, Mr. Munns observed that there were no eggs on the table. Bell . was rung—Nokes appeared—why were

there no eggs?—Nokes could not tell—would ask. He did so, and the answer was, that something very bad was the matter in the poultry-yard, and that eleven of the hens had died within the last three days.

“ Send for Biggins this instant,” said Munns.

Biggins was the woman in charge of the department.

“ Well, Biggins,” said Mr. Munns, when she made her appearance, her eyes red with crying, and her hands and limbs trembling, “ what’s all this about my hens?”

“ I beg your pardon, sir,” said Biggins, “ but—”

“ Pardon—what has pardon to do with it?” said the master, “ eleven of my hens dead in three days—psha—you must go.”

“ But, sir, will you hear the reason?” said Biggins.

“ Yes, Mr. M.,” said the lady, “ hear what she has to say for herself.”

“ I think, sir,” said Biggins, “ they must have eaten something that disagreed with them—some herb— ”

“ Oh, that’s it,” said Munns, “ and why the

deuce didn't you prevent their doing so—what else are you paid for?"

"I couldn't, sir," said the woman, bursting into tears. "I couldn't attend to them as I ought."

"Why not—eh?"

"You know, sir," said Biggins, "my poor husband and the two children have been very ill for the last fortnight."

"Well, what of that?"

"I could not leave them entirely, sir," said she.

"Oh," said Munns, "so because *your* husband and children are ill, I am to have no new-laid eggs for breakfast?"

"I can get some in the village, sir," said Biggins.

"A fortnight old, eh!" said Munns. "No, start off to the farmers, and any where, where they have got good laying hens, buy some, and take more care of them for the future—d'ye hear?"

"I don't think, sir," said Biggins, "I can leave the poor children long enough to do that, but—"

“ Oh well, well, then,” said Munns, “ go along—go along—if *you* can’t, we must get somebody who can.”

The poor woman cast a look at her mistress, hoping to meet with a smile of consolation ; but no, she turned from her scornfully, and away went Biggins.

“ I tell you what, Mrs. Munns,” said Munns, “ it is all very well for you, ma’am, who think of nobody but yourself, to keep this sick man and his children about the premises. I don’t like pulmonary complaints so near me—I have heard they are catching.”

“ So have I,” said the lady, “ but I take care never to go near *them*.”

“ They must go, Mrs. Munns,” said the gentleman.

“ So they shall, Mr. Munns,” said the lady.

“ Why, if the man dies here,” continued the gentleman, “ we shall have to burn the bed, and the furniture, and every thing he has been using.”

“ What, the new beds and bedsteads in the attics ?” said the lady.

“ To be sure,” said Munns. “ I don’t know

much of medicine, but I have read somewhere in a book, which by the way I borrowed and never returned, that the asthma in men is like the glanders in horses, and you know when a horse dies of the glanders you burn all his harness and clothing, and fresh whitewash the stable."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Munns, "but that will cost us something. Oh, they must—go directly."

This humane and interesting dialogue was at this juncture interrupted by the arrival of the "village lawyer," who rejoiced in the name of Driver, and who was received by the lady with one of her least disagreeable smiles, and the somewhat commonplace remark that they had not seen him for an age.

"No, madam," said Driver, "I have been very much engaged."

"Ah," said Munns, "getting the title deeds ready for me—eh? I think I made a good bargain there, Mr. Driver—nothing like offering ready money to a man in distress."

"Why, no, sir," said Driver, "to tell you

truth, I have not been able to attend to them yet."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Munns, "that is extremely odd—to mind any other business than ours; really, I—"

"Why, madam," said Mr. Driver, "I trust that the melancholy circumstance which has occurred in our family may perhaps excuse it; we received news of my poor father—"

"Excellent, obliging man," said Munns, "I have a high regard for him."

"Alas, sir!" said Mr. Driver, "he died suddenly the day before yesterday, at Tewksbury."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Munns, "how people pop off!"

"Ah," said Munns, "that's very sad—very sad—I am afraid that will delay your doing my deeds for me."

"I hope, sir," said Driver, "in a day or two, to be able to get them done; either by myself—or—"

"Did your father die rich, Mr. Driver?" said Munns.

“ I believe so, sir,” said Driver.

“ Then you will probably leave this neighbourhood ?” said Mrs. Munns.

“ Why, really, madam,” said Driver, “ I have hardly had time to think of my future plans. An event of such importance coming upon one so suddenly, opens a new view of the world.”

“ Oh, I know,” said Mrs. Munns, “ only what I meant was, that if you *did* go, perhaps you would let us have the refusal of your poultry ; I should like very much half a dozen of those remarkably fine hens which I saw one day at your house, for we have been very unfortunate in our farm-yard.”

“ Oh dear, madam !” said Driver, staring with wonder at the fair lady’s presence of mind with regard to her own personal convenience, at such a moment, “ pray don’t think of waiting for my departure—the moment I return home I will give orders that six or eight of them shall be secured, if you will take the trouble of sending for them in the morning.”

“ A thousand thanks,” said the lady ; “ de-



pend upon it they shall be sent for the first thing."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Driver, "I have intruded upon you with my melancholy news; but, besides affording a reason for my not having finished Mr. Munns's business, the communicating one's sorrows to friends like you, affords a melancholy satisfaction."

"I assure you I feel," said Mr. Munns, "that I shall long and seriously regret his loss;—he was a good man."

"He was, indeed!" said Driver.

"You must not over-fret yourself, Mr. Driver," said Mrs. Munns; "you will not be fit for business; and recollect the deeds press—there may be a 'slip 'twixt the cup and the lip'—and what makes *me* more anxious is, that my jointure is to be increased upon the estate."

"I will do all I can, ma'am," said Driver; "good morning."

"Good morning," said Munns, shaking him by the hand; "I feel for you deeply—good morning."

"So do I," added Mrs. Munns; "good morn-

ing—now, mind, Mr. Driver, don't forget the fowls."

And so, ringing the bell for some one to usher him out, in rushed Stephen, the page, from the next room, and in his anxiety not to incur his mistress's displeasure, missing his footing, he came head over heels down the staircase; whereupon Stephen, the page, set up a cry most shrill and strong.

"What the deuce is the matter now?" said Munns.

"Hold your tongue, brat," cried Mrs. Munns.

"Yes, ma'am," said the page, blubbering; "but I've hurt myself—I think I have broken my head."

"What do I care for that?" said Mrs. Munns; "your noise will make *my* head ache all day."

"Hold your tongue, sir," cried Munns; "are we to be pestered because you are so awkward?"

"I only ran as fast as I could, sir," said the boy; "and—"

“ I tell you what, sir,” said Munns, “ *my* comfort is not to be disturbed by your noise :— if ever you tumble down stairs again, and hurt yourself in this way, I’ll have you horsewhipped—so get along, and no more crying.”

This threat may seem *outré* and unnatural ; but a fact is recorded as true, which fully justifies it. During the rebuilding of the church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, after its destruction by fire, on the 17th of September, 1795, a bricklayer’s labourer was working on the scaffold, in front of it, next the market, with his son, a boy about fourteen, when the lad missed his footing, and fell to the ground, (miraculous to say,) without receiving any injury, except a bruise or two ; whereupon his exemplary parent literally did what Mr. Munns only threatened to do to Stephen, the page, and flogged his child for his stupidity in tumbling.

“ Well,” said Munns, having terrified the page into a subdued sobbing, ending in silence, “ Driver must have been very old.”

“ He was a great bore,” said Mrs. Munns.

“ Oh ! horrid—except in business,” said

Munns; "he was sharp enough there—he was very fond of us."

"Yes," said Mrs. Munns; "that is more than I ever was of him—and, to be sure, as he *was* to go, was not it a good thought of mine about the fowls?—because, if he had lived, I never should have thought of his son's going—or—"

"I have told you a thousand times," said Munns, "one ought never to despair—good always comes out of evil."

"Not always," said Mrs. Munns; "what do you think of the headach I have got!—all the consequence of that odious little wretch's tumble and noise—I shan't close my eyes this night."

"Oh!" said Munns, "then I shall beg leave to sleep on the couch in my own dressing-room—you will keep me awake with your moanings and groanings."

"Suppose I should get worse," said Mrs. Munns, "who is to attend to me?"

"Your maid, whom you are so fond of," said Munns.

“She is of no great use,” replied the lady ;  
“she expects to be confined every day.”

“That’s your fault, for allowing her to marry,”  
said Munns.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Munns. “I didn’t do it  
to please or gratify *her*—I couldn’t do without  
her.”

“She flatters you, and you are humbugged  
by her,” said Munns.

“As you are by Till, your gardener,” said the  
lady.

“I like my gardener,” said Munns; “he  
does all I bid him do—besides, look at my  
garden !”

“Well, then, if you come to that,” said Mrs.  
Munns, “you have given leave to Fanny to  
marry that stupid, awkward fellow, Nokes.”

“That’s not settled yet,” said Munns.

“I certainly should not have consented to  
Sibly’s marriage,” said Mrs. Munns, “if I had  
had any idea of her having the prospect of a  
family so soon :—however, I shall send her away  
to her friends, to-morrow, and when it is all  
over, she can come back.”

At this moment, Sibly, the interesting object of their deliberations, rushed into the room, pale and terrified.

“What’s the matter, now?” cried Mrs. Munns.

“Oh! ma’am --Nokes!” said Sibly.

“What?” said Munns.

“Nokes!” replied Sibly, in an agitated manner.

“What of him?” cried Munns.

“His eye—oh! his eye,” said Sibly.

“What’s the matter with his eye?” cried Munns, still louder.

“Why don’t you speak, Sibly?” said the lady.

“His eye is out!—yes, ma’am, Mr. Noke’s eye is out,” exclaimed the hysterical *soubrette*, and sank upon a chair, regardless of the presence in which she was standing.

“Tell us—poor fellow!” said Munns: “his eye!—how was it?”

“He was cleaning the large glass in the drawing-room,” said Sibly faintly; “when the frame somehow gave way, and the glass fell upon his head—and, oh, dear! oh, dear! his right eye is cut out.”

“Is the glass broken?” screamed Munns.

“Into a thousand bits, sir,” said Sibly.

“What upon earth could induce the fellow to touch it?” said Munns.

“The doctor was luckily in the house with Mr. Biggins,” continued Sibly, “he has picked one piece of glass out of his eye, but there are two more bits in it. Oh! ma’am, such a sight, it has had such an effect upon me, I am sure I—shall be much the worse for it.”

“Oh, dear, no! I hope not,” said her mistress.

“I feel very bad indeed, ma’am,” said Sibly.

“Well, then, in that case, Sibly,” said Mrs. Munns, “if you really are so bad, we must get a post-chaise directly, and send you off to Dumpsford, where you can get the stage-coach, and go to London.”

“And I tell you what,” said Munns, “Nokes can go with her; he won’t be fit to work for a month or two after this infernal stupidity of knocking his eye out; so they can both go together.”

“But, madam,” said Sibly, “I really—”

“And I really tell you there is nothing else to be done ; so see about getting your things packed up directly,” said Mrs. Munns. Sibly gave her a look of piteous remonstrance, but it had no effect, and she retired.

“Come, Mrs. Munns,” said the master of this happy family ; “let us endeavour to cool ourselves by a walk in the garden—I think *my* notion of sending away Nokes is not a bad one—that will get rid of his marriage with Fanny Till, and of her too—the glass, however, is a heavy loss.”

“Ah !” said Mrs. Munns, “all your misfortunes come of your over-kindness to the servants—I have no patience with you.”

“I like that,” said Munns ; “it is *you* who spoil them every day of your life—come take a walk.”

“I hate walking—cannot you walk by yourself?”

“I hate walking by myself, but I suppose I must—”

Saying which, they proceeded towards the gates of his favourite garden, where they en-



countered poor Fanny, crying bitterly. One fact being perhaps essential for the reader to know and understand, namely, that although Nokes, the awkward, *had* broken the glass to pieces, he had not cut his eye out, or indeed, in the slightest degree injured himself; the report being merely a *ruse* of Sibly's to soothe the violence of her master's rage at the loss of the mirror, by an admixture of pity for the fate of the man.

"Well, Fanny, what do *you* want?" said Munns.

"Please, sir," said she, "Mr. Sibly tells me you are going to send away Nokes."

"I am going to send away Nokes to get him cured," said Munns.

"He will get well quite as soon here, sir," said Fanny. "And then it won't hinder our marriage."

"What d'ye mean to have him still?" said Munns.

"Yes, if you please, sir," said Fan.

"Why, he has got but one eye!" said Munns.

“I don’t mind that, sir,” said Fan, “if *you* don’t.”

“Why, you’ll have a parcel of one eyed children !” said Munns.

“They will be as well off as their father then, sir,” said Fanny.

“What ! marry a Cyclops !”

“No ; Joseph Nokes is his name, sir,” said Fanny.

“I cannot consent to such a thing,” said Munns ; resolved to get rid of the affair and the promise of the hundred pounds which he had made to the gardener. “It must not be.”

“If you please, sir,” said Fanny, “as it is I who am to marry Mr. Nokes, and not *you*, I like him, sir, just as well with one of his eyes as with both.”

“You are mad, child !” said Munns.

“Very well, sir,” said Fanny, “so I am, and if you please I will just step and tell my father that you mean to break your word with us.”

And away *she* went.

“Well, Mr. Munns,” said Mrs. M., with a look which might have conveyed two or three

meanings ; “ things are come to a mighty agreeable pass—why the girl has the impudence to threaten you.”

“ I am very sorry for it,” said Munns.

“ What !” said the lady, bridling up in an unusually sharp manner. “ Is it the young lady you are afraid of, or her father—your gardener ?”

“ No ; of neither,” said Munns, “ but I am afraid he won’t take care of my melons—I love melons—they are so cooling and so uncommonly refreshing—they do me good.”

“ I detest them, and never eat them,” said Mrs. Munns ; “ and yet for the sake of a few melons, you will let this marriage take place, after all we have said about it.”

“ I don’t know,” said Munns ; “ I must consider about it—but here comes some other plague, Hobbs, the coachman, with a face as long as my arm. Well, Hobbs,” added he, interrogating as the man approached him, “ is any thing the matter with the horses ?”

“ Werry bad accident indeed, sir,” said Hobbs ; “ my little boy, Jem, sir, he took the osses down

to the water, the big chesnut pops his foot right into a hole, comes down as nice as ninepence, and chucks my little Jem right over his head."

"Is the horse hurt, sir?" said Munns, in an agony of anxiety.

"Not a farden the worse, sir?" said Hobbs; "but my poor little Jim has got his leg broke."

"And you are quite sure that my horse is not hurt?"

"Not a bit, sir."

"What a fool you must be," added the master, "to trust a little chap like that, on a big horse like Prancer!"

"He has taken them down to water reg'larly afore, sir," said Hobbs.

"Well now, sir, make haste," said Munns; "run to the farrier and fetch him directly to the stables—let him cast his eye over the horse, and see that nothing really has happened to him."

"There is nothing the matter with the oss, sir," said Hobbs; "and if *you* please, I want just to get Mr. Totts, the doctor, as lives down below, to 'tend to my poor Jim."

“ There can be no necessity for that, Hobbs,” said Mrs. Munns, “ for Mr. Twister, *our* apothecary and surgeon, is actually in the house.”

“ Yes, ma’am,” said Hobbs ; “ but I vally my poor child, and I harn’t got no opinion of Dr. Twister in the leg-setting line. I never shall forget the job he made with Harry, as was helper, when *he* broke his leg.”

“ Harry !” exclaimed Munns, with surprise, a little tintured with anger ; “ why, what do you mean, Hobbs ? Harry—why he is settled in London—where I got him a capital place at a club, as porter—goes on fifty errands a-day, and gets deucedly well paid too.”

“ Yes, sir,” said Hobbs, thinking of his poor child ; “ but he goes very lame.”

“ Lame !” said Munns ; “ what the deuce has that to do with it !—he goes—what does it signify to him or any body belonging to him, whether he goes lame or not ?”

“ Ah ! sir,” said Hobbs, “ if you had a child, sir—”

“ Don’t be impertinent, coachman,” said Mrs. Munns.

“I wouldn’t be imperent for the world, ma’am,” said Hobbs; “but if *you* had a child, I am sure you wouldn’t like to see it lame through neglect.”

“You are vastly delicate, coachman,” said Mrs. Munns; “I cannot discuss the point.”

“Well, now, do as I tell you,” said Munns.

“I shall run for Dr. Totts,” said the coachman.

“You will, first, sir, if you please, go for the farrier,” said Munns, “to look at the horse.”

“There isn’t nothing whatsoever in the world, sir, the matter with the oss,” said Hobbs.

“Do as I tell you, sir,” said Munns.

“Hang it!” said Hobbs, as he proceeded to obey the peremptory orders of his selfish master, “these peōple love their horses better than they do human beings.” However, away he went, resolved, after having found the farrier, who was not wanted for Prancer, to find the surgeon who *was* wanted for his poor boy’s leg.

“This is pleasant, Mrs. Munns,” said the master of the house.

“Extremely, my dear,” said the lady, emphasising the last word, so as to satisfy any body who heard her, that she held him remarkably cheap.

“To be sure,” said Munns, “we are blessed with a nice collection of servants. Now, as to dinner. Are you so much alive to the affairs of the establishment, to as know any thing of the cook, or the kitchen-maid?—I suppose not—although you are, as you think, your own house-keeper, caring nothing for any thing, nor any body but yourself.”

“I do happen to know, Mr. Munns,” said the lady, “more than you, perhaps, think I know. The cook has been out all the morning to please *you*.”

“Me!” said Munns.

“Yes,” said the lady, “you would have trout for dinner, and you know I hate them—they taste like mice—so do woodcocks—yet you *will* have them; and the woman cannot be at home and abroad too.”

“Ring the bell, Mrs. Munns,” said Munns, “let us hear this history,—I do like trout—and

I do like woodcocks, and I'll have 'em when they are in season—and you like turbot and turkey-poults, and you have *them* when they are in season—you like eating and drinking as well as I do—we differ in our tastes—I don't care a farthing for that—I'll have what *I* like."

Stephen, the page, at this moment made his appearance with a bandeau of sticking-plaster over his forehead; three of the sugar-loaf-buttons on the sinister side of his tom-fool jacket (into which, gardener's-boy as he was, Mrs. Munns had caused him to be inserted) being absent without leave.

"Do you know, sir," said Munns, "if the cook is in the house?"

Doubting, for a moment, whether he should venture upon a direct answer, he at last replied in the affirmative: "but—"

"But what?" said Mrs. Munns.

"She is gone to bed, ma'am," said Stephen.

"To bed!" exclaimed Munns. "What—eh!"

"She is very ill, sir," said Stephen.



"Ill!" cried Munns; "but she can't go to bed, ill or well, till she has dressed *my* dinner."

"Susan, the kitchen-maid, is up, sir," said Stephen.

"Susan be —"

"Don't put yourself in a passion, Mr. M.," said the lady, "it will degrade *me* in the eyes of the servants—send Susan into the hall, I will speak to her."

"And so will *I*!" said Munns; "this won't do—I'll—p'sha—who has a right to be ill with wages like my cook's?—it won't do—we are really killing these people with kindness, Mrs. M."

The kitchen-maid, who, when the summons arrived, declared to Stephen, the page, that she was taken at what she called a "nonplush," rinsed her hands and face in a mixture of warm water and grease, which happened to be in a wooden bowl near her, and was afterwards destined to form an auxiliary to the standing dirt of a second-rate kitchen called "stock," made her appearance.

"Well, Susan, where's Twat?" (so was the cook named) said Mrs. Munns.

“She is gone to bed, ma’am, with a fever,” said Susan.

“A fever?” said Munns. “Is it serious?”

“She is very hot, sir,” said Susan, “and chilly by turns.”

“Did she get the trout?” said Munns.

“No sir,” said the fair *aide*. “She went every where after them; but neither nets nor night-lines, nor any thing was of use, and she has *briled* herself to death for nothing.”

“I am afraid she will get an inflammation in the chest, or some severe disorder,” said Munns.

“That will be a sad thing,” said Mrs. Munns; “horrid, to have so much sickness in the house.”

“T’an’t that,” said Munns; “who the deuce is to dress *my* dinner?”

“I can do it, sir,” said Susan.

“I dare say you can,” said master, “but I should’nt like to trust you. Your soup would be salt and water—your joint burnt on the spit, and as to an *entrée*, you might as well try to jump over the moon as make one.”

“ I don’t know, sir,” said Susan courtesying, “ but I have dressed all your dinners for the last six weeks, and you never found fault.”

“ You ?” said Munns, “ what doesn’t Twat do them herself ?”

“ No sir,” said Susan, “ she leaves it all to *me*, and so may you, and I hope you will not be disappointed.”

“ Well,” said Munns, “ we shall see ; but Twat’s illness is sudden ; was it all owing to the heat, and the worry, and—”

“ Not altogether, sir,” said Susan, “ she met with a horrid shock when she came home. The two beautiful pigs which were killed for salting, and were hanging up quite safe in the outer larder when she went away, were stolen while she was gone, and although it was known they were taken, sir, by those poor people whom you threatened to shoot yesterday for begging for victuals, nobody went after them, and she is in such a taking.”

“ My pigs stolen !” exclaimed Munns. “ What, out of my house ?—this is too bad. Twat bundles to-morrow—no—no—this added

to her doing nothing—well—well—there, go along, do your best—take care, that's all—eh."

And away went Susan.

"This is pleasant, ma'am," said Munns to his wife. "I tell you what it is: you, Mrs. Munns, go and talk to these people—you make yourself agreeable to them, that makes them familiar; then they take liberties—they care nothing for any body—pigs go—trout don't come, and the cook gets a fever and bundles to bed—there's a state of things—it can't last, ma'am."

"Don't *you* talk to your gardener?" said Mrs. Munns.

"Gardener!" replied he, "what of that? Horticulture is a science—I love melons—I hope some day to get a gold what-d'ye-call-'em medal for a cucumber. Look at my peaches—look at my cantalupes—my asparagus—my artichokes!"

"They would be all better if you didn't worry yourself about them. Till only laughs at you," said Mrs. M.

“ Why do you worry yourself, and worry your manteau-makers, or, as they fancifully call themselves, *modistes*, to alter your dresses, but to make them fit better ? ” said Munns.

“ Why because they do not obey the instructions I have given them, ” said Mrs. Munns.

“ Well, I don’t care what you do, ” said Munns ; “ but with regard to the robbery by these iniquitous rascals, who dare to be poor, and are villains enough to beg, because they have nothing to eat or drink, the whole blame falls upon that bungling, botching, slow-footed fool, Chizzle, the carpenter, who promised me six weeks ago to send home a capital stout safe, with good bolts, lock, and key, in which a man might have kept every thing snug to himself—my pigs would have been preserved, if I had had *that*, and pickled afterwards. ”

“ There is a coarse proverb, Mr. M, ” said the lady, “ which I will not repeat ; but here, oddly enough, is the wife of this dilatory man, evidently wanting to say something. ”

“ Ah ! ” said Munns, “ that’s it—we are so popular, every body will force his way in.

Well, Mrs. Chizzle," continued the patron of safe-architecture, "what do *you* want?—where is my safe?—I have lost two pigs to-day for want of it, and I have no tidings of it."

"Sir," said Mrs. Chizzle. "I am sure your kind heart will make every excuse for the delay : my poor husband has been hard at work upon it, but being employed yesterday in a granary, he fell from one of the open doors, and has hurt himself seriously. He is not able to work to-day, sir, but if you will wait a short time—"

"Wait ! what for ?" said Mr. Munns. "Am I to lose my pigs because your husband chooses to leave my work to go grubbing about in a granary ?"

"Why, sir," said Mrs. Chizzle, a tall melancholy-looking woman, in a black silk bonnet, with edging to it, "my poor man wishes to please all his customers."

"And yet you see he won't take the trouble to please *me*," said Munns.

"Indeed, sir, he will," said Mrs. Chizzle, "if you will only let him get well of his fall."

"Get well !" said Munns ; "why did he get

ill? If he had been down in his workshop, making *my* safe, he could not have tumbled out of a granary.—No, no, woman; the loss of my pigs is enough—I shall get my safe made by somebody else, directly.”

“Indeed, sir,” said the poor woman, “it is all put together—it will be a great loss to my husband.”

“What is that to *me*?—go along, go along,” said Munns.

“Pray, madam,” said the carpenter’s wife, addressing Mrs. Munns, “do speak a word in our behalf.”

“I shall do no such thing,” said Mrs. Munns. “I think the safe and the whole affair very absurd, and I always said so. But why didn’t your husband do as Mr. Munns wanted him?—there, go away.”

“Ah! madam,” said the woman, “this will be a sad blow to my poor man:—he has laid out all his ready money to get wood for this, and—”

“There, there,” said Munns, “we don’t want to hear your history. I wanted my safe—I

haven't got it :—I wanted my pigs, and I have lost them."

The poor woman left the room literally in tears ; for a grievance which may appear trifling to the rich and inconsiderate, becomes a serious calamity when it happens in humbler life—she, however, like the rest of her neighbours, knew that further remonstrance was vain, and wended her weary way homewards, to announce the misfortune that awaited Chizzle, consequent, in fact, upon an accident, itself the result of his activity and industry.

But the scene was about to be changed—affairs were going to take a different turn ; to the astonishment of the Munnses, their principal, in fact, their only tenant, who rented the farm which was attached to the property, made his appearance the minute after Mrs. Chizzle's departure, his countenance expressive of any thing but awe or respect, and his manner rather indicative of authority, founded upon a knowledge of coming events.

" Ah ! " said Munns, " good day, Mr. Brown."

" Good day, sir," said Brown—a fellow with



shoulders a yard and a half across—his face glowing with healthful bloom—a chest like Hercules—balustrade legs—and an eye, which, if not formed to “threaten and command,” was one beaming with that noble honesty and manly feeling, which are the characteristics of the constitutional British farmer

“I am come to tell ye something, squire.”

Munns liked being called squire, because he was not the real squire of the neighbourhood.

“What is it?” said Munns.

“Why I am come to tell you that I cannot, for the life of me, make either head or tail of what has happened to-day in your house.”

“Nothing has happened here, Mr. Brown,” said Mrs. Munns, who hated high-lows, and detested farming.

“I don’t know, ma’am,” said George Brown, “what may have happened; but this I know, that one or two of your folks have been over to me to beg the lend of a large tilted waggon, with a shakedown of straw in the bottom of it.”

“What for?” said Munns.

“For a start, this evening,” replied George Brown.

“But who are to start this evening?” said Mrs. Munns.

“Every one of your servants, ma’am,” said Brown; “every man Jack—women and all.”

“All my servants!” said Munns; “why, what on earth am I to do without them?”

“Ah!” said Brown, “that’s a part of the affair they haven’t taken into their consideration: all they know is, what you did *with* them. I can tell you that, as you have, as they say, turned them all out, out they are determined to go—Sibly—Nokes—the cook—the kitchen-maid—Biggins, her husband, and the two babbies—the coachman, and his poor child—all off, in my blue-bodied, red-wheeled, three-horse omnibus.—They say you have no feeling for any body but yourselves—no pity—no humanity: and so, as every body else in the place says the same, I suppose it is true.”

“They say so in the neighbourhood!” said Mrs. Munns.

“ You are a very agreeable person, Mr. George Brown,” said Mr. Munns.

“ I speak truth, sir,” said Brown ; “ and I speak it for self-preservation. Suppose your barns were set fire to, where should I be with my stacks and ricks ? ”

“ Set fire to, Mr. Brown ! ” said Mrs. Munns.

“ Yes, ma’am, set fire to,” replied Brown. “ I don’t mean to say it will happen—but this I know, that if they *were* on fire, the deuce a hand would stir to put them out.”

“ Well,” said Munns, with a self-satisfied upholding of his head, accompanied by a kind of wonderment in his countenance, “ that seems very odd—I never do any harm to anybody—I pay for every thing I buy—never beat them down, and we lay out a great deal of money.”

“ Ah ? ” said George Brown, “ that’s not it, squire,—that won’t do. I wish you had seen, to-day, how the people up-street laughed, when they heard that the beggars you set the dogs at, had stolen your pigs.”

“ They are horrid bores,” said Mrs. Munns.

“ Whether they were boars or not,” continued George, “ I can’t say ; but this I know, that such was the case.”

“ But, Brown,” said Munns, whose eyes began to be a little opened to his position in the circle of which he hoped to be the centre, “ why is this ?—why are we hated !—we hate nobody !”

“ Hate, sir !” said Brown ; “ that not hating isn’t enough for an English heart :—it is because you don’t care for others—it is the want of tenderness—of good feeling towards your fellow-creatures.—Why, if I was without that feeling towards you, I don’t know where you or your lady would be to-morrow.”

“ What, on earth, do you mean, Mr. Brown ?” said Mrs. Munns, violently acted upon by the inherent self-love which so remarkably distinguished her character and that of her husband ; “ are we in any danger ?”

“ A good deal, as I hear,” said Brown ; “ there are plenty of people ready for mischief :—they know all your servants have been turned out—and, if the house isn’t burnt, the chances are

it will be robbed ; and not a soul here will come to help you."

" Is it possible !" said Mrs. Munns.

" What's to be done ?" said Mr. Munns, who was a most particularly distinguished coward, as domestic bullies invariably are.

" Why, sir," said Brown, " recal the servants you have ill-treated, and attach them to you, not by severity, but kindness."

" Ah ! Mr. Brown," said Mrs. Munns, looking at the fine countenance of the portly farmer ; " what a man you are !"

" We don't know half your value yet," said Munns.

" I believe you," said Brown ; " people who think so much about themselves have no time to study others. See what I have done, I have refused them the waggon—they are all sick and lame—there's no other conveyance—not a post-horse in the parish since the rail-road has been finished, and the nearest station to that great convenience is five miles off ; so here they must stay for the night. Change your manner towards them—they are good honest servants

every one ; you need not tell them that you were aware of their determination to go—alter your manner towards them, treat them like human beings, and fellow-creatures, though your inferiors—you'll see the change ; instead of hating you, they will respect you ; instead of fearing you, they will love you. Now, just try the experiment, I know it will be hard for you at first, but do try—if you don't, by jingo they shall have the waggon yet."

"Upon my word, Brown, there is something in what you say," said Munns.

"Y-e-e-s—so there is," drawled out Mrs. Munns, in a tone of evident discontent.

"Well, then, follow my advice," said Brown : "in a month you will be as popular as you can wish to be, and the place will ring with your praises—so no waggon to-day, as I'll go and tell them."

Saying which, the "boor," as Mrs. Munns called him, quitted the room, leaving the lady and gentleman somewhat astounded ; and like St. Patrick, in some degree "awake to a sense of their situation."

“ Really, Mr. Munns,” said the lady, when the heavy tread of the sturdy yeoman had become inaudible, “ I do not understand what right that man has to come here and talk to us in this manner.”

“ Nor I,” said Munns, “ and I detest him—but we must look to ourselves.”

“ It was all very well his refusing the waggon,” said the lady, “ but, to deliver a lecture on our conduct ! ”

“ —Infernally impudent ! ” said Munns ; “ but we must put up with that, and follow his advice, for our own sakes—not on account of the servants—we must seem to do all he bids us ; get over to-night, and make proper arrangements for bundling them all off the moment we think we can get a better set.”

“ Ay,” said the lady, “ *that* may be wise.”

“ Well, then, Mrs. Munns,” said the terrified tyrant, “ go you and find Sibly, and Nokes, and the coachman—coax his little boy—give Sibly a glass of wine, and I will go and talk with the poor dear cook, and tell her not to worry herself about the trout.”

“ Oh,” said Mrs. Munns, “ you needn’t go—here is your favorite, the gardener, with Nokes.”

“ And his eye out !” said Munns.

And sure enough there they were, attended, too, by Fanny ; the very sight of whom—why, it is impossible to guess—induced the instant disappearance of her mistress.

“ Well, sir,” said Till, the gardener, “ you see I am not like the rest—I was determined not to go, and leave you off-hand in a caddie, but to wait till you could spare me.”

“ Why do you leave me at all, Till ?” said Munns.

“ Because,” said Till, “ we three have a fancy to live together ; myself, my daughter, and my son-in-law.”

“ Well,” said Munns, “ and can’t you all live here together ?”

“ No, sir,” said the gardener, “ because you have ordered Nokes away.”

“ To get himself cured only,” said Munns.

“ He’ll be cured soon enough, sir,” said Till ; “ only my poor girl has been crying fit to break her heart, because you laughed at her for marry-



ing him, and called him a Slypops, or some such thing, when I know he will be no more blind than I am."

"Blind or not blind," said Munns, "if you like to stay, he shall marry your daughter to-morrow."

"I'm quite content," said Till; and so were the junior members of the party.

"Now," said Munns, "I have done what is just and right, and I shall have my melons well looked after, and that's a comfort after all."

These words seemed to afford a cue for the reappearance of the lady of the house, whose countenance certainly exhibited an expression not usually visible on it.

"Well, Mr. Munns," said the lady, "I am satisfied that George Brown is right—I have done what I never have done before—seen the doctor. The illness of poor Biggins and his children is nothing. The coachman's boy has only sprained his ankle. Sibly is to remain here, and dinner will be ready at six—and now every body seems pleased."

"I am, ma'am, for one," said the gardener;

“ my master has made us happy, miserable as we were half an hour ago.”

“ What made you miserable ?” said Mrs. Munns.

“ Your having ordered Nokes away, ma’am,” said the gardener.

“ Away—yes, to be sure,” said the lady, “ didn’t he break my glass ?”

“ Accidents may happen, ma’am,” said the gardener ; “ but all the looking-glasses in the world are not worth an eye.”

“ The doctor didn’t tell me about his’ eye,” said Mrs. Munns.

“ I don’t think you asked after it, ma’am,” said the gardener ; “ but he will be well to-morrow.”

“ That I shall, ma’am,” said Nokes, pulling off the handkerchief which covered one side of his face, “ for I am well to-day.”

“ Why, as I live,” said Munns, “ there is nothing the matter with his eye ! ”

“ I knew *that*, Mr. Munns,” said the lady, “ and that was the reason I ordered him off, because I hate to be imposed upon.”

“ No, ma’am, no,” said the gardener, “ it was Sibly’s contrivance, in order to excite your compassion, so that he might be forgiven the accident.”

“ Gardener, give me leave to tell you,” said the lady, “ that you are mistaken; an active mistress of a house is not to be deceived—she may seem to sleep, but her eyes are always open.”

“ Not so, mistress,” said the gardener, “ and the less servants are trusted, the more they trick;—now, as for myself, what have I done ever since I have been here?—I shall tell the truth—for now I am grateful for your kindness,—why, I have always listened to my master’s orders about the garden.”

“ Exactly,” said Munns, “ and so much the better.”

“ Yes; for what happened,” said the gardener; “ you’ll excuse *me*, sir, I was always afraid of contradicting you, but I never did any one thing you told me to do.”

“ There, Mr. M.,” said the lady, “ didn’t I tell you so?”

“ I did well,” said the gardener ; “ for if I had followed your instructions, you wouldn’t have had a morsel of fruit, or a basketful of vegetables to bless yourselves with.”

“ What ! ” said Munns, “ no melons ? no cantalupes ? ”

“ Not one, sir,” said the gardener. “ The man that was here before *me*, was afraid of you, and did every thing you told him to do ; the consequence was, you never had anything in your garden. He told me you *would* be obeyed in every thing, and that I should lose my place the first time I contradicted you ; so *that* drove me to deceive you, and I heard your orders only to break them. This is my confession, sir, and if you are angry, why, we are ready to go, and give up your handsome offer to Fanny ; but I think I see sunshine, and—”

“ Well,” said Mrs. Munns, “ what do you say to this, Mr. M. ? ”

“ Why, that Nokes shall marry Fan in the morning, and that they shall all stay with us. It is all part of the same system—thanks to George Brown my eyes are opened. My own selfishness

and waywardness have caused all the manceuvring and deception in my household, of which I have complained.—I'll start fresh—take a new course—burn my steel traps—tie up the dogs—pull down my defiance to beggars, and, for the future, continue to recollect that there really is somebody else in the world beside Mr. Singleton Munns," and so *literally* realize the proverb that says,

“CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.”

## CIVIL WAR.

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ON the 16th of April, nearly ninety-three years since, the sun shone brightly on the bristling bayonets of the soldiers, and the drums and fifes sounded merrily, as the British troops marched from Nairn towards Culloden, under the command of the Duke of Cumberland ; the effect of whose appearance at the head of an army, not previously victorious, seems to have been, if not marvellous, equal at least to many of the best miracles recorded by those, against whom, and whose cause, he was in arms.

Most curious evidence to the sudden and extraordinary change which took place, not only

in the temper and spirit of the King's army, immediately after the arrival of His Royal Highness, the undaunted and unconquered son of our Protestant King, and to the corresponding dread and panic of the rebels, is afforded in two letters, of which, although as historical records they are perhaps imperfectly remembered in these days when greater deeds and more astounding victories have almost obliterated the recollection of Blenheim, Malplaquet, and Oudenard, seems to justify their insertion here. One of these letters is addressed by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland to the Duke of Newcastle, dated from Falkirk; the other to the same nobleman, by the Lord Justice Clerk from Edinburgh.

The Duke's letter runs thus :

*“ Falkirk, Feb. 1, 1745-6.*

*“ My Lord Duke of Newcastle,*

*“ In my last, of the 3d of last month, I informed you of our intention to march to the relief of Stirling Castle. When I wrote that, I hoped that the rebels, flushed with their late*

success, would have given us an opportunity of finishing this affair at once, which I am morally sure would have been in our favour ; as the troops in general showed all the spirit I could wish, and would have recovered whatever slips are past. But to my great astonishment, the rebels have blown up their powder magazines, and have returned over the Forth at Frew, leaving their cannon behind them, and a number of their sick and wounded, besides twenty of our wounded prisoners, taken at the late affair, which I have found here. I hope to be at Stirling to-morrow, from whence I shall be better able to inform you of this strange flight.

“ Brigadier Mordaunt, with the two regiments of dragoons, and Lieutenant-colonel Campbell with the Highlanders, are in pursuit of them.

“ I am, your affectionate friend,

“ WILLIAM.”

“ P.S.—This moment comes in from Stirling a man, who says Blakeney had put troops in the town, and that all the rebels had crossed the



Forth. I enclose the best account for the present I could draw up."

The Lord Chief Justice Clerk writes to the Duke of Newcastle.

*"Edinburgh, Feb. 1, 1745-6.*

"My Lord Duke,

"The arrival of his Royal Highness the Duke has done the business—animated our army, and struck the rebels with terror and confusion. He lost no time to improve these advantages; marched the whole army to Linlithgow and the adjacent places, and continued his march this morning, to Falkirk, the rebels always flying before him. This morning the rebels renewed their firing against Stirling Castle; but General Blakeney continuing to make a good defence, they raised the siege, and have blown up their magazine of powder, and, as believed, have spiked their cannon, and the whole army of the rebels have fled with precipitation, and crossed the Forth at the ford of Frew; and his Royal Highness has sent on the dragoons and the

Argyleshire men to take possession of Stirling, and remains with the foot this night at Falkirk. Wishing your grace joy of this great and good news,

“ I remain, my Lord Duke, &c.,

“ ANDREW FLETCHER.”

Here we have the authorised details of the sudden change in the aspect of affairs, immediately resulting, as we have before said, from the assumption of the command of the King's troops by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland. Nor was the brightness of the prospect illusory ; for his royal highness's career of success was uninterrupted, until the battle of Culloden, on the 19th of April, 1746, terminated the hopes of his illustrious father's rebellious subjects, and scattered over the face of the continent, the fugitives who escaped the penalty of the axe or gibbet.

It must seem unnecessary to give any detailed account of that great fight ; but as much of the following narrative depends upon its incidents and consequences, we may perhaps be excused

for quoting a brief description of the engagement, and of the order of battle.

The king's troops began their march at five, in the bright spring morning of the 16th of April, from Nairn, formed into five lines of three battalions each; the left commanded by Major-general Hust, the right by Lord Sempil. In the centre was Brigadier Mordaunt, and on the flanks were the cavalry under Generals Bland and Hawley, who also covered the artillery on the right and left.

The advanced detachment of Kingston's horse, having discovered the van of the rebels moving towards them, the Duke of Cumberland immediately formed his troops in order of battle, in which the army remained for some time; but as the rebels advanced no further, the troops fell again into marching order, and proceeded until within less than a mile of the front of the enemy.

The troops were then again formed: the three battalions of the second line defiled to the left of the respective battalions of the van—Barrett's to the left of Monro's—the Scotch fusiliers to the left of Price's, and Cholmondeley's

to the left of the royals. These marching up, formed the front line of six battalions, with two pieces of cannon between each.

In the centre, at the head of the line, the Earl of Albemarle commanded; three squadrons of cavalry on the right were commanded by Major-general Bland, and three squadrons on the left by Lord Ancram.

In the second line were five battalions posted so as to cover the openings in the front line, with three pieces of artillery between the first and second battalions on the right and left of the same line, to support both lines; and as a reserve, four battalions were placed in a third line, flanked on the right and left by Kingston's horse.

Opposed to these, and opposed for the last time, were the devoted adherents to the cause of James and Popery. Into thirteen divisions, each a separate clan, was the rebel army formed; twelve pieces of artillery were advanced; four in front of the centre, and four on either flank. In command of the centre was Lord John Drummond; of the right wing, Lord George

Murray ; and the left, by the *soi-disant* Duke of Perth.

To support this line, covered by some stone walls on the right, were stationed four companies of French auxiliaries and Fitz-James's horse ; on the left, the Perthshire squadron, some huzzars, and the young Pretender's guards, together with four companies of Lord John Drummond's foot.

Open to the centre of the front was placed the young Pretender himself with his body guards, and three columns of 800 men each in his rear ; Lord Kilmarnock commanding the right column, the right under Roy Steuart, and the centre headed by Lord Lewis Gordon and Glenbucket, and in the rear of them, as the first reserve, were stationed the regiments of Ogilvie and Perth.

In this state of affairs, the rebels, about two o'clock, opened a fire upon the King's troops with their artillery ; but they did little or no execution, and only served to provoke a retaliation from the royal cannon, which threw them into great disorder ; and growing impatient

under a galling fire, which they did not relish half so well as the hand-to-hand conflict in which they hoped to triumph, they made a sudden rush on the right of the king's troops ; and this it is thought they did to induce their enemies to push forward upon *them* : they were, however, deceived. The Duke of Cumberland was on the spot to receive them, and they found the reception they met with, from the steadiness and firmness of the line, not much more agreeable than the long shots of the artillery ; and thus baffled, they turned their whole force upon the left ; their fury chiefly manifesting itself in their attacks upon Monro's and Barrett's regiments, which they attempted to outflank ; when Wolfe's regiment rapidly coming up, frustrated their design, whilst the artillery were firing upon them with incessant activity.

A gallant dash made by General Hawley brought up a body of Highlanders, who soon knocked down some of the stone walls before-mentioned, in order to let in the cavalry, which instantly advanced on that side, while the troops on the right of the king's forces wheeled off upon

the left, and having charged the rebels, and met the centre of their front line in the rear, and being repulsed on the front, they fell into terrible confusion. The cavalry behind then made a dreadful carnage. The infantry alone moving off in anything like order, met at this moment Kingston's cavalry coming up at a rapid pace, which, falling in with the fugitives, almost annihilated all the rest of them.

The young Pretender could no longer withstand the shock of this repulse; and although he had evinced enough of personal courage, and had had one horse shot under him, judging from the fate of the day what his own must inevitably be, he hastily quitted the field, and slept that night at Inverness.

The miseries and difficulties which subsequently accumulated upon him, until his final escape to France, are too well known to need a single observation here.

On the day of this eventful battle, and in the thickest of the fight, fell Donald M'Cleod, a man of substance and property; and, although perhaps not the head of his clan, a man generally looked up to and highly respected, and who

on this occasion took into the field a sturdy band of dependants, who played their part gallantly, till they could no longer withstand the force of the English bayonets, weapons with which they were unaccustomed to contend, and which made wonderful havoc when opposed by only the broadsword and targe. At their head M'Cleod exerted himself nobly ; but at length they gave way, and, in a hand-and-hand conflict with an English officer, M'Cleod received his death-wound.

From that day, from that hour, may be dated the downfall and dispersion of his once happy family. His hospitable house at Malldaloch was ravaged by the soldiery on the night succeeding the battle ; its furniture was destroyed, fire was set to its roof, and a thousand excesses were committed by the king's troops, who, raised to a pitch of enthusiasm by the triumphant victories of the Protestant Duke of Cumberland, were led into violences which, in the modern days of order and discipline, would never have occurred.

From this scene of death and desolation, all that survived of M'Cleod's family, consisting of



his heart-broken widow and their only daughter, Alice, contrived to escape, aided in their proceedings by the watchful guidance and prudential advice of Ronald M'Clean, the devoted lover of the beautiful girl. That his affections had never been returned by her, rendered his zeal and energy upon this occasion the more meritorious; for he loved her fondly and sincerely, and lived in hope upon what a romantic lover might almost call the sunshine of her frowns.

And what a "flitting" it was, when the newly-widowed mistress of Malldaloch, with her darling child, crept stealthily away from her once happy home, following the example and, in fact, the fortunes of not only the Pretender (then called the young Italian), but of all those who valued their lives, which were forfeited to the law by an adherence to the legitimate descendants of the house of Stuart, to whose cause they had been, however unfortunately, we ought to hope, conscientiously devoted.

The escape of the fugitives was rendered more difficult, from the fact, that in the

warmth of their affection, all the dependants of the family, who had escaped from the fight, would insist upon guarding and escorting the widow of their master and her lovely daughter on their way to the frail bark, in which it was decided they should take their departure from the land of their fathers. This show of regard and respect, caused in itself the interruption which M'Clean had endeavoured to guard against, when he confided them to the care of the family priest, with instructions where to find the vessel which was waiting for them, fearing himself to accompany them, and seeking safety in flight, northwards.

The mourning party, in their progress, attracted the notice of a party of the King's troops, under the command of a young officer ; —the M'Cleods would have shown fight against them, but the defeat of the previous day had broken down their spirit. The soldiers rode in amongst them, and one more daring than the rest, having seized the harmless Alice M'Cleod round the waist, was forcing her violently and coarsely on to his horse, when a blow from the

sword of his officer laid him sprawling in the dust. The incident was momentary, but it failed not to make a deep impression on Alice, who found herself rescued from the monster's barbarity by a champion so young and so handsome, on whose arm she leant for support, while shuddering at the thoughts of the outrage she had just escaped.

"We war not with ladies," said the officer ;  
"rely on *my* protection. I know no reason why you should be detained or stopped in your going, be it whither it may."

By this time the mother of Alice had recovered sufficient self-possession to tell their deliverer that she was on her way to embark for France ; that Scotland was no longer a place for her to reside in, that she had lost her husband and her property, and all that she implored was permission to proceed on her way.

By this time, most of the attendants and tenants, who had clustered round her, had fled from the "butchers," as they called their conquerors, and nobody remained near her save Alice and the priest, to whom the young officer,

whose admiration of Alice increased every moment, paid no particular attention, pretty well guessing the character he filled, and the profession to which he belonged, but anxious to avoid any thing and every thing that could retard the departure of the mother and daughter. Having given orders to his men to return to their quarters, where he would shortly join them, he sent back his horse, and offering his arm to the mother, consigned the grateful Alice to the care of her spiritual adviser, and followed but by one gray-headed old man, (who, as soon as the red-coats were seen moving along the road, in an opposite direction, had made his reappearance,) carrying some few articles of luggage.

Those who are sceptics as to love at first sight, will do well in this case to get rid of their doubts. If the beauty and grace of Alice M'Cleod had made a deep impression on the heart of Lieutenant Granville, his ardent defence of her from violence had not less affected her. Her affections were disengaged — her mind, softened and subdued by grief and sorrow, was more than ever eagerly alive to the appeals of

kindness and the display of interest, which Granville took no great pains to conceal. In fact, whether the generous young man went quite the length of neglecting or violating his duty, or not, there can be no question that from the day of their first *rencontre*, till the evening, when the wind coming fair, Alice and her mother took their departure, Granville passed the greatest part of his time on board the little vessel in which they were embarked, and from which they did not land after they once left their native shore.

In that short period Granville had so far interested the lovely girl in his fate and feelings, that she did not hesitate to admit the preference he had excited. Nor did her mother refuse her sanction to a conditional pledge, that if they ever should return to Scotland, and the attachment which Granville professed, should continue, their acquaintance should be renewed, with a view to the fulfilment of their present engagement. This engagement was, in the mind of Alice, binding and irrevocable, and so she resolved to maintain it, even if she never

should behold her gallant deliverer again : the bond was sealed with a kiss of love—and so they parted.

Five years passed away, and they met not ; but fancy, at the expiration of that period, Alice, the fair and faithful Alice, devoted heart and soul to the land of her fathers, domesticated in a small cottage close on the confines of her early home, breathing in all the purity of innocence and virtue, the air of her native country ; in which, although the flame of civil war was extinct, and tranquillity restored, the dilapidated remains of the house of Malldaloch remained, a heart-rending monument of the evils which had befallen her.

Fancy the sensations which filled the heart of Ronald M'Clean, the lover of her youth, when he heard of her return—to whom, in the common course of events, she might, in all probability, have been at this very time united. Fancy what he hoped when he heard of the death of her mother, and the almost romantic return of herself to Scotland, accompanied by the venerable priest, who had followed the for-

tunes of her family, and attended by her faithful maid, Peggie M'Cleod, who, humble as was her station, proudly claimed to be of kith and kine to her excellent young mistress.

No sooner did the news of what may be almost called this holy pilgrimage of Alice to her home, reach him, than the flame which had so long lain smouldering in his bosom, brightened at the sound; although, as the reader has been told, it never had been encouragingly breathed upon by the gentle Alice herself, who, nevertheless, esteemed him as a friend, and regarded him almost as a brother, and who—such is the force of habit and family connexion, juxtaposition, convenience of circumstances, and proximity of property—would, as has just been observed, in all probability have become her husband, had matters remained tranquil, or the success of the struggle been the other way.

His visits, however, were discouraged by Alice, and all her anxiety was to prevent a declaration on his part, which would decidedly separate them. She never permitted herself to be alone with him; and having confided her

secret to her confessor, the worthy old Padre conscientiously continued to render himself particularly odious to M'Clean, by never absenting himself during the stay at the cottage of the ill-fated young man.

It was true, most true, that the father of Alice had died in M'Cleod's arms at Culloden—that he rushed to his rescue—too late, it is also true—but that he greatly distinguished himself upon the occasion, and that his care and assiduity in making arrangements for their flight, demanded Alice's utmost gratitude. This she admitted, and this she felt—but love she could not; her heart was now not her own to give.

It was scarcely possible that an event which had occurred in the presence of M'Cleod's tenants and clansmen, as the summary punishment of the trooper by Granville, could have escaped notice and remark. M'Clean had heard the history, and although he had just reason to be satisfied with Alice's conduct towards him before her departure, he could not help connecting in his shrewd and active mind the existence of some powerful attachment to the red-coat, with the



marked coldness and studied reserve of the object of his affections since her return.

“ I know,” said he, one evening at parting, “ I know it all ; I have a rival—a Southron—a Red-coat of the Georgies—and if I have—”

Alice endeavoured in vain to appease him.

“ Alice,” said he, “ swear—swear to me that it is not so.”

Alice could *not* obey his demand, and he left her in anger—she had never seen him so moved before.

It was on the same evening, and just after this separation that an English traveller, without either guide or companion, was wending his way over the rocky ground through intricate passes, with which, notwithstanding his being apparently a stranger, he seemed to be tolerably well acquainted. His object appeared to be, to “ make,” as the sailors say, some indicated familiar spot, whence he might more favourably, “ take a fresh departure,” in order to attain the object of his journey.

Certain it is, that he followed a path which led to some ruins, in front of which he stopped,

as if expecting some further enlightenment with regard to his further progress ; resolved, if nothing occurred to assist him in his explorations, to endeavour to find shelter for the night ; when the sound of a female voice, breathing forth sacred music, struck upon his ear. He advanced a few steps towards the place whence this harmony seemed to proceed, and beheld a light burning in a cottage-window at no great distance from him, except that it was in the depth of the valley, overhung by the rocky pathway on which he stood.

A thousand feelings agitated him ; perhaps it was in *that* direction he had been taught to look for what he so ardently sought. The music continued—the traveller, following the narrow track cut in the face of the hill, reached a wooden bridge, boldly thrown over the bed of the mountain torrent ; this he crossed—the light still burning before him, seemed like a propitious star guiding him to happiness.

He approached the cottage—the window was open ; concealed by a wall he could command the interior of the room, in which he beheld a young

female, kneeling before an image of the Virgin ; the sacred song was over, but she was praying fervently and in silence ; at her side hung a rosary,

“ And on her breast a cross she wore,  
Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.”

As her face was turned towards the sacred image, the traveller could see only her profile : was more necessary to convince him, even if his heart had not already proclaimed it, that it was Alice M'Cleod ?

He remained motionless, lest he should interrupt her orisons. She rose from her devotions—he ventured to attract her attention by calling on her name ;—she started with surprise, and uttered a sudden cry ; but it was characterized by neither fear nor displeasure ; on the contrary, after recovering from her first astonishment she held out her hands towards him, and bade him come in.

And what a meeting it was ! what thousands of questions and answers did these two devoted beings ask and give ! He repeated all the events of his life, which had occurred since

they parted, to which she listened with the deepest interest; nor did the announcement of the fact, that the moment he could obtain leave of absence from his regiment, which had been moved from Scotland after the suppression of the rebellion to a foreign station, he had proceeded to France, hurried to the convent where she had been residing, and there hearing of her mother's death, and her return to Scotland, had followed and found her; at all weaken the feeling he had already excited.

This interesting dialogue between the gallant Granville and his beloved, was interrupted by the appearance of Peggie, who, looking at the Captain—as he now was—and bearing in mind the eventful day which won his lady's heart, suggested that a good supper was essential to his well-being, a *dictum* with which, (lover as he was,) the gallant officer did not appear at all inclined to disagree; and accordingly Alice, whose thoughts were certainly not resting on such mere worldly matters, expressed her cordial approbation of her handmaiden's providence.

“ You will find here,” said Alice to Granville, returning after having given some orders, “ a hearty, honest welcome ; humble as to fare, such as we real mountaineers are used to. You will, when weary of our talk, be conducted by honest Peggie’s little nephew to a clean and comfortable lodging in her brother’s cottage, which I have desired them to prepare for you. You may wonder to see with what cheerfulness I bear my change of circumstances ; but I place my trust in Heaven, and am happier here than I could be any where else in the world.”

Honest Peggie bustled about and soon displayed a repast, possessing the first of all attractions—cleanliness. And Alice and Granville defied the world and all its ills in their quiet retreat.

Scarcely had they finished their repast, when an old highlander, whom Granville had engaged to bring his portmanteau across the hills from the nearest point, at which road-travelling became impracticable, made his appearance with his burden, and knocked at the door of the

cottage to ask for a wee bit of something to eat ; little imagining that the Southron who had told him to come to him at Malldaloch, where he understood Alice was residing, was already installed and at rest. From this portmanteau, Granville produced the Prayer-book which had belonged to his beloved's father, and which forgetting in the hurry of quitting the convent, she had left behind her. The sight of it filled her eyes with tears : not only was it associated with ten thousand recollections of her adored parent, but its restitution to her by Granville fully established the fact of his journey in pursuit of her, and his solicitude on her account, by bringing her back this valuable relic.

“ Henry,” said Alice, “ the sight of this book brings all the events of my earlier life to my mind—the kindness and affection of my poor father—the devotion of my sainted mother—in the silence of the convent to which we retired, and which you have visited, my thoughts were constantly fixed on you—the day of the dreadful battle was always before me—and in the hour of

prayer did my thoughts revert to my preservation from violence, perhaps from death, by you; and even while my eyes were fixed upon this holy book, and in the quietude of our chapel, when the shades of evening fell over us, your figure seemed to flit before me in the light of the tapers which burned on the altar.

“ My mother died—she rests, as you know, in the cemetery of that convent. I wept over her, and vainly called on her revered name—she was lost to me for ever, upon earth. I grew sick of the desolate state in which I was left, and the love of home—my dear, ill-fated home—filled my heart. I sat through the long evenings of winter, scarcely lifting my head from my hands, my eyes drowned in tears, for dear Malldaloch, with its calm lake and its moonlit rushes murmuring in the breeze, were always before me—the longing for home at length became irresistible : my excellent priest, to whose care and affection I owe so much, expressed his readiness to be my protector and guide to my native mountains, hoping, moreover, now that public affairs have become more tranquil, to exert himself again

successfully in forwarding the interests of our holy religion, which, like all his brethren, he makes his constant care.

“ Never shall I forget my sensations when I first again beheld Malldaloch—or rather its ruins—a thousand recollections flashed on my mind!—the places which we have inhabited in our youth, in our happiest hours, may crumble and fall, but they speak volumes. ‘ Yes,’ cried I, ‘ there is Malldaloch, ruined, deserted—but still it is Malldaloch.’

“ As we approached it,” continued Alice, “ we found the beautiful gardens all run wild and in disorder; long grass was growing in the courtyard, and the setting sun gleamed through the broken windows on the pavement of the once festive hall; but it shone, too, on the arms of M‘Cleod, which still were in their place of honour; no one had dared to tear down *those*; and I seated myself beneath them in the oaken chair of my father, in which he has sat a thousand times while fondling me on his knee. You will ask me,” said Alice, “ why, with these feelings, I did not, as I proposed to do when I left the con-



vent, make Malldaloch my residence : my fortune would not permit it.—There is my answer—therefore is it, that I have chosen this little cottage, whence I can see the home of my fathers, even if I am hindered from making my daily visit to it, by the badness of the weather.”

Poor Alice paused, while yet Granville sat gazing on her with rapture. She had hitherto spoken of nothing calculated to disturb the prospect of their happiness ; for the death of Granville’s father had put him in possession of a handsome fortune, of which he had the uncontrolled command ; but something remained to be told—in fact, unless his anger had not subsided, she every moment expected Roland M’Clean to pay her one of his fruitless and irksome visits ; and although she felt it wholly impossible to have any concealment from Granville, and although she was most anxious that Ronald should not make his appearance, she still, on the other hand, hoped that he might, as convincing her that his wrath was appeased, and that he had forgiven her refusal to comply with his re-

quest of the preceding evening, to swear eternal fidelity to him.

“ There is,” said Alice, in a faltering voice, “ but one thing which weighs upon my mind : it has been my misfortune, involuntarily on *my* part, to gain the affections of one who has been my companion from my earliest youth — the favourite of my father, to whom he was devotedly attached. Last night he pressed his suit with more than usual earnestness, and, although my best of friends, my priest was by, charged me with loving another, and that other a Southron. The thought enraged him almost to madness, and he left me burning with rage.”

The expression of Granville’s fine countenance convinced Alice that she was touching upon points likely to excite in his breast feelings of national prejudice and animosity, which however subdued, or even entirely overcome, by the superior influence of love for such a being as herself, still rankled in the hearts of those, whose loyalty and fidelity to the house of Hanover led them to regard with scorn and hatred the survivors of the faction, whose rebellious attempts

upon the crown they had successfully defeated. The idea that this pretender to the hand of Alice should speak slightingly of a Southron—and *that* Southron himself, awakened a feeling of pride and resentment, which pretty plainly exhibited itself in Granville's altered manner.

“ But,” said Alice, “ all this will pass away—Ronald is generous and brave—and now that *you* are here, all my cares and all my difficulties cease.”

“ Yes,” exclaimed Granville, softened by the sweetness of her manner, “ you are mine—mine for ever ! This happy moment repays me for all the anxieties of a protracted separation ; never—never more do we part on earth !”

At this moment, footsteps were heard approaching ; the happy lovers turned their eyes to the door of the cottage, and beheld, already on its threshold, three men. The first was young, his countenance marked and stern—his figure manly and graceful—his air dignified and resolute. By the colour of his tartan, as well as by his gallant bearing, it was not difficult to recognise in *him* the rejected Ronald M'Clean. His hand

was on the pistol which he carried in his belt, and he appeared only to be restrained from using it, by the efforts of one of his companions, much older than himself. Granville fixed his eyes upon the young highlander, and Alice seemed rivetted to the spot by his sudden appearance under such extraordinary circumstances.

Granville's arrival had been noticed by one of Ronald's men, who had followed him to the cottage : coupled with the scene of the previous evening, this circumstance dispelled all doubt in Ronald's mind of the truth of his suspicions, and when he entered the room, he felt satisfied that he stood face to face with his hated rival. The first glance which he cast upon Granville was that of scorn and contempt ; but in an instant, as if animated by other and still stronger feelings, a look of horror glanced from his eyes, and an exclamation of disgust burst from his lips ; he stepped forward, and again gazed upon the English Red-coat.

" 'Tis he ! " said Ronald, " I never could mistake him."

He walked across the room to Alice, and

with a calmness and gravity totally at variance with the passions which a moment before had seemed to agitate him, took her hand in his.

“ Daughter of M‘Cleod,” said he, “ do you know this man ?”

Alice would have answered the question with a scorn, which must have made M‘Clean feel how well she knew him, and how much she loved him ; but there was something so awful in the tone of his voice, and something so solemn in his manner, that her tongue refused its office, and from her trembling lips fell only some faint and unintelligible words.

“ Daughter of M‘Cleod,” said Ronald, “ in the battle of Culloden I SAW THAT MAN KILL YOUR FATHER.”

The hand of Alice turned icy cold in that of M‘Clean ; she uttered no cry—she wept not—but fixing her eyes upon *his*, seemed to search to his very heart for the truth of what he had said. M‘Clean relaxed not.

“ Granville,” said she, in a faltering voice, “ is this true ?”

“True !” exclaimed Granville, starting from his seat impetuously, “the wretch who has fabricated that falsehood——”

But, alas ! the almost supernatural calm, the imperturbable tranquillity of Ronald, were but too certain evidences that what he had said was right. A faint smile of gratified vengeance trembled on his lip—his hand touched not his dagger, although the hatred of his rival was deep in his heart—he felt that he had already triumphed over him. The manly beauty of his features, now agitated by no passion, and the inanimate steadiness of his figure, afforded a striking contrast to the excitement of Alice and Granville ; the one of whom was praying to Heaven with tearful eyes, and the other threatening Ronald with looks of defiance.

Alice, unhappy Alice, *was* convinced ; she knew that the honour of M‘Clean was unimpeached and unimpeachable—she knew that it was in a personal encounter with an English officer, her father, separated from his men, had fallen ;—she dare not doubt—she dare not hope. Pressing her forehead with both her hands, she

turned, first to Granville, and then to his accuser, and uttering one piercing shriek, fell senseless at their feet.

They raised her gently, and her faithful servants carried her to her chamber, leaving Granville and M'Clean alone together. In Granville's state of mind, with all his national prejudices, and all his tenderest feelings boiling in his bosom, it may easily be conceived that such a circumstance was most perilous and fearful. Harsh words were exchanged between them—the searching questions of Granville, the short but decided answers of Ronald, produced a war of words, in which, however, the truth of Ronald's statement was perfectly established.

“I was there,” exclaimed Ronald; “I saw the blow struck—I saw my honoured, my beloved friend fall. If I had not been whirled away by a sudden charge of your bayonets, you should not have lived to triumph in the glories of that detestable victory. Five minutes after, I gained the spot, and M'Cleod died in my arms. The form and features of his antagonist were stamped upon my memory—my friend's

death was not then atoned for—the day *may* come—Patience !”

“ This is a dream,” said Granville, “ a horrible dream ! No,” exclaimed he, striking his breast in an agony of passion, “ I have done no wrong, there is *no* crime in war—the soldier fighting his country’s battles is no assassin. He knows not who falls by his hand—he ought never to know it. Alice will not break her oath for *this*—no, M’Clean ! she is affianced to me, and she shall be my wife.”

In an instant the whole expression of M’Clean’s countenance was altered, and rage, uncontrollable rage, agitated all his features.

“ The blood of her father is on your head,” said Ronald. “ The curse of the daughter will follow you !”

“ The curse,” exclaimed Granville, “ will be on *him* who has raked this frightful story from the grave, where it would have slumbered, as it ought to have done, had not Alice’s devoted love for me, driven you to the base and horrid expedient of reviving it. Alice loves me, and I repeat it, to your dismay.”



Ronald, writhing under this last denunciation, started from his seat and left the cottage. Granville perfectly well understood the sign he made on quitting the door, and followed him out. The two companions of M'Clean, knowing too surely what was about to happen, were going after their chief; but the old man, who had brought Granville's portmanteau across the hills, detained them until he had loosened his shield from his back, and armed himself with his short spear, declaring with an almost youthful energy, that as the Southron had hired him to serve him, he was bound to protect him, and see fair play between him and his enemy.

A few minutes only had elapsed, when on the bank of the torrent which dashed from the height of the mountains, a sudden glare of light appeared, illuminating the glen; it arose from the flames of burning branches of the resinous pine, which the retainers of their chief had cut from the trees and fired—the torches thus promptly supplied, cast around a funeral gloom—its object was undoubted—the clashing of swords echoed among the rocks—the sound re-

called the distracted Alice to life and consciousness—in vain she tried to raise herself from her bed. She called to her faithful Peggie to open the window, and endeavour to discover what it meant.

“Tell me—tell me,” said Alice, “what do you see?”—Her answer was, that there were two men fighting—that they had closed upon each other, and that one struggled violently in the conflict, but that his antagonist seemed to be the victor, but that it was impossible to distinguish who were the combatants at that distance.

Presently the clash of weapons ceased, and a low murmuring noise was followed by the slow and heavy tramp of feet. Alice again raised herself and listened, but all was still save the falling torrent.

The helpless weakness of the poor sufferer—rendered her incapable of action, and so exhausted did she become, that sometime after midnight she fell into a fitful slumber, whence, however, she started at the earliest dawn of day.

Then it was that poor Alice, “rallying all her energies,” resolved to leave the cottage, and

7 / / ;



seek the place of combat. She fulfilled her intentions, leaning on the arm of her faithful woman. And those who had seen the fair and beautiful creature of the previous night, her heart full of joy and affection, would not have recognised her, in the worn broken-down creature who, with her eyes fixed on Heaven, dragged her faint and wearied limbs to the glen.

“ Here, madam,” said Peggie, “ here is the ground on which they fought—the grass is still wet.”

“ With blood,” muttered Alice, shuddering.

“ I know,” continued the woman, “ that one was wounded, for I saw the other, when they parted, after their struggle, rush upon him and cut him down—that I dared not tell you last night.”

“ It was the shortest of the two that fell,” said Peggie ; “ I could not of course, see their faces, but I am certain it was Ronald M‘Clean.

The joy of hearing that her beloved Granville had escaped, did not hinder Alice from feeling sore and deep regret for M‘Clean. He had

been, as we know, the constant companion of her youth—they had together explored the wildest heather or culled the wildest fruits ; and the thought that he should have fallen while he was in fact her guest, and almost before her door, only because he had dared to love her—struck deep into her generous heart. She had always esteemed him, admired the nobleness of his character, respected his principles and his virtues, and, if she had not loved, she at least preferred him to all others, until the fortune of war and a totally unforeseen event had brought her so strangely acquainted with Granville, and created a feeling of gratitude and devotion in her heart, which in such a heart, naturally grew into an ardent affection for her deliverer.

Alice left the blood-stained spot ; she gazed around her in every direction in hopes to see her beloved ; the eagle soared from its eyrie, beating the clear air with its wings ; the patient fisherman pursued his daily toil in silence on the lake—but no Granville came. At one point of her path the roof of Malldaloch caught her

sight ; a thousand thoughts flashed into her mind—a thousand associations connected with the days of childhood—a thousand regrets for the fate of M'Clean.

“ No,” said she, “ it is not so ; M'Clean is wrong—my father did *not* fall by Granville's hand—he is free from that stain. But even if he did, it was in battle. Could I not forgive him ? It was his duty ; but to marry him—to feel my hand grasped by that which killed my parent—misery, misery ! ”

Exhausted and broken-hearted, Alice retraced her steps to the cottage ; her anxiety for news of Granville, “ with all his sins upon his head,” amounting to something like frenzy, when at the door she found the old Highlander, whose generous feeling towards the Southron has already been noticed.

“ Lady of Malldaloch,” said the old man, “ he is dying in your house—at his own desire in the house of the M'Cleods. To die so young, is hard—and for a woman's love too—had it been in the good old cause—”

“ Holy Virgin ! ” said Alice, “ support me at

this moment ! Do you mean to say that he wished to be taken to Malldaloch ?”

“ Yes,” said the old man ; “ he said it would be a blessing to him to die under the roof of your fathers, and entreated us to carry him to what was your room in other days.”

“ Oh ! Ronald, Ronald !” sobbed Alice, “ I have wronged you—I have ruined you, and all because you loved me !” and she hurried away to the old house.

The aged Highlander did not at all understand or enter into Alice’s feelings, nor did he exactly comprehend the meaning of the quarrel. He satisfied himself with thinking it exceedingly ridiculous for men to fight about “ladie love,” and appeared almost angry with the Lady of Malldaloch for being so much affected at the result.

Alice, weak as she was, hastened on her way, anxious to pour such balm as she could, into the wounds of her devoted Ronald, and almost dissatisfied that Granville had not had the manliness to return to her, to tell her what had occurred. She reached the gate—with almost supernatural strength, she ran up the staircase



which led to her once familiar room, and throwing open the door beheld stretched upon an old wretched bedstead, which had escaped the ravages of time and the rebellion, pale as death and deeply wounded on the chest—her adored Granville.

Her eyes were rivetted on the horrid sight: she panted for breath—all she could mutter was, —“ And has M‘Clean done this ?”

The agitation of Granville at the sight of his beloved Alice, forced the blood to flow afresh from the wound, which had been left since the preceding night without surgical aid. He could not speak to her, but the expression of his ghastly countenance seemed to say, “ Do not hate me, Alice !—do not abandon me !”

Alice fancied she saw her father’s noble figure flit by her, and heard his voice sounding in her ears; the pulsation of her heart was audible—such was the silence of the apartment.

“ If I forsake you,” said Alice, “ may Heaven forsake *me* !” and taking his hand into hers, which trembled like a leaf, she kissed his cold lips, and the knot which confined her hair break-

ing, her long fair tresses fell over the neck of her wounded lover. But Alice rallied from her momentary tenderness—action was necessary to save her beloved: she instantly despatched the old Highlander to the village for assistance; and speedily the surgeon arrived. After having examined the wound or wounds of Granville, he told the Lady of Malldaloch that the danger was imminent.

“Let what may happen,” said Alice, in a whisper, “I will not leave him.”

Granville’s eye remained fixed on hers; he made great efforts to speak, but in vain; he saw a change as wonderful in *her* countenance since they parted the night before, as *she* saw in *his*; but although he believed that death had laid his iron hand upon her, he still saw in her eyes all the energy, all the feeling, all the devotion, of a woman full of love and courage.

The surgeon quitted them for a short time;—when he returned, his silence and the expression of his countenance, conveyed to the wretched Alice the dreadful intelligence, that all hope was gone. Not five minutes after this heart-rending

announcement, footsteps were heard on the staircase—the door was thrown open, and at the foot of the bed stood Ronald M'Clean.

Upon seeing Alice, he started back ; she hid her face in her hands the moment after her eyes had glanced upon his figure. M'Clean gazed on the woeful scene before him with unfeigned regret. Alice, recovering herself from her first surprise at the sight of him, looked at him firmly and steadily, and said—

“Are you come to see him die ?—Were you not sure you had killed your victim ?”

“No, Alice,” said M'Clean, “a very different feeling has brought me hither ; and although the sight of you *here* may have rekindled my hatred, I pitied him and lamented his fate. I wounded him,—that is true, but honourably—in single combat, where we were hand to hand, and foot to foot ; our swords were crossed before witnesses. I wounded him, I say, but the fate might have been mine, for the Southron is brave and dexterous. All I ask for myself is an appeal to *him*—let *him* speak, and hear what he relates of our fight.”

The surgeon, who had just laid his hand upon Granville's heart, said, in a low whisper,

“ Sir, he will never speak more.”

M'Clean instantly stepped forward to save Alice, who seemed falling on the bed, but a loud and horrid laugh was the only reply to his advance, which she repulsed with horror.

“ My love, my life !” screamed she to the mangled corpse :—“ rise, rise !—give me your hand—the altar is ready—the priest is here—I am your betrothed, your beloved !—I am happy, happy !—See, see, how well, how gay I look in my wedding clothes !”

And she sank on the dead man's bloody breast.

At this sad sight, tears trickled down Ronald's cheeks, and, raising his eyes to Heaven, he exclaimed :—

“ Oh, holy Virgin, have pity on her !”

THE TRAGEDY WAS ENDED.

END OF VOL. II.

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# PRECEPTS AND PRACTICE.

BY

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"SAYINGS AND DOINGS," "GURNEY MARRIED," &c.

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# PRECEPTS AND PRACTICE.

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## FASHIONABLE FICTIONS.

It seems that the French have, like the English, been latterly somewhat overrun with what are called fashionable novels, and which, if we may judge from what we see in the reviews of them, are nearly equal in merit and accuracy to those which have of late years deluged the circulating libraries of London.

M. Eugene Guinot has just shown them up in a very agreeable manner. "It is very strange," says he, "that Fashion has not yet found a historian, in a country in which she so pre-eminently flourishes, and where literature is so active and general. A History of Fashion would be at once curious and entertaining, and

certain success would await a judicious and experienced writer who would carefully collect its stories, exhibit its manners, explain its influence over society, and collect all the delightful anecdotes with which the annals of the fashionable world are filled. Materials for this yet unaccomplished work may be found scattered over the pages of books of every age, but it would require great caution and prudence to consult the numerous existing documents, for upon this particular subject writers of every age seem to have evinced the grossest partiality. In all times, whether the writers be grave or gay, their universal object appears to have been to calumniate good society, and especially those of fashion."

Let us look at the literature of the sixteenth century, the events of which have afforded so many subjects for modern plays and romances. The dandies of that period called themselves *Raffinés*, and are described to us as savages, brawlers, and duellists, going abroad sword in hand. In their day, fashion every morning bedewed the turf of the *Pré aux Clercs*, supreme

*bon ton* exhibited itself in a stab from a dagger, and Fashion wrote her laws with the point of a rapier.

This rude kind of elegance held sway even under the reign of Louis the Thirteenth. The next reign produced a new race of dandies, whom Molière and his contemporaries represent as weak and wicked; immoral coxcombs, habituated to all sorts of crime, and trampling under foot every just and proper feeling. Later than this, in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, came in the *Roués*, who, if literature be to be believed, exceeded their predecessors in all kinds of misconduct. At last, under the Consulate, sprang up the *Incroyables*, a race of dandies whom plays and novels innumerable have covered with ridicule.

The dandies of the present day are not much better treated, and future ages will form a very curious idea of our men of fashion if they implicitly rely upon our coeval authorities, literary and graphic. Open, for instance, a “*Journal des Modes* :” the print exhibits to your astonished eye the dandy, enveloped in a richly-

embroidered dressing-gown, lounging listlessly on a sofa, simpering and smirking, with his head lolling on one side, like a boarding-school Miss. Near him stands a groom, in top-boots, who has the care of his toilet. The compilers of these "Journaux" know nothing of any servant but the groom. The *valet-de-chambre*, in their opinion, is obsolete: the groom they see, and therefore are satisfied that he still exists; and therefore he is served up with all sauces, and upon all occasions.

Next to these journalists come the novelists, who appear to derive their notions of men of fashion from their graphic contemporaries. There are in France, just now, between two and three hundred novel-writers, full of wit and talent, but all perfect strangers to the world which they propose to describe, and of the ways of which they have not the remotest idea. These young authors, who have never trod carpet, as M. de Talleyrand said, at a period when carpets were yet considered luxuries, delight in the most brilliant descriptions, formed in their own lively imaginations, regulated only

by what they have read of other times, and thus create a world of their own, for their own special use and service. They introduce their readers into visionary saloons and unearthly banquetting-rooms, and then fill them with the most extraordinary race of men and women of their own manufacture, whom they call people of fashion. Their men are wonderfully compounded of the *Raffiné*, the *Roué*, and the *Incroyable*, all jumbled together, and splendidly enriched with some new traits of their own. A dandy thus constructed is always favoured with a romantic name. He is called, perhaps, Julio de Mirandal, Palamede de Flamicour, or Clodimir de St. Amaranthe; and is then made to perform a part in the *Beau monde*, from the record of which posterity is to judge of the state of society in the present day.

By way of a specimen of this style of writing, take this:—We enter one of the most elegant houses of the *Chaussée d'Antin*: we reach the bedchamber where slumbers the dandy Julio. The room is hung with blue Cachemire, woven with green palm-leaves; the floor covered with

a rich, soft, white carpet, strewed with roses and lilies, so naturally worked, that they seem like real flowers scattered by the hand of Spring; the armed-chairs are of lilac velvet embroidered with gold; an alabaster lamp hangs from the ceiling; and the walls are adorned with pictures of beautiful women by Dubuffe, and of beautiful horses by Lepaulle. On either side of the glass over the fire-place hang twenty miniatures of lovely creatures, smiling in their frames. The chimney-piece is covered with cups, vases, and candlesticks, and a clock of shell-work (which had belonged to Madame Dubary), representing Love binding the scythe of Time with garlands of flowers, occupies the centre. The bed itself is surmounted with a massive crown, whence fall, in full folds, its curtains of mohair. On a pillow, richly hemmed with lace, is deposited a beautiful head belonging to a young man, whose long yet uncurled black hair is loosely flowing over its resting-place;—that head—that hair—are Julio's. It is the pale and interesting Julio who wakes; he opens his fascinating eyes. At that moment the clock on the

chimney-piece strikes twelve, and Julio rings his bell.

A groom answers the summons, and having entered the room, respectfully waits his master's orders.

“Abufar,” said Julio, “open the windows.”

Abufar hastens to obey his master's orders.

“Abufar, let me dress,” says Julio ; “give me my violet-coloured velvet morning-gown, my green satin pantaloons, and my slippers.”

“Which, Sir ?” asks Abufar.

“Those which the little Duchess embroidered for me,” replies Julio. “Now give me one of my Greek caps—not the one the Baroness made me—the one I had from Lady Arabella. Now—stop—I declare I cannot at the moment recollect what I want next. I was racketting about last night—dissipating dreadfully ; and this morning I am quite unable to collect my scattered ideas.”

The dandy, having sufficiently draped himself, throws himself into a large, soft, armed-chair *à la Voltaire* ; and, fatigued by his exertions, and the pleasures of the preceding even-

ing, falls into a sort of careless reverie. Abufar ventures to break silence.

“Am I to get the pistols, Sir!—do you fight to-day?”

“Fight!” replies Julio; “no, not this morning I think. I am not quite sure. Give me my pocket-book. Let me see—Friday,—this is Friday, is it not?—Yes, Friday. No. To send to my lawyer—ah!—at four, Fanny. No; there is nothing about a duel to-day. Your master, Abufar, has become as pacific as a priest. I must see about this: only two duels this month; and here we are at the 19th. How exceedingly odd! If I don’t take care I shall get positively rusty. I *must* have an affair to-day: I must, indeed. I’ll put it down in my memoranda, for fear I should forget it.”

Thus was the sword of Julio destined to slumber in its scabbard one day longer, and his pistols to lie untouched in their ebony case, which was beautifully inlaid with death’s-heads and cross-bones in ivory.—Julio suddenly abandons his pugnacious reflections, and inquires for



his courier. Abufar brings him in a bundle of letters and the newspapers. Julio begins with these, and glances his eyes hastily over them: he then begins to open the letters. Twelve little sweet-scented notes lie before him: he first counts them, and carefully examines the superscriptions before he opens any one of them.

Behold him unfolding the love-fraught correspondence. Abufar had already placed near his master an ebony trunk, lined with rose-coloured satin. Every note, after having been read, was thrown into this receptacle, as the poor, after having lived, are cast into a common grave. Julio's reading was interrupted sometimes by smiles of satisfaction—sometimes by a frown;—sometimes by a loud laugh—and occasionally by short observations,—such as “Psha!”—“Indeed!”—“Already!”—“What madness!”—“Under the elms!”—“Umph!”—“That's love!” “No;”—“A shawl;”—“Something new;”—“Too green!”—“Absolute tyranny!” All at once, after having read the last of the epistles, Julio exclaims—“Capital! excellent! I wanted an affair, just to keep my

hand in. The Baroness bores me—persecutes me. I have it! I will put her note in an envelope, and send it to her husband: he is a brave man and a kind friend of mine. Nothing can answer the purpose better.” And Julio proceeded to put his design into execution, with that ferocious coolness which invariably characterizes the perfidy of men of fashion.

“Who are in the antechamber?” asks the dandy.

“Your two fencing-masters, Sir,” replied Abufar.

“I shan’t fence to-day.”

“Your curiosity collector is here, and your Rubens merchant,” said Abufar.

“Let them in,” said Julio. “Are those all!”

“No, Sir,” replied Abufar; “there is your waistcoat tailor, with some patterns to select; your pantaloon tailor; your tailor for gloves, and your tailor for linen, who is waiting to measure you for some shirts.”

To all these essential subordinates Julio gives audience, and then orders his breakfast. A tray covered with the most exquisite viands

and choicest wines is put down. Julio just tastes the wing of a partridge *aux truffes*—moistens his lips with a few drops of Cyprus wine, to which, whether because he has no appetite, or because, like Byron, he dreads the calamity of growing fat, he confines his repast, and concludes his extremely moderate meal by throwing his napkin at Abufar's head.

“Take away all this,” said Julio, “I want to smoke; send Mahomet here.”

Mahomet was groom of the pipes; Julio ordinarily called him his slave. Since smoking has become so universally fashionable, the dandies have discovered a new subject for luxury. We have only yet spoken of Julio's bed-chamber. His apartments consisted of eight other rooms; an antechamber furnished with red velvet benches fringed with gold—a saloon fitted up in the style of the seventeenth century—an Italian dining-room of white marble and gold—a boudoir after Watteau—a bath-room, painted in fresco—a Gothic hall of the time of Charles the Seventh—an armoury wainscotted with oak, and ornamented with pikes, lances,

cuirasses, bucklers, swords, daggers, guns, pistols, and all the implements of war—and next to this the divan, a Turkish saloon, deriving its name from the vast oriental sofa which surrounds it. On the walls of the divan, pipes of all sorts, and of all nations, were ranged in equal splendour and regularity with the swords and trophies in the armoury—all nations and all people were represented in this vast arsenal of *smokery*. It contained specimens of every pipe in the world, from the calumet of the savage to the philosophical pipe of the German student, from the Persian narghila down to the little earthen doodeen so energetically nicknamed the *Brulegueule* by the French corporals. In this divan there were neither chairs, nor tables, nor furniture of any kind or description—nothing but piles of cushions which lay scattered about, and a china japanned closet filled with boxes of cigars.

Mahomet, who was custos of this chamber, was a mulatto dressed with the mingled fashions of the eastern and western worlds. He wore an Egyptian cap, a blue polonaise,

cossack trousers, and yellow morocco Turkish boots.

“What will you smoke, Sir?” said the slave to his master. “We have received several new pipes from Cephalonia. The secretary to the Embassy has sent you some small cigars from Madrid, four cases of ‘Cubas’ have arrived from Havre, and I have sent for some ‘Brazils.’”

The dandy decided in favour of a Havannah cigar, and after having dismissed Mahomet, proceeded to his stables. They were splendid—ininitely more like drawing-rooms than places for horses. Those deputies who declaim from the tribune against the vast expense which has been incurred in building a palace for the monkeys in the *Jardin des Plantes* would perhaps be less indignant at the luxuries enjoyed by those interesting animals, if they were but to see how Julio’s horses were lodged and accommodated.

Julio’s stables were furnished just like drawing-rooms: there were damask curtains to the windows—the walls were lined with mahogany, on which hung the best engravings of Charles

Vernet. From a raised space, inclosed by a gilt railing, the dandy saw his horses pass in review before him ;—here it was he entered into the most familiar technical conversations with his own stable-boys, and displayed to their admiring minds the extent of his knowledge in all matters relating to horse-flesh. Having cast his eye over some new acquisition to his stud, and caressed his favourite saddle-horse, he retired, saying—

“ Tom Pick, I shall ride the sorrel-horse to-day—you will ride the dapple-grey—Time must be killed—I shall go to the wood. Abufar, come, dress me.”

The dandy's toilet occupied an hour and a half—six painful quarters of hours to poor Abufar, who during the whole period remained exposed to a continued shower of reproaches and maledictions. Julio is never satisfied with his dress—his hair is parted too much to the right on his forehead—his stays are laced crookedly—his boots do not shine—his neckcloth is not tight enough—he changes his waistcoat fourteen or fifteen times before he can decide which to wear

—then his groom is so slow. At last, having consulted all the glasses in the room, he calls for his hat, his gloves, and a perfumed handkerchief—fills his pocket with pieces of gold, which, by a happy association of ideas, recalls to his mind a circumstance which otherwise might have entirely slipped his memory.

“ Abufar,” cries Julio, “ how fortunate it is that I have recollected my misfortune of last night! Abufar, take three hundred louis to M. Tancred de Ravenelles. I recollect now I lost them to him last night at whist. I never saw a fellow persecuted with bad luck as I was.”

Julio mounted on his sorrel takes the road to the Bois de Boulogne—he proceeds by the Avenue de Neuilly, “ inspecting ” the extraordinary persons who happen to pass him in carriages. In the wood he meets his friends the *élite* of the Parisian youth. They cluster together—they talk—they smoke—they discuss the last race; it is, in fact, a sort of equestrian congress. At last a wager is proposed. One dandy lays that he will leap his horse in his tilbury over a five-barred gate. Considerable sums are betted on

either side. Julio bets three thousand francs in favour of the leap. The horse is put to the gate, and, by dint of flogging, tries the jump, dashes himself against the top rail, breaks one of his legs, and knocks the tilbury to pieces. Julio has lost—bad luck now, better another time.

The dandies return to Paris after their ride, and dine at a *café*. Their banquet is worthy of Lucullus. The bill for five, amounts to four hundred francs, which is about the average of the daily expenses of these gentlemen. Julio returns home to dress for the opera, to which he goes in order to exhibit to the world the beauties of his gold-headed cane, so richly set with rubies and emeralds. After the opera the dandies meet again at the club. Some sit down to play, while others engage in affairs which, if more venial, are not much less perilous.

Such, reader, is the life of a French dandy, as described by the novelists of the present day. What the events resulting from such a course of existence must naturally be, it is not difficult to imagine. Indeed, all the heroes of modern



novels reach the *dénouement* of their works by the same road. If the reader wish to hear what happened to Julio, he shall have the history, which is extremely short and simple.

The day following that, which we have described, Abufar comes to Julio, and tells him that a lady closely veiled wishes to speak to him. Accustomed to romantic adventures, Julio immediately orders his groom of the chambers to admit her. She enters the room—her veil falls—and the dandy beholds the unfortunate Baroness.

“ You see before you,” exclaimed she, “ the most wretched of women. Julio, we are betrayed ! ”

“ Indeed ! ” replies Julio ; “ the incident appears remarkably dramatic.”

“ Yes, Julio,” sobs the wretched woman ; “ how it has happened I know not ; but a letter I wrote to you yesterday has fallen into the hands of my husband.”

“ I am annihilated ! ” said Julio.

This brief conversation ends as Abufar enters the apartment and announces the Baron. The

Baroness has only time to rush into a closet before he enters the room. The husband demands satisfaction of the dandy.

“ I am entirely at your service,” says Julio.

“ I am glad of it,” replies the injured husband; “ my friend is waiting. Are you ready ?”

“ Permit me,” says Julio, “ to dress myself. Do me the kindness to step into that closet—you will see something that will surprise you.”

The Baron enters the cabinet and beholds his wife. The scene which ensues is terrible—Julio and the Baron go out and fight—Julio kills his adversary; after which he returns home and dresses for the play; the Baroness suddenly presents herself to his sight, pale and wretched—her hair dishevelled, her dress disordered.

“ Julio,” sobs the unfortunate lady, “ I forgive you, and I die !” Saying which she falls dead at his feet.

Julio casts a look of indifference on the body, and, turning to his groom, says—

“ Abufar, give me my opera-glass, and then go and fetch the coroner: but take care that none of his people do any mischief to the furni-

ture. The deuce, why it's a quarter past eight o'clock ! *Norma* must have begun. How time flies.

As he comes out of the theatre Julio meets one of his friends.

“ Hasn't Grisi been delightful to-night ? By the bye, my dear fellow, I must tell you what has happened to me since yesterday—something terrible, upon my honour, in the highest degree, and more dramatic than ‘*Lucrece Borgia*.’ ”

Every week of a dandy's life is marked by similar adventures, which, however, fortunately have not always equally deplorable results. But there is an end to this bright yet baleful career. The day at last arrives—the day of retribution, when the dandy finds himself utterly ruined by his luxury and his passions. Four ways are then open to him : if he is a philosopher, he enters the army ; if he is handsome, he marries for money ; if he is adventurous and romantic, he goes to Hungary and enrolls himself in the corps of Schubri ; if he be neither adventurous, nor philosophical, nor handsome, he kills himself.

This is the picture of a dandy as fancifully painted by our modern novelists, and this fabulous creation is generally accredited by those who only see the world out of their windows, and who study the manners and customs of high life in the circulating libraries.

This little *histoire* if made into "English society" would serve equally well as an epitome of English "fashionable novels," (or rather novels of "fashionable life"), as it does in its present form of the equally absurd productions of the *Pretenders* of France.

## MY LAST TOUR.

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SEVERAL times in the course of my life I have started on pedestrian tours—sometimes alone, sometimes in company with other adventurers ; but a very few days' practice upon most of these occasions served to convince me, that, while men could be persuaded to build travelling carriages, and horses could be found to draw them, and that with such adjuncts other men might be driven when they chose, and walk when they liked, the option was exceedingly agreeable, and the carriage by far the preferable mode of conveyance to the points which it might be desirable to visit, or the views which it should seem essential to the happiness of the tourist to contemplate.

Well do I remember upon one of these expeditions setting forth with all the glee and energy of youth, accompanied by a dear and excellent friend, now, alas ! no more, and by two others, (who still survive,) from Abergavenny, for a gentle rational walk through South Wales. Nothing could be brighter than the morning—nothing clearer than the sky—nothing fresher than the air. In those days, worldly care for the future, or retrospection of the past, weighed us not down, and after a breakfast which might have been mistaken for a dinner, we marched off at a smart pace, taking the line of the Brecon canal, towards Crickhowel, which lovely village we reached in due time, and without fatigue.

We were delighted with the success of our enterprise in its outset, and although the extent of our first day's journey did not much exceed six miles, we rejoiced in the ease and comfort with which they had been achieved.

An incident occurred here, somewhat ludicrous, perhaps, to read of, but, under the circumstances, and considering the exercise we

had taken, by no means diverting at the time to the parties concerned.

When we reached the clean and quiet inn at Crickhowel we slightly refreshed ourselves; but that was all, inasmuch as my dearest friend of the party *had* a friend, who had the prettiest place in the neighbourhood, who had frequently pressed him to come and dine, and stay with him, and bring whatever companions he might have with him. To do at least the first, it was resolved that we should visit the worthy gentleman *en masse*, to give him, the opportunity of exercising his hospitality upon the present occasion, an acceptance of which, as he had an extremely agreeable wife, and some remarkably pretty cousins, we naturally preferred to the male, matter-of-fact dinner at our ostelry, which, however agreeable *per se*, sank to mortal dullness by comparison, in our then young minds, with the *coterie*, or more properly the *petticoatery*, at the castellated mansion of our presumed host.

Having brushed the dust from our shoes, and washed it from our lips with small potations of ale, the name of which is pronounced as softly

as it tastes (but which, having no consonant in the construction of its name, I dare not venture to write for fear of being wrong), we proceeded to the fane of hospitality, which we approached by one of the most beautiful gates I had then ever seen; the upper part of which, with a laudable anxiety for mixing usefulness with ornament, our friend (hitherto unseen by us) had converted into a laundry.

Through this gateway the view is something delightful—in the days of which I now write the Continent was closed against us by war, and the romantic beauties of Switzerland had not become as common to Cockneys as the wilds of Shooter's Hill, or the dells of Beulah Spa—the scenery of Crickhowel is Swiss, and for what it may want in comparative extent, it fully compensates in the gentleness of its beauty. If time has not confused my recollections (for it never can obliterate the memory of those days of happiness) the view from Crickhowel churchyard is something scarcely describable by a pen like mine.

All this did we gaze on with rapture; nor was the loveliness of the scenery at all unsuited



to the beauty of the two young ladies, to whom the master of the domain, after we *had* been in due form introduced to him, presented us. One was a blonde, the other a brunette, yet much resembling each other in features and figure, the main difference between them existing in the retiring gentleness of the fair Emma, and the animated gaiety of the less fair, although not less handsome Jane.

After these introductions had taken place, and the conversation taken a turn upon the beauties of the situation, and the exceeding good taste of our host, a similar ceremony was performed as regarded the lady of the mansion, who, to say truth, was as agreeable a person as I ever met with, and whose warmth of manner really made us feel at home even in a strange house.

We walked and talked, and looked and laughed, but still there came no invitation, and I began to think that our leader had miscalculated the liberality of his friend; however, the proverbial hospitality of Wales was not destined to be damaged in the person of our

host, who, after a little parley with his better half, who had "dropped astern" of us for the purpose evidently of "speaking her consort," came up and told us that they expected a few neighbours at half-past five, and, if we would join them, he and his wife should be most happy.

"We are early people," said the good-natured man; "but, although half-past five is the hour, six *will* do."

"We muster strong," said our leader; "we shall crowd you."

"Not a bit," said the lady; "we have always room for friends, here."

I must confess, taking the blue-eyed, fair-haired Emma into consideration, I was not ill-pleased that the invitation had been given, nor, as far as less sentimental feelings, and, in all probability, more substantial enjoyments, were concerned, did I at all disrelish an extremely savoury smell, wafted on the breeze towards us from the window of the kitchen, which presented itself to our view while crossing the court which contained the offices; neither did

the appearance of four of the finest trout I ever saw, borne in a basket by a boy to the door of the said kitchen, diminish the satisfaction which the kind bidding of our host had excited.

It was now just past two o'clock, and we made a demonstration of retiring, in order to inspect the lions, such as they were, and to give an opportunity to one of the party to take sketches of any of the "pretty bits" which might strike him. And here, *par parenthèse*, let me advise every man (unless he draws himself) most carefully to eschew the society of a male sketcher on a tour. In the society of women—let them do what they may, let them loiter never so long, and copy nature till "daylight sets" (as Moore has it)—a man must be happy; without affection—without love or friendship—such an association, *tête-à-tête*, could not well occur—therefore a female sketcher is an extremely delightful companion;—but, to be forced to climb up a rock, or slide down a ravine, and sit for hours together, while your *male* friend is taking his view, regardless alike of time or circumstance—is something unbearable; if he stop to follow his pleasing

vocation in the neighbourhood of Neath or Swansea, and the breeze is fresh, the stir-up of the ashes, of which the artificial soil is thereabouts composed, is, as *I* know, not delightful. I must not, however, digress—for I have a great deal to tell, one way or another, in this end of my tour or rather my tours; so having left our worthy and hospitable friend, and our sketcher having gratified himself, while our appetites were growing (for in those days I could eat), with various pictorial transcripts of the church and other striking objects, we returned to our inn.

One little turn off from the straight road of the pedestrian tourist, (which I then was,) perhaps may be permitted; I have already mentioned the adaptation of the upper part of our beautiful gateway to the purposes of washing out the fine linen of the gentleman with whom we were going to dine, and, eke, also, of his lady, the two cousins, and divers and sundry other persons of the establishment. In the church we found the same spirit of *improvement* had been at work; windows had been altered, beautiful memorials of the olden time had been obliterated, and, in

short, everything had been made as snug and comfortable as our hospitable friend's wash-house.

I *might* add here one little fact as regards the holy martyr, EDMUND, King of East Anglia, to whom this said church is dedicated—a church remarkable as being the only one in the county with a spire, and in which the bones of the Pauncefoots and Herberts of Dan y Castale rest in the most agreeable security, and which I think I *will*, because anybody who doubts me has only to refer to “Cressy's Church History of Brittany.”

“Edmund, during the terrible irruption of the Danes through the eastern parts of England, in the year 870, was taken prisoner by the Danish general, Ingwar; after being fettered, he was tied to the trunk of a tree and severely whipped. In this situation, the Danish soldiers filled his body with their arrows, and, to finish the tragedy, Ingwar himself chopped his head off; after which, as the veracious monks tell us, they threw his body (having subjected it to every sort of indignity) into an adjoining thicket.

“ Many years afterwards,” say the monks, “ when the retreat of the invaders gave them leisure and security, his pious subjects sought for his remains in order to have them reverently interred. The body they soon found, but the head was undiscovered ; when, according to the tradition, ‘ there happened a wonder not heard of in any age before,’ for, whilst they dispersed themselves in all parts, and each one demanded of his companions, where it was the Danes had cast the head? the head itself—the same head—answered them aloud in their own tongue—*‘ here ! here ! here ! ’*”

These words, sounding very like those uttered every night in the House of Commons by heads equally empty with that of St. Edmund, led them to the spot where the head lay, where they found it guarded by a wolf holding it between its feet, but upon comprehending the characters and objects of the searchers for it, the intelligent beast immediately gave it up. This is the history, as given literally to that confiding community who are in duty bound implicitly to believe the traditions of the priesthood.

Well, our sketching friend having finished his memorandum, and the clock having struck five, we all betook ourselves to the inn, where, much to their own contentment, two of our servants had arrived with our bags and portmanteaus from Abergavenny, in a sort of gig which they had hired; leaving to their masters all the delights derivable from a walking tour, while, as I have before observed, carriages and horses might be bought or hired.

After an amicable squabble about rooms, we went to dress; and, by a quarter before six, were in marching order to the castellated mansion of our kind and liberal friend. In those days loose pantaloons were unknown—shorts, with knee-buckles and long stockings, were as indispensable attributes of a dinner-party at a cottage as at a court—and, accordingly, we four proceeded—dust taken into the calculation, and the sun pretty high, in July—up the street of Crickhowel, to the laundry-gate of the castle—which, I ought to say, boasted of a street-door—not a knocker—which door, when opened, exhibited to view—and does now, I dare say—a perpen-

dicular flight of stairs right before you as you enter ; never mind—if men *will* build little castles, why should they not build them after their own fancy ? nothing to *us*—we were full of fun—excessively hungry, and quite resolved to be entirely pleased with anything and everything that occurred—all that I cared about, being the getting next to the fair-haired, blue-eyed Emma, at dinner—and so—we arrived——

Doors flew open at our approach—everything was *coulour de rose* ; the lady of the house all smiles ; Emma all shrinking, and melting ; Jane, all sparkling, and dazzling, both looking so beautifully—better than they did in the morning—in spite of the before-named sun, which came shining in, so brightly, that I could not help anathematizing the system of dining by daylight (a custom which I have grown to hate the more, the longer I have lived)—that, if my heart had only fluttered in the forenoon, I felt it regularly beat upon my return—she was a charming girl, and that's the truth on't.

When we entered the circle, there was a larger party assembled than I expected ; we



were singularly and severally introduced, to every individual, male and female, then and there congregated—because, in those days, it was accounted reasonable so far to make every member of a society with which he was incorporated so far aware of the names, characters, condition, qualifications, and peculiarities of his companions, as might prevent his unconsciously vituperating the grandfather of his next neighbour at dinner—indulging in a sarcastic anecdote of the mother of the lady who sat opposite—or favouring the gentleman on his right-hand with a detail of some remarkable enormity which had been committed either by himself or his elder brother.

I was consequently made acquainted off-hand with Major, Mrs., and Miss Evans; Dr., Mrs., and the three Misses Morgan; Lieutenant and Mrs. Jones; Mr. and Mrs. and Mr. Howel, junior; Major and three Misses Price; Mr. Rice; Mr. Jones of Mgldmpwn; and Mr. Apreece Jones of Gmpwldmygd;—to the pronunciation of which distinctive dignities I never could have attained, if our excellent host, having perceived how much I was puzzled at the

sound, had not resolved good-naturedly to write down the names of the places, in order to simplify the affair.

My appetite having reached its highest eating power, I waited impatiently for the summons. The trout were before my eyes—but then what an extensive party!—and even then I heard our excellent host inquire whether anybody else was expected.

“Yes, my love,” said the lady; “there are Mr. and Mrs. Williams of Pillgwylligam, and all the Jenkinsons of Carbygllgomd.”

“Very well, dear,” said the obedient husband; and the conversation went on.

Presently the Jenkinsons of Carbygllgomd, and the Williamses of Pillgwylligam came; and then with the greatest delight, I heard the lady of the house give permission to her lord to say they were ready.

There being then present not less than twenty-six persons, I was puzzled to know how the affair was to be managed; but I waited not long. The drawing-room doors were thrown open, and, to my utter astonishment and dis-

may, which were met with instantaneous sympathy on the part of my travelling companions, I saw a large lout of a livery-servant walk into the room with a huge tray, covered with tea and coffee cups, a large silver tea-pot, ditto coffee-pot, ditto sugar-basin, ditto cream-jug, followed by the fellow whom I had seen bring in the trout to the kitchen-door, dressed in a similar garb on a smaller scale to that of his huge predecessor, bearing on a salver a plate of hot buttered cakes, and another of diaculum-plaster bread and butter.

I started at the sight—my companions, scattered as they were, did the same, and our eyes met. What was to be done? Our leader, as I call him, for he was the oldest, and had undertaken not only to show us the country, but to introduce us to his friend, came to me, and whispered something about a mistake; and, such was his anxiety to wound no man's feelings, and his desire to show that he appreciated the kindness of our host, that he hinted the propriety of satisfying ourselves with the fare provided,

and making up for the deficiency by a supper at the inn.

Now, if we had not been pedestrianizing, amenity might have conquered appetite, and the desire to do the delicate might have superseded the dinner ; as it was, I for one voted for immediately bolting ; nor should we—for we three of the four were in the majority—have long hesitated upon the measure, if our worthy head had not consented to explain to the gentleman of the house that the difference between the hours of dinner in Wales and Westminster had caused a little *contretemps*, which, under all the circumstances, was extremely inconvenient to his friends. I never saw a man more truly vexed. “ They always dined at three at the latest, and of course he had imagined, when he talked of six as being in good time, we should understand what the invitation meant.”

There seemed (at least to *me*) no alternative but the abandonment of the fair at the château for the fare at the inn, although our leader, in the plenitude of his good-nature and consideration,

would rather have stayed and fasted with his old friend than endanger his peace of mind, or run the chance of annoying him, by quitting his house for the enjoyment of the finest dinner that Ude could devise.

Talking of abandoning the young ladies, I cannot help noticing an instance in which the word “abandoned” once assumed a sense certainly not in accordance with the intentions of the lady who used it. During the war, and while numerous French emigrants of distinction were living in England, one of the highest rank, full of attractions and accomplishments, having rather exceeded her very slender means, was unable to pay the rent of her lodgings, whereupon the landlord, whose estimation of the French *noblesse* was only commensurate with his belief in the genuineness and reality of their claims, and even titles, seized everything which the Duchess—for she was of that order—possessed, to secure himself.

In this emergency, and being personally free, the poor dear Duchess hurried off to one of her best English friends, whom she found in her

drawing-room surrounded by company, and, unable to restrain her feelings, exclaimed, in the middle of the circle, "Oh, my dear Madam! such thing has happenè to me—two men come to my room—dere dey stop—I have nobody to help me—I am an abandoned woman, and have lost all my propriety."

This abrupt announcement startled several of the ladies to whom the Duchess was not personally known, even more perhaps than it surprised those with whom she was better acquainted; however, a few moments of time, and a few words of explanation, set the matter right, and the Duchess got her "propriety," as she called it, back again.

I confess, upon the occasion of our *départure* from the Château de Crickhowel, one of the "abandoned" young ladies sadly haunted my imagination; however, our retreat was really inevitable, and so we departed, promising faithfully to return to Pope Joan, long whist, and, a something tending supper-wise, at a very early hour.

Alas! I lament to say, to those there was no

return. When we got back to the inn the larder was empty ; some small fragments of cold meat only served to awaken the appetite which they could not allay, and it was very nearly eight o'clock when two roasted fowls and a boiled leg of lamb, or perhaps Welsh mutton looking lamb-like, graced the board ; vegetables *au naturel*, and snow-white bread, "illustrated the solids," and I believe never did banquet bear more unquestionable marks of activity than our humble, but to us delicious, repast, so long delayed, but so much rejoiced in.

The sequel is what I am coming to, as touching pedestrian tours. The little *contretemps* as to the dinner at the other end of the town was nothing ; we grew comfortable and happy, and put our legs upon chairs, and drank, what might perhaps not have been expected, some remarkably good claret. The idea of returning to the Teetotalers—as they were then *not* called, inasmuch as such absurdities had not then obtained—faded, as did the light ; and even I, with my fair Emma—and, oh ! she *was* so pretty—still in my mind, felt a fatigue arising from the morn-

ing's walk and the afternoon's ramble, to which the *soulagements* of the refreshments had given a decided character, just at which period a remarkably nice travelling carriage suddenly halted before the inn; the said halt being instantly followed by the well-known cry of, "First and second, turn out."

We raised ourselves from our horizontality and went to the door, when we found the travellers to be three delightful persons whom we had left at Malvern, but who were now on their way to a hospitable mansion near Cardiff, which shall be nameless. We exchanged a few words while the exchange of horses was going on, and explained to the fair inmate—fair, though dark—of the carriage, our intention of walking through the principality: she smiled, as she *could* smile—doubtingly, as I thought, but she smiled—and, all being ready, the word was given, and away they went.

We returned to our humble, ay, *dear* humble parlour, and talked over the passing travellers; there *was* a pause at last in the conversation, and the eyes of our leader—for so I still call



now, as I considered then, our dear lost friend—met mine. I had said nothing which could lead him to the conclusion, at which, however, it seemed he himself had arrived, nor had I the slightest conception of what *he* meant when he said—

“ Yes ; I think so too.”

Now, what I *did* think I did not choose to explain ; perhaps, from an apprehension of being laughed at, for something very like a defection from the pedestrianism to which we had so earnestly looked forward ; although I admit that the sight of our late companions at Malvern “rolling and bowling,” as George Colman says, along the road, and all—

“ Without hurry, or bustle, or care,”

did excite in my bosom some feelings, if not of discontent, at least of a consciousness of the absurdity of trudging and tramping over a country through which, as I have before said, one might be comfortably driven, stopping at points worthy of observation.

“ I think so, too,” said my dear friend.

But not a syllable did I utter upon the subject ; and when I saw our sketching companion in close discussion with his servant as to the ease and comfort of a huge pair of what are called "high-lows," destined for the next day's service, I resolved to stifle all further expression of my feeling, and go on.

We parted for the night—the *aimable blonde* and the animated *brunette* having been superseded in our minds by the natural desire for rest, arising out of our feats of the day and the anticipation of our less comfortable feat of the morrow ; and so we went to our white-curtained beds, all so fresh, so sweet, so clean. Dear Crickhowel, I love thee still !

By eight, breakfast was on the board : nothing could be nicer. One likes to be long at breakfast, and it was just nine when the meal was concluded. Every man to his room, every man to see that his servant—for the maintenance of this rear-guard, who travelled at their ease, made the thing more ridiculous—had filled his master's wallet with all that was essential for the journey. At ten we were to start : down

I came; I found our dear leader in the little parlour rowing us for being so slow and so unpunctual.

“I am ready,” said I, emphatically stumping the end of a stick, which I had bought as a support, on the floor.

“Are we all ready?” said he.

“All,” said the other two.

Whereupon our said dear friend said to his servant—

“Get it, then.”

What it was I did not at all know, but I supposed it might be his wallet, for he had none slung over his shoulder, or perhaps some of that unspellable ale in which the Principality rejoices: but no; in two minutes after “Get it” was pronounced, up rolled to the door our own dear comfortable barouche all open, drawn thereunto by four spanking posters.

“Why,” said I, “here is the carriage!”

“True said our friend, “I sent for it last night from Abergavenny. *Now* perhaps you will understand what I meant after dinner by saying, ‘I think so, too.’ The sight of our Malvern

companions going along at their ease had created what I consider a very reasonable doubt of the superiority of a walking tour. I saw the feeling in the expression of your countenance, and agreed ; so now cast off your wallet, leave your stick, and jump in."

And so we did.

I might here enlarge upon this tour, which was as extraordinary as it was delightful, but, as I am only treating of pedestrian proceedings, I am bound to end my notice of it at the moment I step into the carriage.

As we left the pretty little town we cast a longing lingering look at the house which held the charming Jane and Emma, but, it being a quarter past ten, it was most natural to imagine, according to the family scale of hours, that they had passed a considerable portion of the morning before we passed their residence. On we went. I have never seen Crickhowel since.

As this was my first attempt at a pedestrian tour, I crave, not without hope, pardon for detailing my proceedings so minutely. My

second and third were equally failures, and then came an event in my life which, although it did not, as the sequel will show, cure "my truant disposition," or check my rambling, certainly placed me in a different position in society, and induced me to devote a certain portion of my time to matters of higher importance. A young cousin of mine, a female cousin, died, by which event the whole of her very large fortune, through her uncle, my father, came to me, and I found myself suddenly full of wealth, and consequently of much more importance in the world than I had ever expected to be. The death of so young and amiable a girl was, of course, a severe blow to the family. I had never seen her, therefore the calamity which put me in possession of four or five thousand pounds a-year was not likely to affect me personally so much as it naturally would those who had been acquainted with her beauty, her virtue, and her merits.

Amelia Vincent, whose husband, had she lived, I was destined to be, was the idol of her father, my uncle; having lost her mother while Amelia

was yet a child, all his care was directed to her education—in fact, they were never separated till death took him from her, upon which event she came to reside with my father. The great object of my uncle's ambition was, that we should be united, and so intent and earnest was he upon this favourite point, that, in case of her not marrying me before she was of age, the fortune which he bequeathed *her* separately was to pass immediately to *me*, chargeable with an annuity of three hundred a-year to her for life.

These precautions, however, proved fruitless; from the period of my uncle's death poor Amelia's health declined, symptoms of consumption showed themselves, and, as a last resource, she accepted an offer from her oldest and dearest friend, Lady Sandford, to accompany her to the south of France, where she died soon after her arrival, in the twentieth year of her age, a victim, as Lady Sandford wrote to my father, to grief and regret for her much-loved parent.

I have often reflected upon the strange coincidences which occurred in the early part of my life to prevent our having ever met. While I

was at school and college she and my uncle were living in Barbados, where most of his then valuable property lay ; when they returned to England I was availing myself of the earliest opportunity afforded by the peace so gloriously earned by my country and her allies, in making an extended tour of Europe ; and at the time of my uncle's death was upon my return home ; so that, as my poor cousin did not survive that event more than eight months, if I had been aware that she was in the south of France, I might have seen her, for, upon a retrospective review of my journal, its dates compared with the events connected with her removal and subsequent death placed me one day, unconsciously, within three leagues and a half of her residence.

However, I rejoice that, at that period of her existence, I did *not* meet her ;—to see those to whom we are either by affinity, or affection without affinity, deeply attached, sinking, without hope of rescue, into an early grave, is something which requires sterner nerves than mine to endure. Yet I sometimes think I *should* like to have seen her—the destined partner of my

existence. Still, perhaps, all is for the best ; no picture of her remains—nothing by which I can embody my regrets ; but my imagination still paints her fair and faultless, as I have heard she was. Instead of sharing her fortune, her death made it all my own. This circumstance alone cast over my earlier life a gloom of which I never could divest myself : I felt as if I were a widowed husband, and would willingly have given up the wealth which had devolved to me, if my cousin could have lived again to share with me the much smaller income which my father himself had been enabled to bequeath me.

I suppose I shall be laughed at for cherishing this strange feeling ; suffice it to say, that I have not been able to conquer it : the sudden surprise, the chilling check to all my early hopes of happiness, never have been overcome, and here I am, at forty-seven years of age, an old bachelor.

Well, then, having made this very disagreeable confession, I may be excused for that periodical unsettledness—if I may use the expression—which has induced me in the autumn of



every year to undertake a pedestrian tour, upon the "ease-and-comfort" plan of having "hard by some" carriage "at my charge," so that I might never be compelled to do more in the walking line than might suit me; nor need I add that each succeeding season brought its periodical hints as to shortening the tether which bound me to head-quarters.

The first indication kind Nature was good enough to give me of the weight of her favours was exhibited in a certain degree of difficulty which I found in springing over a rail or in getting under it; the alternative each succeeding year becoming more embarrassing. I admit that I have adopted the "getting under" plan for the last three or four seasons, but the difficulty I find in even doing *that*, is not trifling.

I have a tolerably large, and an extremely agreeable circle of acquaintances—many people who know the world less than I do would call them friends—but still the memory of past days and the recollection of what *I might* have been, compared with what *I am*, makes me seek at

certain times the charm and comfort of solitude. I do not mean in the gloomy sense of the word, I mean the charm and comfort of being alone, free, and my own master, uncontrolled, unchecked, and independent.

This feeling—this desire to leave all gaiety—all the society in which one ordinarily moves—to cast off the world and its cares, or, as they are sometimes called, pleasures, has led me to make my annual tour just during the period in which partridge-shooting ceases to be a novelty, and pheasant-shooting has not begun. In this country, until we sent out expeditions to the North Pole, the enterprising heroes in which stirred up the ice which need never have been disturbed, September was one of the loveliest months in the year; last September was not particularly fine; however, punctual as the clock, I started in a light carriage from London to my point, some hundred and sixty miles from the metropolis, and there at a remarkably good inn left I my Britska, taking with me no servant.

Now this omission may be looked upon as by

no means characteristic of old bachelorism—but it was always part of my plan upon these rustivating rambles to be wholly unknown. I had been in two parliaments—what my politics are, matters little—and I decline mentioning whether I am Whig, or Radical, or Conservative, or Conciliative; the truth being that I made two or three speeches which, in these degenerate days, would have made a good deal of noise; I had also distinguished myself (Heaven save the mark!) as chairman at certain political dinners, and, in fact, my name had been sufficiently before the public to render it impossible that I should traverse the provinces with anything like a chance of peace and tranquillity unless I rejected for the time my own patronymic. Wherefore, following the example of a noble lord, whose manifold talents and universal acquirements have rendered him an object of equal wonder and admiration, I clothed my popularity in a mist, or cloud, which assumed the name of Smith.

Of course I had seldom, if ever, occasion to mention the name, travelling in a perfectly plain and even crestless carriage, without a valet,

or any sort of "help," (as our excellent friends the Americans would say,) but still there I *was* prepared, as Mr. Smith, whenever called upon, to maintain and vindicate whatever I might have said or done during my progress, in my own person as Mr. Singleton Vincent.

This year as usual—with a reliance upon Mr. Murphy still unshaken, because the greatest men are liable to mistakes, and because, moreover, in the reduction to practice of a great new system, some little errors *may* occur—I took my departure, as I have already said, from London, and deposited myself in an excellent inn, and my carriage in a good "lock-up coach-house," in an admirably well-built and well-conditioned country-town, in which, to my utter delight, I was not personally known, and where, to my slight dismay, my real name, for I inquired after myself, did not appear as yet ever to have been heard of.

Hence was it I began my last tour; and, I confess, somewhat to the amazement of mine host, took my departure in search of the picturesque, wearing what has become a sort of

tourist regulation-jacket, wallet with provisions, a silver bottle, well basketed, of brandy, and sundry portable comforts wherewith to sustain nature. I thought, when I shouldered my stout stick, on which I firmly relied in difficult passes and intricate passages, I saw an expression on the countenance of mine host, indicative of his contempt—or rather, I believe, compassion—for the taste of a gentleman, “who behaved as sich, and came in his own carriage,” who could prefer climbing and clambering about a parcel of hills and rocks, to taking it easy, and reaching the next stage, with four horses, in one hour; or, doing what he thought no doubt still better, staying, “comfortably,” in his drawing-room, looking out of the window into the market-place till dinner was ready.

Off I went, at an easy pace. I soon got clear of the town and its outskirts, and found myself somewhat anomalously, rising up a beautiful down, whence, as I gradually ascended, I beheld such a splendid map at my feet, in which hill and dale, woodland and corn-fields, just stripped of their treasure, and still beaming with the

golden tint of harvest, green meadows, and a bright sparkling sun, lay before me. The reader, if he, will be quick—or, if it be a “she,” will be quicker still, perhaps—in recognising the part of England which I was traversing, and in which alone such a beautifully-diversified prospect could be found. I felt my heart beat with pleasure—I inhaled the fresh breeze—I watched the white sails which dotted the ocean, even while I tracked along the narrow lanes the loaded teams of the farmer. My mind was filled with thoughts of our foreign power, of our domestic prosperity, and I sighed—yes, sighed! to think that I was alone, not only on the down, but in the world, and had no one near me to whom I could impart a feeling which I could scarcely define.

I pursued my journey—lost my way—regained it—lost it again,—for never did I see a more thinly-populated country than this, which seemed teeming with all the blessings of nature. On I went, anxious to gain a cluster of rocks, which, even on the edge of this most beautiful and highly-cultivated land, jut out upon the sea.

As I pursued these objects apparently near, they seemed to fly from me, and, I believe, I had achieved a good nine miles before I found myself seated on a broken fragment of the pile, whose base was washed by the clearest sea I had ever seen within a hundred miles of land. It was a lovely prospect. How long I stayed there I know not ; but my sensual feelings were so excited, as well as my mental ones, that I applied myself to my wallet, and demolished a considerable portion of a cold fowl which had been stowed away in it, and washed it down with a moiety, at least, of my own brandy—I say my own in contra-distinction to that of mine host of the Crown—diluted with some of the most delicious water that ever trickled from a spring within a hundred yards of the “ briny deep.”

It was, in truth, a scene beautiful to behold; and why is it that, with one’s faculties about him, a man can sit on the beach or the rock and watch wave after wave breaking at his feet with an intense interest? So it is: every roll of the surf, samely monotonous as it may seem to common observers, has something new in it; one

curls its head higher, another dashes forward more impetuously, a third slides along with a scraping crunch of the shingle; but each individual arrival is invested with a character which, to a mind ordinarily imaginative is strangely attractive.

The sight and sound of these billows, super-added to the fatigue of my walk, the natural inclination to repose after eating, under such circumstances, a hearty luncheon, not to speak of the certain *quantum* of Johnson Justerini's brandy, properly diluted, which I have already described, produced upon me an effect which might have proved fatal, considering the narrowness of the ledge upon which I was lodged; but, sooth to say, I did what children in the cradle do, fell asleep on the rock, and never woke until the sun had emulated my example, and was just dipping his broad, red face into the dark-blue sea.

I never was so astounded in my life. I felt extremely grateful that it was no worse, and began forthwith collecting all the *matériel* of my wallet as well as I could in the dusk, and fortunately for myself, scrambled down while it was



yet sufficiently light to guess my way from the pinnacle on which I had been perched. But what then?—where was I?—which road was I to take?—whither was I to go?—half-past five o'clock, at the end of September, was in fact night. I stopped—listened; I heard a dog bark at a distance, and the bells of a team tingling through some of the lanes with which the lower part of the country was intersected.

It grew darker, and all I could see was that I had made good my footing on a road—leading whence or whither I knew not. I stopped again, and again listened:—one of my night beacons in a tour of this sort is a blacksmith's shop, whence not only the gleam of the forge, but the harmonious tingle of the anvil triply struck, send forth a cheering encouragement to the mystified traveller; but, no—there were no blacksmiths in this valley: as an old friend of mine, now no more, would have said, “all was innocence, there was neither forgery nor vice in that sweet dale.” The consequence of which was, that I was left to grope my way hopelessly along an unknown path, and trust to chance for a night's lodging.

This was all very well for an hour or so; but I honestly declare that, when at nearly seven o'clock I had plodded along without seeing the vestige of a habitation, the clouds of night closing round, and not even the tinkling of a sheep-bell to relieve the stillness in which everything seemed buried, I felt a sort of loneliness and despair, in their effects far more powerful than I had ever desired to excite. It sounds absurd, but I think I could almost have wept; for I was an outcast, a wanderer, and without hope; and, although, if I had been driven to pass the night, *al fresco*, at the foot of a tree, it might have done me no more mischief than it has done hundreds of the brave men with whom we live in constant intercourse, and who, during the glorious war which secured an universal peace, slept a vast number of evenings with no better shelter, still there was nothing to repay me for the inconvenience; no glory, no honour, no anything, but an infernal cold in the morning; and it was just at this period of my proceedings that I said to myself—and when there is nobody else by, a man is

very agreeable company to himself in the way of *soliloquizing*—"By Jove, this shall be my last tour!"

I walked on—I looked at the stars—I endeavoured to make out thencefrom the direction in which I was moving, but I somehow confused myself, and so resolved, without caring particularly to or from what point of the compass I was progressing, to continue to do that which persons less wise or wiser than myself either can, or must do, as the case may be—follow my nose,—and so I did, and to some good purpose, as will presently be seen.

After an hour's farther progress straight on end I saw a light, not very far before me; whether it was in a window, or in a field, or even what it was, I could not ascertain. I halted—mounted a bank, and watched the object; below the first light I had seen I saw another light moving about. That light must be in the hand of some human being, thought I: I walked hastily on—a dog barked—cheering sound—another seemed to answer him. I heard the sound of wheels—I heard the voices of men, and, what was still

better, that of a woman. I pressed onwards, and, in ten minutes, found myself at the gate of a farm-yard, into which the cart, whose grinding, creaking wheels had struck upon my ear before, was just turning.

I presented myself to the female who held a lantern to guide her husband, as I presumed, into the yard, and I thought she would have died upon the spot. She almost screamed with astonishment at beholding a stranger at that time of night—nearly eight o'clock, when the “world” dresses for dinner; and it was not until I explained to her that I only wanted to be directed to some inn; that I was a traveller, and all that sort of thing, that she became sufficiently composed to inform me that there was no inn within four miles, and that it “were a chance if I got any bed there when I got to it.”

This announcement caused me some little pain.

“But, Sir,” added she, “master’s in, and I’m sure he won’t let you walk all that way for such a fool’s errand.”

I didn't quite like her mode of expression ; but I did not at all dislike her notice of referring the case (as they say in Chancery) to the master. "If you please," said I, "for I really am tired."

"Come this way, Sir," said the sturdy wench. "I say, Docksy, you see and shut the gate—I'll bring ye candle in no time. This way, Sir."

And so, following my Thais, I proceeded to the back, or rather side door, of the farm-house.

I was playing a sort of blind-man's buff, which, as I saw three horses going into the stable, I thought, upon the old principle of the game, fully justified my groping onwards ; and, so having crossed a pantiled ante-kitchen, I reached a sound flooring, in the shape of a passage, at which point I was bidden by Thais to stop until she had prepared the master and "missus" for the unexpected approach of a strange visitor.

I halted as directed, and expected to hear that sort of huffle-scuffle which invariably takes place in a *ménage* of the calibre of this humble-

looking dwelling, upon the approach of an unexpected visitor ; but, to my astonishment, no : all I heard in the obscurity of the lobby was “ Show the gentleman in.”

And so I *was* shown in ; nor, according to the quaint expression of dislike exhibited to his visitor by the great Lord Thurlow—for great, indeed, he was—was I shown out. The story is old ; but, as *I* myself grow old, I find stories grow young ; and jests that were stale when I was a boy, are new and fresh to those who are something “ more than boys now.”

The story—I beg pardon of my older readers—was this :—Lord Thurlow had received a strongly commendatory letter of a young gentleman for a living in his lordship’s gift. He didn’t much like the *recommender* ; but, acting impartially, said to his secretary, with whose attendance he rarely dispensed, “ Show him in !”

The gay candidate for preferment put himself through the door, delicately dressed, and redolent of what was *then* considered a beautiful perfume—“ lavender water.” Thurlow looked

at him for a minute, and then said to the secretary, "Show him out!"

In this position I honestly confess I felt it extremely probable I should be placed; *mais, tout au contraire*—I like a little bit of bad French in a story, it is so fashionable, and so *piquante*. The master of the house, whatever he might be, came forth, and bade me welcome in the warmest terms, and I stepped forward into one of the nicest, prettiest rooms I ever saw, and for the appearance of which I confess I was wholly unprepared.

Tea was going on—a beverage which may or may not be wholesome; but there was a blazing fire (a very delightful sight upon the turn of September), and on the fire a kettle, which wasted its steam on the "desert air," which if it had not done, thanks to our new scientific discoverers, might have carried away half the apartment.

The mistress, or I should rather say, by her appearance, the lady of the house (and that very much astonished me), was one of the handsomest and best-conducted—if that expression

conveys my meaning—women I had ever seen in such a position. Two daughters, one of about sixteen, the other fourteen, were assisting in the honours or duties of the tea-table with the best possible manner, and a sturdy boy of about twelve, who sat on a footstool (called by no outlandish name) at his mother's knee, sipping his souchong, or whatever it was, presented a fireside sketch and beautiful specimen of the yeomanry of our happy country, and I was delighted to see so charming a picture of rural felicity.

“I have a great many apologies to make,” said I, “for venturing thus to intrude, but, if I may take the liberty of asking for information as to the road upon which I am travelling, and whither it leads, I will trouble you no more, since all I want is to be put in the way of getting back to the place whence I came.”

“My dear Sir,” said the master of the house, “I hope you have a better opinion of West-country hospitality than to imagine that we are going to suffer you to stir from this house to-night.”



“ Sir ! ” said I, starting at the frank and open manner in which the unexpected invitation was given.

“ Most assuredly not,” said the wife ; “ our house is humble, and our fare not fine, but, as you have unintentionally strayed at least five miles out of your way to your inn, and as there is no inn within nearly four miles of this, we must beg of you to excuse our homeliness, but make this your home at least for to-night.”

“ Really,” said I——

“ Oh, really,” said the lady, “ we are not altogether unaccustomed in these picturesque parts of the country to the wanderings of pedestrian tourists ; nor, Sir, are you the first of the class that we have had the pleasure of accommodating with a night’s lodging ; so, Emmy dear,” added she, addressing her eldest daughter, “ tell Hannah to get the white room ready for the gentleman—see that there is a good fire lighted in it, and every thing made comfortable,

“ But,” said I——

“ I assure you,” continued the mistress of the house, “ it is not we, but you, who confer the

favour ; we live here in a state of almost primitive simplicity, and in perfect retirement, and the occasional visit of a stranger, like yourself, is quite a delight to us."

"Yes," said the husband, "I assure you it is ; but, dear, surely the gentleman will take something—a glass of wine—some spirits and water—some ale—some cider——"

"No," said I, "I thank you ;" but, at the same time, very much stricken with the difference of manner and tone of conversation which was so clearly perceptible between the master and mistress of the house.

"What *will* you take?" said the wife, with a graceful *empressement* wholly at variance with the position which she was filling.

"By and bye," said I, "thank you, I will."

"Ah !" said she, "now the truth comes out. You are fatigued, and, I dare say, dear George, he is hungry, and so I will go myself and take care that something is got ready for supper. Meanwhile, dear George, show the gentleman to his room, he may like to deposit

his wallet, or perhaps change his shoes. Go, there's a dear."

And accordingly, while she departed by one door, George and I left the room by another, which opened on to a flight of stairs leading directly to one of the nicest bed-rooms that ever farm-house contained. A buxom broad-backed wench was lighting the fire; the curtains were drawn, and all comforts in progress. As I glanced my eyes round the cheerful apartment, which was hung with green paper with black mouldings, I saw on the walls, in ebony frames over the fire-place a portrait of the King; on one side of the door two of Woollett's shooting prints, on the other Reynolds's Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, supported on either side by fine impressions of the Battles of La Hogue and the Boyne.

The dressing-table was a perfect toilet with an excellent looking-glass—the criterion in a small establishment—and on it was placed, to my utter astonishment, a remarkably pretty Sèvres inkstand with pens and ink—another criterion—resting upon a purple morocco blotting-

book which contained writing-paper “of sorts.” The truth is, the neatness, not to say elegance, of the dormitory staggered me, and I became extremely anxious to ascertain the name of my host and hostess; a result to which, however, I could not attain, because mine host himself did not—for what reason I do not pretend to guess—appear willing to leave me in possession of my apartment, till Hannah—a remarkably fine specimen of the red and white school of Nature—had finished her operations and retired.

When she was gone, and the sound of her stout stumping down the stairs had subsided, my new landlord quitted me, and I enjoyed the comforts of a good washing and brushing, which, after my sleep on the rock and my walk in the vale, were most delightful; nor was it rendered less agreeable by finding close to my hand a bottle of Jean Maria Farina stretching its graceful length along the side of the looking-glass. This mixture of rusticity and elegance puzzled me. “This,” said I to myself, “will turn out to be either a matter of mystery or murder; however, here I am, in for it. Where

there is a woman, like the creature I have seen below, I am safe ; and, if there *were* a doubt upon my mind, those dear budding beauties, her daughters, should go pledges for her in my heart."

So down I went, and sat myself as comfortably as I could, upon a sofa (a little too short, and hard, and straight-backed, I admit), and talked with mine host and his wife upon various matters, labouring under the oddest sensation of not knowing their name, as if it made the slightest difference whether, under the circumstances, I did or not. I, however, consoled myself by the reflection that in the morning, when I went forth to sniff the air before my departure, I should find it painted in letters of a legal length upon his carts in the yard.

At nine, supper was announced, and I perceived that the boy of twelve years old had been permitted in honour of the occasion, much to his joy, to remain "up" to be present at the meal, to which, I honestly confess, I had no objection ; but my surprise as to the nature of the establishment was increased when we were ushered into what evidently was the "drawing-room"

adapted for the occasion, to the banquet, where more prints, drawings even, and books, formed part of the intellectual furniture, backed up by a pianoforte and a huge pile of music.

“What a charming snuggerly you have here!” said I.

“Why,” said mine host, “my wife is fond of these little knick-knacks, and our two girls have never been to school; all they know, their mother has taught them, and I believe I may say, before their faces, that they do some credit to their instructress.”

“Oh, Pa!” said the elder one.

“Oh, dear Pa!” said the younger one.

“As for the boy,” added his father, “He starts for Tiverton school at Christmas; but he is not quite a dunce.”

“Come, dear George,” said the lady, “cut up that fowl. What will you have?” addressing herself to me; “some roast fowl or some fish? You must not be surprised—my husband is so much occupied all day that we make early supper our regular meal, at which we can all meet comfortably. It is but homely fare still——.”

I was delighted. Herrings fresh out of the

sea, a fowl white as the driven snow in flesh, and a cold game pie, formed the banquet to be apologized for. I should only have liked some of my London friends who decry my appetite in the pea-soup atmosphere of the metropolis to have seen the way in which I attacked this half-dinner-half-supper sort of meal.

There was wine—there were spirits, and, in recommending his brandy, my friend George—whoever he might be—gave me to understand that it was quite pure and genuine, or, as the sign-boards say, “neat as imported.” I thought that the wife, during the unreserved approbation of his liquor in which George indulged, gave him a look as if to indicate that, however genteel my manners and behaviour appeared, I might, for all they knew, be an excise or custom-house officer.

Mine hostess was helped to a *leetel* hot brandy-and-water; the young ladies had a little sherry-and-water; and George, the boy, went to bed.

“You are musical,” said I, to mine hostess.

“Yes,” said she, “I am exceedingly fond of music—are *you*?”

“ I delight in it,” said I—fearing, I allow, that the admission would produce some dreadful exposure on the part of mamma or the daughters.

“ Emmy, dear,” said George, “ will you and your sister sing us that duet which I am so fond of ? ”

“ Ah ! ” thought I, “ there it is—what a fool I was to touch the spring that is to set them going ! ”

“ Yes, Pa,” said Emmy, “ if Ma will accompany me.”

“ Why not accompany yourselves, dears ! ” said the lady.

“ I would rather *you* would ; ” and the sweet girl gave her “ Ma ” a look which conveyed at once to my mind her anxiety not to exhibit in the double capacity of player and singer before that strange old man—which no doubt having reached the forty-seventh year of my age, I appeared to sweet sixteen to be.

“ Well, come, then,” said the cheerful mother ; and, as she proceeded to the instrument, I screwed myself up into a patient and



suffering attitude, resolved, if possible, not to fall asleep during the performance—perfectly secure, as I had nobody to sympathize with me, from laughing out.

If all that had gone before had mystified me, this part of the evening's proceedings settled it; never did I hear sweeter singing in my life; the girls' voices were perfectly melodious, and happily adapted by nature for the two parts of the duet—the accompaniment was played with a masterly skill, and a taste and feeling which nothing but innate genius can impart. It required no effort to restrain my laughter, but it required a much greater effort than I was master of, to suppress a very different sort of emotion. Their singing went to my heart, and brought tears from my eyes.

“Who,” said I, enthusiastically to “George,” “do you say, has taught those dear young ladies?”

“Their mother, Sir,” said mine host. “I hope some day, if Fortune smile on us, as she has, (or rather, should I say, Providence,) that we may have done with business, and then perhaps the dear girls will be where they ought to be.”

Yes, thought I—and I wonder what your business is now—and what business they have here?

“But never mind,” continued he, “you are getting sleepy—you are tired; Emmy, dear, ring for the gentleman’s candle.”

“Might I,” said I, “before I go—as this is my only opportunity—may I ask for one more favour?”

“Oh dear yes,” said George’s wife—for else I know not how to name her—“if you please.”

And away they went again to the instrument, the difference being, that in the second instance a trio superseded a duet—and the mother took her part in a manner which quite satisfied me of her ability to instruct her children.

I tendered a thousand thanks—and the “ladies” withdrew, leaving mine host and myself *tête-à-tête*: my candle was lighted—the buxom wench was told to put it down—by which I saw that “George” was resolved to do the honours, by conducting me to my chamber himself. We however replenished our glasses once, and, during the process of emptying them, I descanted upon pedestrian tours, and he,

upon the various schools of farming ; so that, before we parted for the night, I found that he rented a considerable quantity of land, and was, in fact, a prosperous man.

When he saw me to my room, he told me that they were an early family, and breakfasted at half-past eight ; but that that was no reason why I should disturb myself ; that *my* breakfast would be ready whenever I chose, and that nobody should wake me till I rang my bell.

I mentioned that I must take my departure early in the morning, to which he replied—“ We shall see about that, Sir ; I think you will like our place by daylight, and I can give you some very nice shooting here, I am on good terms with my noble landlord, and we have plenty of sport—and it cheers my wife’s heart when anybody who appreciates her accomplishments, and those which she has imparted to our daughters, comes this way—so about to-morrow we will talk when to-morrow comes. Good-night, Sir, and a sound sleep to you.”

With these words and a cordial shake of the hand, George took his departure. I, having

performed all the necessary preparatory evolutions for going to rest, stepped into one of the nicest beds I ever was introduced to, and—hear it, ye valetudinarians, to envy rather than blame me—instead of falling bump upon a hard healthy mattress, sank, tired as I was, into a downy feather-bed, and felt myself like a diamond in cotton.

My sleep was undisturbed—dreams I had none ; nor was it till I heard a noise in my room that I awoke. I peeped out from between the curtains of my comfortable nest, and perceived the back front of the same buxom girl whom I had seen before, right opposite to me, who was most sedulously engaged in lighting my fire.

I was strongly moved to speak to her, to satisfy myself of the name of my host and hostess ; but there is nothing so puzzling in the world as a want of knowledge of the localities of a still, small, quiet country-house. Words wander through wainscots awfully, and the creaking of wooden stairs and landing-places is a perilous sound, so I repressed my curiosity, and

shammed being asleep, resolved to wait for my information from the boards on the carts, when in my fox's slumber I perceived my attendant take up and carry away my boots, for the purpose of having them cleaned; no part of my drapery, which was pendant on the chair by the fireside, did she attempt to touch. I revered ~~the~~ delicacy of the distinction, and, when she left the room, gave myself a turn-round in the bed, to ruminate upon the admirable qualities of women in every station of life.

Presently a gentle tap at the door provoked a "Come in," and I perceived not the buxom wench as before, but the "lad" who had "waited" at supper, and who stopped as soon as he had entered the room, and pulling the front lock of his white hair, which hung over his forehead, said—"Come for things to brush, Sir, please;" whereupon I indicated to him the coat and the cætera, which required his care, and he departed.

At this period of the day, or as perhaps in town I should have thought it night, I resolved to have a peep from the windows, in order to

reconnoitre my position, of the nature of which, as far as the scenery was concerned, I was wholly ignorant. I felt that sort of anxiety, which, in days when masquerades existed, a man experienced in getting a glimpse of the face of some charming creature, whose figure and conversation had enchanted and enslaved him. By all that was in the house I was as much pleased as puzzled. Now for the peep out of it.

And, oh ! could I even adequately describe the beauty of the view that struck me, when I drew aside the curtains of one of the windows ! I am resolved not to point out the precise spot ; but never did I in England see anything more beautiful. It was a bright, fresh morning : the trees, still bearing their foliage which had assumed the lovely varied tint of autumn, and which belonged, or seemed to belong, to mine host's domain, bowed their beautiful branches even down to the edge of the brightest, bluest sea that ever washed a tranquil shore. The sea of which I write *has* that peculiarity—it is blue, and wholly unlike the muddy, clayey,

milky wash which circumvents our happy island ; by which remark, the exceedingly cunning reader may discover that it was not on the external edge of England I was located.

On this light blue sea were seen milk-white sails scudding in the breeze, with here and there a large ship booming along steadily ; and, far away and beyond all these, were mountains—ay, mountains and valleys—which brought to my recollection other tours of other days.

Now try and guess where my host's farm was.

The excellent lad soon returned with my clothes, and, having solicited a little hot water, I proceeded to shave and make ready to present myself to the mistress of the house at breakfast.

All having been done which I could do in the way of preparation, I descended the stairs, wholly ignorant—or perhaps forgetful would be a better word—as to whether I should turn to the right or to the left when I got to the bottom of them, in order to gain the morning-room, but I had scarcely reached the lowest step before I was

welcomed by mine hostess, looking ten times handsomer in the morning than she looked the night before.

Now, I *have* an opinion touching this point—and I believe that, taking the run of women generally, morning dress is more becoming than evening dress, always taking into consideration that candle-light—not always lamp-light—is infinitely more favourable to beauty than daylight. Still, there is something in the morning dress of an Englishwoman, to which no other woman in the world can attain; and, although I hold that breakfast is a meal which never *can* be social—and which ought always to be solitary—(or, if one have a wife, merely *tête-à-tête*)—it is one of the most delightful things in the world to see how our dear countrywomen *do* look when they appear at that matutinal meal.

My fair friend was quite charming; her two affectionate daughters bounded naturally out of the room and welcomed me; and I was told that “dear George” was gone to order something about wheat and barley and other necessities of



life, of which, except when they were exhibited in the shape of bread or beer, I knew but little—but that he would be back directly.

And he *was* back directly—and his daughters ran to him and threw their arms about his neck and welcomed him with a kiss—and his boy, who came dancing in to greet him with a colour like a rose, jumped up and clung to him in all the ecstasy of childish affection.

“Ah,” said I to myself, “after all, this is enjoyment.”

Well—we breakfasted: the details may be spared—but the mixture of substantiality with a superior degree of elegance which marked the repast again had its effect upon me; I was quite sure that there was something odd in the affair, and I began most uncharitably to think that for reasons quite incomprehensible to me, Mr. and Mrs. ———, whose name I did not know, had been somehow brought together under peculiar circumstances; a conclusion to which—I beg a thousand pardons for the suspicion—I was perhaps led by the account mine host had given me of the exceeding condescension on the part

of his noble landlord in regard to the shooting, &c.

Everything went on remarkably well ; better eggs never were tasted, richer cream never floated on tea, nicer cakes never were saturated with fresher butter, nor was ever fowl more delicately grilled ; not to speak of the salted herrings and the cold partridge pie ; but it was all so good, so well done—I don't mean as to the *cuisine* alone, but the mode, the way of putting the thing down—that I stared with wonderment, and, when it was over, my awkwardness considerably accumulated. I did not know what to say, or what to do. I felt that I had intruded—that they had been hospitable to excess—they always are in *that* county. I really did not feel justified in accepting their kindness ; yet the style of the whole thing was evidently above the possibility of offering anything in the way of remuneration, except, if I had had the opportunity, in the way of a *cadeau* to one of the daughters. I think the reader can understand the difficulty I laboured under ; so, not knowing what better to do, I expressed the

warmest gratitude for the kindness I had experienced, and resolved upon abandoning my *incognito*—not perhaps that the name of Vincent would have been more interesting to the ears of the family than that of Smith, only that I wished to follow up the *annonce* with a hope that if they ever should come to London they would do me the kindness to let me know, and I should be too delighted to receive them, and show the world to the two charming girls, who seemed to me the most unsophisticated and lovely creatures imaginable.

I was, however, checked in this intention by “dear George” insisting upon my having a day’s shooting, or at least some hours of it.

“I,” said George, “am sure you will excuse me for a short time, for I have to look after my men, and this is a busy season with us : but my wife and the girls will try to amuse you till I come in, which will be about eleven or half-past, and then I think I *can* show you some sport.”

I hesitated, and said—or rather did not say—but looked, as if I should intrude.

*“Do stay,”* said Mrs. George. *“If you are are fond of a beautiful country and plenty of game, I assure you my husband can show you both.”*

*“If I don’t——”*

*“Indeed you don’t,”* said she, interrupting me: *“we are but too happy to have such a guest.”*

*“Well,”* said I, bowing.

*“That’s right,”* said George; *“I’ll be back as soon as I can, and meanwhile, dear, I leave our guest to you and the children.”*

And so he went his way, and I was placed in a most curious position, for, although I had been extremely anxious to get out after breakfast to look at my friend’s name on the carts in the yard, the assiduous kindness of both master and mistress had entirely frustrated my intentions in that respect.

*“Now, dears,”* said mine hostess to her daughters, *“which is first, to-day—music or drawing?”*

*“Whichever you please,”* said the elder one.

“Drawing, too,” said I; “what! have you the opportunity of masters here?”

“No,” said the lady, “not a chance of such a thing, especially with *our* means; but, as George told you last night, luckily I was sufficiently educated myself to lead them on—as far at least as I am competent; but the march of art and science has been so rapid during the last fifteen or sixteen years, (I principally judge from the music I get sent down, and the engravings which illustrate the present popular works,) that I am still much behind my time. I hope, however, if we can manage it, next year to get the girls as far as Bath. An opportunity then may occur for them to see and hear enough to excite them to further exertions.”

The more I saw of the lady the more I became interested about her, and, as I felt deeply the awkwardness of inquiring her name, which I was dying to know, and was particularly anxious to acquire the knowledge independently, I was delighted when she begged me to excuse her for a few minutes, as she had to start young George with his morning lessons.

I lost not a moment—as soon as she was fairly out of sight, away I walked—affecting a slow pace, but, in fact, going at a quick one, till I reached the little gate which led to the farm-yard. There were three carts there—two coming in laden, and one standing horseless and at rest. I trampled over the squashy surface of the *locale*, and read on the vehicles the humbly unromantic name of “George Spraggs ; Bump-ton.” I confess I felt vexed and disappointed that anything so charming, so graceful, so gay, and yet so good as mine hostess, should be called “Spraggs,” or that any place, so purely bright, and so serenely sweet, blessed with all the attributes of Nature, bestowed in her most benevolent mood, should be called Bump-ton. It *was* very provoking—it destroyed the bright vision which had been beaming in my mind of inviting them to town the next season. What cared I for their apparently humble station, which I had before been fully convinced was an assumption ? but the white letters on the black boards on the sides of the carts were horrible phantoms. If they came to London, and I took

them out, and people asked who that charming woman with the two delightful daughters was—what could I say?—could I admit that she was Mrs. Spraggs of Bampton! I returned to the garden, but my mind was not at ease.

Mine hostess was not long in following me; and now, really, it was not conceit—vanity—nor anything of the kind—but I could not help feeling that she was sincerely pleased, as she said she was, by the accidental intrusion upon their solitude of a man of the world—one in fact, of a class with which, however she might in right of her accomplishments mix in society, it was clear she was not at the present time in the habit of associating.

“Come,” said she, “the girls and the boy are gone to work, shall we sit down in this arbour?—built by my own hands and those of my children, the prospect from which is beautiful, and not the less delightful to *me*, because it commands a view of almost all our farm, so that, even while George is absent from home on business, I can still see him superintending his people.”

I did sit down—so did she ; and then she began to expatiate upon the particular beauty of a strong light which fell on the peak of one of the far distant mountains, contrasted with a deep shade which hung over the sea beneath, and this with a natural warmth and enthusiasm, and a manner so genuine, so perfectly lady-like, that, with the word Spraggs in my mind I could bear my surprise no longer. I gazed on her in mute admiration, and, when she had concluded her animated and artless eulogium of the charms which nature had bestowed upon the little Paradise where we were seated, she caught me with my eyes fixed on her sweet face, with an expression of delight and wonder. She was too quick not to appreciate the expression of my countenance.

“ Ah ! ” said she, “ I see you are puzzled—there are secrets in all families, and you are surprised to find a farmer’s wife with feelings, tastes, and habits like mine.”

“ Why,” said I, “ I—honestly confess that I—I——”

“ Oh,” said Mrs. Spraggs !—(only conceive,



Mrs. Spraggs! )—" I will save you all further explanation of your feelings. We seldom see anybody who is struck with the oddness of our circumstances, for our noble landlord is seldom here, and of course sees nothing of his humble tenants; and, even if he *were* to honour us with any particular notice, there *are* reasons why I could not accept of his condescending hospitality."

" Ah !" thought I, " that's *it*—something's wrong with Mrs. Spraggs."

" I find an agreeable society at the parsonage," continued Mrs. Spraggs; " our curate, and his wife and daughter, are a great resource to me—they are very charming people."

" Oh !" said I to myself, " then there is nothing wrong with Mrs. Spraggs."

" But mine is a history," continued the lady, " and you shall hear it ; for I see you take an interest in us, and it is so delightful to a heart, full I hope of kind and gentle feelings, to find anything like sympathy, especially when one has quitted the world, perhaps wrongly."

" Oh, dear, dear," said I to myself, " what *has* Mrs. Spraggs done ?"

“Don’t,” said the charming woman with the odious name, “don’t take notice to George, when he comes in, that I have made you a confidant of our fate; but there is something in your manner that convinces me that I may tell it *you*; remember, it is no great trust I repose in you, for you *can* tell nobody, since nobody knows *me*.”

“I assure you,” said I, “you may with perfect security trust me—not a syllable passes my lips which you wish me not to repeat, after I have quitted your happy hospitable house.”

“Well then,” said Mrs. Spraggs, “I feel—I don’t know why—that, if we part without some explanation, you will conjure up a thousand strange fancies in your mind about me, and, perhaps, make some inquiries about me, which is the least desirable thing in the world. Now, listen:—My children, dearly as I love them, and devoted as we are to each other, even they do not know the real history of their Mother.

“I,” continued Mrs. Spraggs, “was the only daughter of a gentleman of fortune, of family.

I lost my mother when I was a child—I became the idol of my father—he lived but for *me*—I lived but for *him*. His whole delight was centered in *my* society—his whole care was the improvement of my mind, and the cultivation of my talents, such as I possessed. It happened that, living as we did, entirely in the country, we saw little of society. I sought for none—I was happy with *him*; but a circumstance occurred when I was about eighteen years old, which diverted my thoughts into another channel. The curate of our parish—you will think, perhaps that I have a great affection for curates—had a son, and this son was the darling of his father's heart; but he was poor, and had no means of provision for him. My father made him an inmate of our house. He was his companion and friend—he arranged his papers—he superintended his farming, and," said she (with tears in her eyes), "while thus employed, he saved *my* life—rescued me from death by drowning. I could not be unmindful of *that*; besides, we are now at a time of life, to look back to early days and early feelings without hesitating

to avow their influence. I was attached to him, fondly attached to him : he knew it, and we had many conversations on the possibility of gaining my father's consent to our marriage. He saw, he knew it was impossible :—his conduct was admirable. His father died—he came to reside entirely with us. This constant association made our trials the greater ; but he *was*, as he *is* to this moment, the most honourable, the highest-minded of mortals.

“ Is this ——” said I.

“ My George—my own dear husband,” replied she. “ Soon after his father died, my own beloved parent was suddenly carried off by a fever. It seemed like a dream—a bewildering dream ;—it was all too true ; and I was removed to the care of my uncle, a worthy excellent man, but not to *me* like my poor dear father. With *him* I lived for a year, seeing my poor dear George occasionally, and, I own, by stealth ; but, towards the end of that year, my grief for my father's loss having in some degree moderated, my uncle broke his intention to me of marrying me to his son, whom I had never seen,

and who was expected home from the Continent very shortly.

“ I gave no answer, but told the history to George, whom I had the opportunity of meeting at the house of a dear and affectionate friend. He strenuously advised me to think no more of *him*, but to obey the wishes of my uncle ; my non-compliance with which, I ought to tell you, involved the loss of a large fortune which I was else to inherit. Young women are not mercenary,” continued mine hostess, “ and I had made up my mind ; but the agitation consequent upon this worry, coming so soon upon the grief which my dear father’s death had caused me, brought on an illness which it was supposed would be fatal ; nothing, my uncle was told, could save me but removing to a warm climate. The affectionate friend, of whom I have already spoken, was going to the south of France, and offered to take me with her ! my uncle accepted the invitation, and I went.”

“ Yes,” said I, “ and, thank Heaven, recovered !”

“ True,” said Mrs. Spraggs ; “ but *here* comes my story : if I failed to marry my cousin,

whom I had never seen, before I was of age, the fortune which I should forfeit by *not* marrying him would devolve on him. I could *not* marry *him*—I loved another. I was not aware—indeed I was not,” continued my companion, warming with her subject, “that my friend was so deeply interested in my fate; but so it was; and—I blush to tell you of the deceit that was practised—but, finding that my life depended upon my marriage with my former preserver, and knowing the impossibility of gaining my uncle’s consent, she wrote to him assuring him of my death at *her* house near Marseilles. He naturally believed it, and the circumstances of the case naturally prevented our ever undeceiving him. He died; all the fortune of course went to my cousin, and, aided only by the produce of some jewels and other valuables which my dear father had given me, and some other assistance from my poor dear friend, who is now dead, George and I were married, and he took this farm, where his constant care and industry have ‘increased our store,’ and here we are happy and contented as you see us.”

“And,” said I, “have you never seen this cousin from whom you fled, and who is at this moment reaping the benefit of your disinterestedness?”

“Never,” said she.

“Then,” exclaimed I, bursting into a flood of tears which I could no longer restrain, “Amelia Vincent,—YOU SEE HIM NOW!”

A slight scream escaped her lips, and she fell senseless into my arms; at which precise point of time Mr. George Spraggs suddenly made his appearance on the lawn before us, having under his arm two double-barrelled guns destined for the day’s amusement.

“What’s this?” cried he, starting forward, and, (rather to my satisfaction,) dropping his artillery. “Amelia, what is it?—speak—tell me!”

“Hold, hold,” said I, “I know it all——”

“Know what?” said George; “what is the meaning of all this?”

“Be calm,” said I, “let her recover.”

“But why is she ill—why agitated?” said George.

“One word will explain,” said I: “trust me, this is the happiest moment of my life.”

“I am bewildered,” said the doubting husband; whose tender care for his wife seemed to prevail over every other of the conflicting feelings by which he was agitated.

“George, George,” sobbed Amelia, recovering, “it is—my cousin—Singleton——”

“Singleton Vincent!” cried George: “is it to be believed?—have we been betrayed?—discovered—to be disturbed?”

“Heaven forbid!” said I; “this, my good friend, is no moment for explanation; Amelia requires your care—lead her into the house; calm yourself, my dear woman,” continued I; “lean on *me*, and rely upon me for the rest of my life.”

We led her into the little breakfast room, and in a short time she was able to relate the manner in which I had discovered myself to her; a repetition of my assurance that my visit was purely accidental seemed to make George happy, as the first impression on his mind was, that my coming had been premeditated, and that it was



preparatory to some disclosure which would break up and destroy the comfort which he and his happy family were enjoying.

There needs little more to be told. It was in vain I insisted upon returning to my cousin the fortune to which I had succeeded, nor would they hear of even changing their residence. All I could obtain was a promise of an annual visit from them to London with their dear children, in return for one of mine of equal duration at least, to them, in the country. Two additional rooms are already in progress at the cottage, and I have prevailed upon George to become the tenant of two adjoining farms, by persuading him that he must consider me a partner in the concern, upon which ground I also have claimed the right of furnishing the new portion of the house when finished.

Delighted to find myself, instead of being alone in the world, surrounded by such dear relations, I shall for the future divide my time between the pursuits and avocations of the metropolis and my rural home ; reserving to myself till the time comes the pleasure of portioning off

my fair young cousins, and starting their merry brother in life ; or, failing in that expectation, bequeath to the children the fortune which their parents would not accept, on condition that, out of affection to *me*, *they change their names* from Spraggs to Vincent.

All these circumstances have combined to cure the eccentricities of my "truant disposition," and it is with gratitude and contentment I look back to the results of MY LAST TOUR, which in all probability will be the LAST I shall ever make.

## RUSSIAN POLICE AND ENGLISH PRISONS.

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It has been so frequently remarked that the romance of real life is more romantic than the romance of fiction, that it might be considered useless to add another word upon the subject, but it so happens that two cases have recently come under my knowledge, which (each in its way) afford the most striking illustration of the axiom. Both these cases are genuine and authenticated, and, while considered as regards the romantic in real life, will at the same time exhibit to the reader traits of human nature in the present day, the existence of which the generality of readers would not believe. The first is derived from the official reports of the

Russian criminal court of the district of Zaráisk in the government of Kazan.

It appears, that for many months the district of Zaráisk had been infested by a formidable band of robbers, who, not satisfied with attacking travellers and relieving them of their property, were in the habit of carrying on their depredations in villages and even towns, where they committed the most horrible excesses; and to such an extent was this system carried, that the name of their chief, Kara Aly—meaning Aly the Black—had become the terror of all the inhabitants of that large and wealthy country.

For more than eight months this horde of brigands evaded the activity of the Russian police, and eluded the vigilance of the troops who were sent in pursuit of them in every direction. Nor did the promised reward of a thousand roubles for the capture of any one of the band, or the whole of them at the same rate, nor the still greater premium of five thousand roubles for the head of Kara Aly himself, produce any more satisfactory result; until at length, upon the earnest solicitations of the

people, and with a view to dissipate their apprehensions, which were hourly increasing, the Russian government resolved to employ more efficient means to exterminate a system of plunder and terror which had so long existed.

In consequence of these extended arrangements and increased means, Theodore Trazoff, the Assessor of the district, succeeded in capturing the formidable chief on the 1st of November, 1837, together with five of his accomplices, and a young woman, who, in the report to the Minister of Justice, dated January 18, 1838, is stated to be either his wife or his concubine.

In Russia, criminal cases are always investigated on the spot by a commission specially appointed for the purpose, empowered to examine the prisoners and witnesses, and report thereupon to the higher authorities. The examination in the present instance was confided to one of the chiefs of the district police, with an assessor, and a secretary of the town-courts, whose official designation in the Russian lan-

guage is "*Sekretarnijnohozienskohósouda*," (how to be pronounced is not our affair,) to which tribunal the following order, signed by the Imperial Attorney-General, was directed :—

*" Order of the Imperial Attorney-General.*

" In the name of His Imperial Majesty Nicholas Pawlowitch, Autocrat of all the Russias: We, Imperial Attorney-General, direct and command the commissioners herein named to make due and diligent inquiry into the case of Kara Aly and his accomplices.

" Kara Aly, a Tartar, native of Kazan, is accused of having three times deserted from the army, of having, for the last eleven months, been guilty of heinous crimes, during which period he has committed fifteen murders, thirty-two robberies by main force, besides an immense number of ordinary thefts and pilferings.

*" Kazan, Nov. 30, 1837."*

After a month's labour the commissioners made their report, which consists of the following documents. We follow the Russian order

of proceeding, merely abridging the digressions and avoiding needless repetitions :—

*“ Report of the Assessor, Theodore Trazoff, on the apprehension of the Brigands.*

“ On the 1st of August, 1837, I received instructions and authority from the government to discover if possible the retreat of the brigands composing the band of Kara Aly, and to secure their persons. Fifty Cossacks, commanded by Ensign Djurilof, and twenty gend'armes, under the orders of Lieutenant Newmann, were employed jointly upon this service, but all our efforts to discover them were fruitless.

“ On the 2d of October, having made my official tour of the district for the purpose of collecting the tax (niedoïmka) from the inhabitants, I returned to Zaraïsk, having in my possession seventeen thousand roubles of paper-money, the produce of this levy ; but, as it was growing dark before I reached the town, and it being too late for me to hand over the amount to the receiver-general of the district (Kaznatchy

njerdny), I was obliged to postpone making the payment till the next day.

“At midnight, as I was writing alone in my room, the door was opened suddenly, and I beheld before me a man of gigantic stature, dressed in a cajouck of a kind of fur made from sheep-skin, commonly worn by the Russian peasantry, and wearing on his head a cap of the same material. His face was nearly covered with large moustachios. His black beard, his long hair hanging dishevelled, and the wild lightning that seemed to flash from his eyes, gave to this sudden and unexpected apparition an indescribably horrid character: before I had time to call for help, the man had advanced close upon me, and, pointing with one hand to his pistols and dagger, he laid the forefinger of the other upon his lips in an authoritative manner to command silence.

“I remained motionless with surprise and anxiety. He seated himself by my side, and, fixing his eyes upon me, said, in a low, but firm and almost solemn voice—

•.



“ ‘ You are Theodore Trazoff, commissioned to apprehend Kara Aly. Look at me—I am Kara Aly. Look at me well, for it is necessary you should know my personal appearance.’

“ After a short silence, which I found myself incapable of breaking, he added—

“ ‘ Well, you have examined me sufficiently. Now I will tell you what has brought me hither. You have got here seventeen thousand roubles.’

“ At these words I made an effort to rise from my seat and call for assistance, but the attempt was vain ; for seizing me with an iron grasp, he threw me on the floor, and while he kept me down, he, with inconceivable dexterity, contrived to gag me with a piece of cloth : having done which, he proceeded to tie my arms and legs. Thus secured, he searched my clothes, and, taking out my keys, opened a chest of drawers which was in the room, and after a brief search, which, of course, I was incapable of hindering, found the seventeen thousand roubles in a box which I had placed in one of the drawers for security.

“Having achieved his purpose he came back to me, and, showing me his dagger, said—‘I could have purchased your silence at the price of your life, but I despise you too much to fear you. If your Emperor had as many soldiers as there are stars in the firmament, Kara Aly would defy them all, and enjoy his liberty free and uncontrolled.’

“He then ungagged me and quitted the room hastily. Left alone, I called to my servants, who came instantly and liberated me, and I rushed out of the house with some of my Cossacks in pursuit of the robber; but all in vain. At some distance from the town we discovered the marks of horses’ feet, which we traced to the direction of the mountains, but they disappeared at a point where three or four rocky tracts diverge.

“On my return to Zarsk I ascertained that the door of my house had not been forced, but had been opened by means of a key: this circumstance, taken in connexion with the fact of Kara Aly’s knowledge of my having seventeen thousand roubles in my possession, led me to

suspect that my servants were somehow concerned in the affair : however, they all protested their innocence, although I adopted every means of arriving at the truth—‘ that is to say,’ adds the reporter, ‘ the whip and bastinado.’

“ On the first of November I went to the fair of Rjarsk, and while there, I saw wandering about amongst the booths two men in the dress of Tcheremises, a people who inhabit the semi-Asiatic provinces of Russia. Kara Aly’s features were too deeply impressed upon my memory to be for a moment mistaken :—he was one of the two. The next minute they were surrounded by ten of my Cossacks, who accompanied me. The resistance they made was terrible. The people would not lend us the slightest aid, and the two brigands defended themselves furiously with their yatagans.

“ One of my Cossacks was killed, and three wounded. I succeeded, however, in eventually making Kara Aly my prisoner—for him it was. He threw his yatagan on the ground, and said, ‘ God’s will be done ! Take me—do what you will with me ; I am conquered by some strange

fatality.' Then, turning to his companion, who was a short distance behind, still struggling with my men, 'Moussoum,' said he, in a loud voice, 'save yourself! I name you leader of the troop!'—(to this my men replied, with a shout of triumph)—'where, if you ever yield, may your tongue become as silent as a stone!' Fortunately, Moussoum surrendered without farther resistance, and we proceeded to bind them together.

"When they were in prison they both observed a strict silence, and nothing could induce either of them to afford the slightest information with regard to their associates. At length Moussoum, after undergoing the torture with great fortitude, permitted these words to escape him:—

" 'Search on the Krym al (mountain of Krym), and you will find the cavern of Mustapha Iblis (Mustapha the Devil).'

"Having obtained this information, slight as it appeared, I forthwith set off for the mountain, at the head of two hundred foot soldiers and fifty Cossacks. Having arrived at the path

which leads to its summit, I placed the Cossacks, and one hundred of the foot soldiers, there, in order to prevent any escape by that route, and, taking the other hundred with me, I took the straight road which leads direct to the cavern that Moussoum had mentioned.

“ We advanced but a few paces, when we saw a man running away: we instantly afterwards heard a musket-shot, followed almost immediately by several others :—three of my men were shot dead, and several others were wounded. This, however, did not check our advance; and in less than an hour we reached the cave.

The firing suddenly ceased. A large and heavy stone secured the entrance of the cave. This we contrived to remove, and with our bayonets at the charge, entered in perfect darkness. Its inmates, however, had fled :—before the fire we found their victuals all ready for eating, but not a human being was left behind. When we listened, we could hear the heavy tramp of horses, and cries which seemed to come from under the ground on which we stood.

“The soldiers, in their superstitious ignorance, hesitated as to proceeding farther, fancying that the cries were those of infernal spirits, who were angry with us for disturbing them. Luckily, however, we discovered an opening in the opposite side of the cavern, which, although narrow at first, widened in its length, and brought us again into day-light, which showed us the marks of the horses’ feet which we had previously heard : by this route we reached the position where I had left the Cossacks, whom we found in possession of four of the brigands, slightly wounded—and a female, who, in their company, had attempted to escape on horse-back.

“We afterwards returned and searched the cavern, but could discover nothing except arms of different sorts, dresses of different descriptions, rich stuffs, and provisions in plenty, but no money ; and, when I questioned the brigands as to the place where the treasure was deposited, they uniformly answered that God and the Khan alone knew where the money was concealed—they having given the title of Khan

to Kara Aly. I immediately had the prisoners conveyed to Zarsk.

“ When Kara Aly was informed of the result of my expedition, and the capture of his accomplices, he implored me to permit him to see his beloved Fazry—the young female who had fallen in our hands. Being anxious, if possible, to ascertain where the treasure, of which he was unquestionably master, had been hidden, I told him that, if he would give me information upon that point, Fazry should be brought to him. But all the answer I could obtain was a shake of his head, and the words—again uttered with a deep sigh—‘ God’s will be done ! ’ I could procure no other reply.

“ *Zarsk*, Nov. 3, 1837.

(Signed) “ TIEDOR TRAZOFF,  
“ Assessor of the District of Zarsk.”

The next document is the report of the examination of Kara Aly himself, by the Captain Isprawnik, which is given in detail.

“ Q. Tell me your name, your surname, and the place of your birth ?

“ A. As God is the only God, and Mahomet his prophet, so am I the sole and only descendant of the Sultan of Kazan. My father is the Sultan Kerdy, and my mother Fatima, sister of Noussiram Bey. The 15th of December, 1803, was the day on which the people of Kazan heard of the birth of the offspring of their sovereigns.

“ Q. You are endeavouring to impose upon me—you know that Noussiram Bey has proved that you are the son of the nurse to whom he had confided his little nephew, and who died in his infancy.

“ A. Noussiram Bey, when he said so, lied like an infidel dog. He has robbed me of my wealth, as your Czar has robbed me of my kingdom. Might is great against right: I, at the head of my brave followers, was always in the right when I fell in with a traveller.

“ Q. How were you treated in the house of Noussiram Bey !

“ A. Like the lowest animal that crawls. Noussiram Bey, and Ismail and Edigy, his sons and my cousins, made my life one of misery and



wretchedness. One being only existed there, who sowed the roses of consolation amidst the nettles which stung me—that was Fazry, the beloved daughter of my oppressor—still young, still lovely, still innocent: she said to me, ‘Aly, you are unhappy—you are here like a flower in the desert—but I love you.’

“And here *Kara Aly* shed tears.

“Q. At what age did you enter the army? and why did your master make a common soldier of you?

“A. *My* master!—he was *my* master as the wolf is master of the helpless lamb yet unable to run—he was a tyrant! Fazry, dear Fazry, was but fourteen—I was twenty-five: he saw that our hearts beat in unison, and that we were formed for each other. By dint of his influence and his money, which he disbursed right and left for the purpose, I became tied, shackled like a wild beast, and at last he forced me to become a private soldier, as you say. I—I who am his lawful sovereign!

“Q. In what regiment have you served?

“A. In the regiment of dragoons de Nijny

Novogorod. For five years I dealt death amongst the Circassians—my sword has felled more of them than you have hairs on your head, and they were the enemies of your Czar. There should I have remained if peace had not come ; for to me war is as delightful as gold is to the miser—I cannot bear the restraint of civil life, and so I went back to see Fazry, the star of my destiny.”

The Captain then read to him the following report, which had been transmitted to him from the head-quarters of the regiment in which he stated that he had served :—

“ Kara Aly, a Mahometan—private in the regiment of dragoons of Nijny Novogorod. Whenever he was in action, or before the enemy, he conducted himself bravely, and with credit to his character as a Russian soldier ; but in garrison he was always insubordinate, and habitually a drunkard. On the 16th of March, 1833, upon the arrival of the regiment at Tiflis, he was punished by order of Lieutenant Kryltsof, for disobedience. The next day he deserted : he was taken at Wladicaucas, and punished again for desertion. He was subsequently taken to

the hospital, from which he escaped, in the presence of the inspector, by jumping from a window: he was, however, some time after again taken at Astracan.

“ When he was brought back, and after he had been again flogged, Prince Boralynski, major of the regiment, came into the room where he was, and questioned him as to the manner in which he contrived to effect his escape—the soldiers still guarding the gate. Kara Aly told the Prince how it occurred, pointed out the position of the inspector in the room, and, in suiting his action to his words—or, as the report says, ‘adding pantomime to recitation’—he again jumped from the window into the street. The first moment of surprise over, a hue and cry was raised, and a pursuit set on foot; but in vain—he was not to be overtaken. The same night one of the Prince Boralynski’s horses was stolen, and two of his orderlies were found murdered.

“ Q. Kara Aly, is this report correct?

“ A. Yes; I stole the horse, and killed the men.

“ Q. What could have induced you to commit this triple crime?—speak the truth.

“ A. The truth ! my lips are as free from falsehood as the sun is from the blackness of the clouds which momentarily hide his face from us. The reporter of my crime speaks truth—but not all the truth. He does not tell you that, at the moment when I took the horrid resolution to commit the crime with which I am justly charged, my back was reeking with blood from the lashes I had unjustly received. When I escaped from my quarters I hid myself in the stables of Prince Boralynski. I felt sure that nobody would look for me there, and there I remained under the manger. Night came : Iwan and Havrilo, two of the Prince’s orderlies, slept in the stable. I hated them both—they were cowards—they had denounced me often to my officers—the night was dark—there was no witness by—there lay a yatagan—I said to myself these are two Giaours—Mahomet will bless me—and I killed them both ! Well, then I took the Prince’s horse, saddled him, mounted him, and in another hour again breathed the pure air of freedom !

“ Q. Where have you been since this event ?

“ A. In a country that does not belong to your Czar.

“ Q. What have you been doing from that time to the present ?

“ A. That does not concern you. Spare your threats—they will be useless—I shall answer no more questions.”

At this period of the examination the Captain Isprauwnik states that he felt himself compelled, in the hope of extracting more information from the prisoner, which might lead to important discoveries, to change the tone and manner of his examination, and that his anxiety to ascertain further particulars induced him to adopt this course, rather than that of punishing the brigand for his insolence. He therefore resumed his questions by asking him how long he had been in **Kazan** ?

“ A. I arrived in **Kazan** in the month of October, 1836. I have plenty of gold and diamonds—there is not a sultan in the world who has finer jewels.

“ Q. How did you become possessed of them ?

“ A. That does not concern *you*—I did not get them in Russia. If you choose to listen you shall hear my history, for it will be a relief to me to unburthen my mind.

“ Noussiram Bey, when I went to his house, was in his room with my beautiful Fazry. Have you seen her eyes, black as jet, and brighter than the sun? have you seen her raven locks? have you heard the blessed sound of her sweet voice? If you have, you know that she is worthy of adoration—as a Houri, as the daughter of Mahomet himself!—I have told you I love her; she loves *me* in return—am I not happier than your Czar? When I came into the room Noussiram Bey did not recognize me—Fazry did—yes, she remembered me, although my countenance was changed, and my person altered. I was driven from the house in the spring-time of my life, an unfortunate slave—a victim; I returned in the bright summer of my existence—rich and bold as a Khan of the Tartars should be. ‘Kara Aly,’ cried Fazry, rushing into my arms, ‘my plighted faith is still your own—I am yours eternally!’ Noussiram started up. ‘Noussiram

siram Bey,' said I, looking stedfastly at him, 'prostrate yourself before your master—prostrate yourself before your sovereign. Here, then, is wealth for you ;' and I threw him a handful of gold and diamonds. 'There,' said I, 'keep my money, and I will take Fazry : we are quits.' By way of answer, he whistled at me in derision, seized his sabre, and attacked me. Anxious to spare his life, I contented myself with parrying his blows, but, his two hateful sons rushing in to his assistance, life was set against life. Mahomet favoured me, and the three measured their length upon the floor before me. Fazry had fainted the moment her father began the conflict : when they lay dead at my feet I lifted her in my arms to bear her from the scene of bloodshed. In leaving the house I met two of the Bey's servants; one Moussoum, an old comrade and a friend ; the other Nadir, my bitter enemy. To the first I said, 'Moussoum, to horse—come with me !' Into the heart of the other I thrust my yatagan, and he fell dead without a groan. Thence did I bear my precious burthen, and, accompanied by Moussoum, fled to the cave of

Mustapha Iblis. Ask Fazry if she has been happy there?"

In pronouncing these words, and, indeed, whenever he referred to Fazry, he shed tears.

"Q. What have you done since !

"A. I accumulated a force, and I made war on your Czar.

"Q. You have assassinated three officers, two civilians of the government, and ten soldiers !

"A. Yes, that is true—I killed them all with my own hand—your Czar employed his soldiers to murder mine—he is the strongest and triumphs—and I am dethroned.

"Q. You rob, you pillage, and levy contributions on the people ?

"A. That is true, too. I pillage, because I want clothes, and money, and provisions ; the inhabitants have all these, and I have not. But as to theft, you speak falsely if you charge me with theft—Kara Aly knows not how to thieve—he knows how to pillage, and to kill—that is the business of a warrior, of a Khan !"

The Captain then read over to Kara Aly a list of the crimes which had been committed by



his people, the catalogue of which is omitted, as not being interesting to the general reader. They consisted of housebreakings, highway robberies, &c. &c. Kara Aly acknowledged the correctness of the statement, and declared himself the sole author of all the crimes therein enumerated. When the Captain came to the report of Tiedor Trazoff, which I have already submitted to the reader, he smiled.

“ Yes,” said he, “ I have amused myself for the last four months with the proceedings of that hero. I have been close to him—talked to him fifty times—and it was *he* himself who one day in a tavern boasted that he had collected seventeen thousand dollars. I laughed at the cowardly fellow ; but I see him here now. The proverb says, despise not even a caterpillar ; the time may come when even such a reptile as that may do you harm. Trazoff triumphs to-day—he has his revenge, and we are quits. I never bear malice.

“ Q. What was the number of men of whom your band was composed ?

“ A. Besides the five whom you have arrested, I am the sixth.

“ Q. Were you in correspondence with the inhabitants?

“ A. No.

“ Q. Where have you hidden your treasures?

“ A. That is a question which I shall not answer. The day will come when you will be satisfied that my heir will well employ the inheritance he will derive from me.

“ Here ended the examination ; and the Captain Isprauwnik adds, by way of note, that neither threats nor persuasions, nor privations, nor punishments, could obtain any other results.

(Signed) “ JOУTEKOF, Secretary.”

We next come to the examination of Moussoum, but as it leads to no very important results, it has been thought only necessary to give a summary of it.

Moussoum is a Tartar, two years older than

Kara Aly, and has been in the service of Noursiram Bey. He admits that he followed Kara Aly, and that he has participated in the robberies and pillagings with which he is charged; but he positively denies that he has ever been guilty of murder. He affirms that the banditti always considered Kara Aly to be the true and legitimate Khan, and Fazry to be his wife. The devotion of Fazry for Kara Aly was unqualified; she loved him sincerely and entirely, and, as he states, never was aware that her father and brother fell by his hand; nor did she know in what country she was actually living. Kara Aly told her that her father and brothers were still living in Kazan, and that she was in the midst of the mountains of Kirgis Taj. Not one of the brigands dared venture to undeceive her, "for," says Moussoum, "Kara Aly had a good yatagan, and a hand ever ready for punishment." Moussoum agrees with Kara Aly as to the number of the band, and equally declares that no sort of understanding existed between him and the inhabitants, and that nobody, except their chief, knew where the treasure was con-

cealed. To this statement he has constantly adhered.

Three of the brigands taken on the day of the attack upon the cavern—Kendjibeck, aged 76; Mumag, 24; De Saharin, 20—were natives of Kajsak Kirgis, deserters from the 16th regiment of Oural Cossacks. They state that, having been sent in search of Kara Aly, they had been made prisoners by him, and under those circumstances had consented to serve under him. In all other particulars their depositions are extremely like those of Mous-soum.

Ywan Rubtchenko, aged 23 years, Oural Cossack of the 16th regiment, is questioned in a similar manner to the previous prisoners, and gives precisely similar answers; but he states, in addition, that from time to time the Kara Kirgis—that is, the independent Black Kirgis—came to see Kara Aly, and that he was sometimes absent from the cavern ten days. Kara Aly was confronted with Ywan Rubtchenko, denied the whole of the statement, which so alarmed him, that he dared not repeat what he

had said, the truth of which, it must be confessed, none of the others who were accused, in any degree confirmed.

We now come to, perhaps, the most interesting part of this most curious case, and that is the examination of the beautiful Fazry herself.

“Fazry,” says the reporter, “is lovely beyond description: her eyes are full of intellect and expression, her features are somewhat strongly developed, which, with her dark complexion, give an additional expression of grief and depression to her fine countenance. She is now about twenty years of age, and professes the Mahometan religion.

The Captain Isprauwnik commenced his examination:—

“Q. Fazry, why have you thus followed the fortunes of the murderer of your father and your brothers?”

Fazry replied, bathed in tears, that she was up to the time of her caption ignorant of their fate; but then, raising her beautiful countenance with an air of decision and resolution, she added, “If I *had* known that they were dead,

I should still have remained with Kara Aly; he is so noble, so handsome, and I love him so much. I love him still:—father—brothers—forgive me!” and she again burst into tears.

“Q. And where have you been since you left your father’s house?

“A. In the subterranean castle, inherited by Kara Aly from his royal ancestors. It did not contain splendid rooms, like those in my father’s house, but Kara Aly was there.

“Q. Are you aware of the robberies which have been committed by Kara Aly?

“A. Robberies!—you speak falsely—Kara Aly is no robber; he made war upon his enemies.

“Q. Did you ever see his subjects?

“A. The wife of a Khan does not degrade herself by looking at his subjects. I saw only five servants, who are now your prisoners of war.

“Q. Do you know where the treasures of Kara Aly are concealed?

“The wife of a Khan does not trouble herself with such matters. He never knew what

want was. Let me see him !—my husband—my master !—and you will see me happy.”

“ No further discovery was made by Fazry. The interview which she requested with Kara Aly was refused.

“ From the examinations of the country people nothing more was elicited calculated to throw any further light upon the subject ; but it is generally believed that Kara Aly had no accomplices, and that the Mahometan inhabitants of the district of Zarazeeck and the Government of Kazan were in no degree implicated in the crimes committed by him or his followers,

(Signed) “ SZATOF, Captain Isprauwnik,  
“ TRAZOFF, Assessor,  
“ JOUTKOF, Secretary.

“ Dated Dec. 10, 1837,  
in the town of Zarajek.”

The examinations having been completed, a commission from the criminal tribunal at Kazan was sent to verify them, after which the tribunal on the 21st of December, 1837, pro-

nounced the sentence, which condemned Kara Aly to one hundred lashes of the knout, Mous-soum, Kendjibeck, Mumag, Saharin, and Ywan Rubtchenko, twenty-five lashes each, and subsequently to be banished for life to hard labour in the mines of Siberia.

Fazry declared innocent, and immediately set at liberty.

On the fourth of January, 1838, the post or horse (kobilitza) to which the criminals are fastened who are destined to receive the punishment of the knout, was early in the morning erected in the *grande place* of Kazan, and all the people of the town, of the neighbouring villages, and even from the mountains, crowded to this immense square, on the scaffold in the midst of which stood the executioner armed with his knout, and attended by his three assistants, who were selected from amongst the degraded class of-dog-killers (hitzel).

At ten o'clock, amidst the murmur of anxiety and impatience which always precedes a melancholy spectacle, the six culprits were brought out.



Kara Aly walked first—his head erect, his eyes bright and fierce, his step firm :—the executioner having taken off his clothes, he permitted him, without a word, without a look, or the slightest demonstration of feeling, to fasten him to the dreadful kobilitzza, and when he struck him the first blow with the terrible instrument of punishment, formed of lashes of leather, each lash having at its end an iron hook, Kara Aly flinched not—neither groan nor sigh escaped him, although the executioner continued his horrid duty, interrupted only by periodically taking large bumpers of brandy. The number of blows was anxiously counted by the crowds who surrounded the scaffold, and who were absolutely terrified at what appeared the superhuman fortitude of the suffering victim.

The hundredth blow having plashed into his bleeding back, Kara Aly was loosened from the kobilitzza—but the executioner held in his arms only a corpse—Kara Aly was dead !

His five accomplices received their twenty-five lashes each—and, following the example of their leader, uttered no murmur of complaint—after

the punishment their mangled bodies were removed to the hospital, whence, if they recover the effects of the discipline, they will be, according to their sentence, transported to the government mines at Nertchynsk.

The search after the treasures which were unquestionably in Kara Aly's possession in the cavern, has been renewed, but without success. Fazry has remained ever since the execution in a state of stupor, which the faculty are of opinion will settle into melancholy madness; and the Assessor, Trazoff, has been rewarded for his zeal and success by receiving the decoration of the order of St. Anne.

This, perhaps, is one of the most extraordinary cases that ever occurred, or could be expected to occur in times like the present. The whole of the circumstances connected with it—the wholesale murder—the cavern—the concealment—the savage ferocity of the leader—the extraordinary infatuation of the beautiful Fazry—are all characteristics of other and long gone-by days, and all this has happened within the last few months.

Turn we then from this official report of the Russian police, to an official report of the state of English prisons—and, although totally different in its character, we shall there find an instance of callous hardihood and irreclaimable roguery, which we take to be quite as extraordinary in its way as even the more romantic history of Kara Aly.

In the Third Report of Captain Williams, Inspector of prisons in the northern and eastern districts, printed and presented by order of Her Majesty to both Houses of Parliament, we find the following :—

In reporting upon the state of Nottingham borough jail, Captain Williams says :—

“ As a proof of the total want of discipline and the mischief of unchecked association, I annex a copy of a paper taken from a most notorious character lying there under sentence of transportation : it was composed by himself, another prisoner acting as his amanuensis, and it is said to contain a real account of his life and depredations.

**" My name is Isaac Holden, you very well do know,  
And when I was ten years of age a robbing I did go ;  
It was out of my mother's box, as you the truth shall hear,  
Seven spade-ace guineas I did take, I solemnly declare.**

**Then to the brick-yards I did go all for to earn my bread,  
I had not been there many months before a thought came in  
my head—**

**James Gregg he had two ducks, as I very well did know,  
Resolved I was to steal them, and have a glorious doo.**

**The next to Sison I did go in company with three more,  
To Sir John Thurrold's orchard, where there was apples  
galore ;**

**Seven strike of these apples we stole I do declare,  
And for to bring these apples home we stole Abraham Clark's  
black mare.**

**It was not long after when a thought came in my head,  
That we could rob Bill Barneses shop, so to my pall said,  
Theyres a great deal of money all in that shop I know,  
I've got a key that will it fit, so come and let us go.**

**Then when we got into that shop, O how he did but stare,  
To see so many halfpence, a bag full I declare ;  
The amount of them was £50, and the weight was great you  
know,  
We carried them unto the Whitham, and in we did them  
throw.**

**Besides ten pounds in silver my boys we took away,  
Which lasted us to spend my boys for many a good day ;  
And when it was all gone my lads we went unto our store,  
For we knew when that was gone my lads we had got plenty  
more.**

It was about three months after we went into his barn,  
There we stole sixteen fine fowls, and thought it was no harm ;  
One couple of these fowls we eat, the rest we gave away,  
And we thought God would reward us all in a future day.

To Buckminster the next I went apprentice to be bound,  
And before I had been there six months I began to look  
around ;  
It was all at the publick house where I oftentimes used to go,  
The landlord he had three fine geese, as you the truth shall  
know.

These geese I did condemn to die without the least fear,  
And the very first opportunity I shifted them from there ;  
Me and my master cooked them, and of them we all did share,  
And my master said I was the best lad that ever had been  
there.

O then unto the butcher's shop my master did me send  
To fetch a leg of mutton to dine him and a friend ;  
And when that I had brought it he sent me back again  
With the bill and the money to pay all for the same.

She put it in the cupboard where there was plenty more,  
O then thinks I unto myself that will add to my store ;  
So when she went a milking I was on the look out,  
And sliely went into the shop and fetched the booty out.

I rob'd my master of two pounds and then I ran away,  
To Leicester town I did set off without any more delay,  
Twas there I saw a mariene and with him I did list,  
I thought I would a soldgier bee, for fear they should me  
twist.

And when that I was sworn in my boys twas on that very day  
I rob'd Mrs. Shipman of five pounds, that was a glorious day ;  
We stopt there and spent it and then we marched away,  
It was to Woolwich that we went, for there the regiment lay.

I had not joind the regiment long before I was on the look  
out,  
Then I spied a drunken sarjent with his pocket book half out,  
I made free for to take it and thought it was no harm,  
And it contained 7*l.* 10*s.* and he made a great alarm.

Me and my palls to Greenwich went, being as it was the fair,  
There we pickd up a sailor bold that was a sporting there,  
We robd him of his bit of blunt, the truth I will declare,  
It was but 1*l.* 5*s.*, but it helpt to keep the fair.

I now had left the regiment twelve months or rather more,  
Then we robd lady Morgan, as you have heard before,  
Of fifty pounds in money, and fifty more in plate,  
It was enough I'm sure to buy a small estate.

William Longland he got hanged, and G. Hurst he went for  
life,  
And I have remained a robber all the days of my life ;  
Jack Whittaker and Will Fielding from Yorkshire they came,  
And whith me and Tom Kirkham did carry on the game.

O then to Grantham Church we went where there was blunt  
galore,  
Three hundred pounds in money we got, and plate value of  
two more :  
O what a row the next morning when the parson found it out,  
O yes there was a pretty row, how the parson run about.

Then next we robd a horse-dealer, from Buckminster he came,  
He was a swaggering horse-dealer, Bob Bartrum was his name,  
We robd him of 100 pounds as from a fair he came,  
And put a ball right through his hat when going down the lane.

O then to Cotgrave town I went without any more delay,  
I am sure this is a roving blade the natives they did say ;  
From William Hill of Cotgrave two game fowls I did steal,  
And fought the cock all for 5 pounds in a pair of silver heels.

This cock he fought at Suiston, an excellent battle to,  
He was as black as jet, which a many people knew ;  
This cock had not fought long my boys before he won the  
prize,  
But then I fought this cock again and he lost both his eyes.

Then I went to Cotgrave back again without either fear or  
doubt,  
And when sitting in a publick house the constable fetched me  
out :  
They said you have stole two fowls my man we very well do  
know,  
And for the same offence six months to Southwell I did go.

So then I thought unto myself here I will not stay,  
Then I steerd my course to Nottingham on an unhappy day ;  
I now had been in Nottingham about nine month or rather  
more,  
When I went to the horse and trumpet for to pay of a score.

Then as I was a sitting there getting a can of ale,  
Who should come in but William Ward and offer two shirts  
for sale ;  
He asked me for to buy one, I said it was too good,  
He sayd if it will not suit you, you perhaps know who it would.

It was on the forest these shirts were hung to dry,  
Some scamping blade there came that way and on them cast  
his eye ;

One of these shirts I sold Ralph Brough as you do know,  
And they belonged to Mr. Mills that lived on the Long Row.

It was a short time after Ralph Brough he pawned the shirt,  
And through that very action we both got in the dirt ;  
William Ward he got transported for seven long years,  
And I went to the house of correction, that put away my fears.

Then about five years after for murder I got tried,  
For murdering William Greendale the people they did say  
Some base man and woman tried to swear my life away,  
And since they have not prosperd up to the present day.

When I was ranged at the bar along with Adam Wagg,  
Some sayd they will get hanged, and some they will get lagd ;  
But after all this, my boys, nothing could they doo,  
There was a flaw in the inditement, and they had to let us go.

And now I am tried again for a trifling thing you know,  
But for it across the erren pond for seven years must go ;  
It is for an old jacket that is nearly worn out,  
But if ever I come back again I will that devil clout."

This *poem* seems *unique* ; the spirit in which it is conceived is much the same as that in which Kara Aly's confessions were delivered to the Captain Isprauwnik—and in some parts there is even a similarity of adventure. To find such a document to relieve the ordinary dulness of a parliamentary report is, of itself, quite re-



freshing ; and, as affording an authentic *pendant* to the official statements of the Russian police, will, as an illustration of the state of English prisons, be considered, I think, at once amusing and instructive.

ODD PEOPLE.

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IN some preceding pages we had the pleasure of exhibiting to our readers the vagaries of an exceedingly eccentric family ; who, from the singular way in which they carried on the everyday business of life, were known as the "Odd People" at Avignon, about seventy or eighty years ago.

We now propose to exhibit the vagaries of a certain Mr. and Mrs. Deveril (or rather *one* of their vagaries), who had a reputation for eccentricity in the neighbourhood of a flourishing town in a fine midland county—and, for all I know, have still—but, certainly not involving murders, fires, abductions, assassinations, slow poisonings, and sudden deaths ; but rather

all sorts of little mischiefs, and *mauvaises plaisanteries* (no pleasantries at all), in which they contrived, and do contrive as I believe, to entangle and *embrangle* their nearest and dearest friends.

This passion for practical jokes upon a great scale, has long been extremely popular and predominant. A noble earl, not many years dead, in order to divert himself and two or three chosen friends

“At another’s expense,”

used sometimes to invite to dine with him some six men, each minus an arm or a leg; on another day, half a dozen worthy personages, who were stone deaf; on another, half a dozen others, whose obliquity of vision happened to be exceedingly remarkable. One day six bald men were asked: on another, three men six feet four high, with three men scarcely four feet six; on a third occasion, a neat half-dozen of stutterers; and on a fourth, an equal batch of sufferers under some nervous affection, which induced them to keep winking their eyes and twitching

their noses at each other, during the whole of the repast, perfectly unconscious themselves of the oddity of the proceeding.

About the middle, or perhaps rather an earlier part of the last century, the then Duke of Montague, was as celebrated for this sort of practical playfulness, as in much later days was the eccentric earl to whom allusion has just been made ; but as in the cases—let us hope—of all these “mad wags,” there were many redeeming qualities about his Grace.

There is a story on record—which, perhaps, our readers may know as well as ourselves—but still it is a story, and we question whether anecdotes of such a kind do not, like sound wine, get even better by keeping. Let us hope, as we believe, that the playfulness of buoyant spirits is not incompatible with the strongest feelings of humanity and charity, and that the boisterous ebullitions of youthful extravagance are not to be recorded, in the annals of a man's career, as so many disqualifications from the pursuit of higher and nobler objects in his after life.

For a moment, then, we will postpone Mr. and Mrs. Deveril of Mumjumble Lodge, for the purpose of exhibiting “a frolic” of one of the most frolicsome Dukes that ever drew breath.

Shortly after the Peace of 1748, and shortly before his own death, the Duke had noticed a man, whose air and dress were military—for in those days, most wisely, did men wear the costume of the profession to which they belonged; the latter having evidently suffered either during the late campaign, or the still later period of tranquillity—walking in the Mall of St. James’s Park, which although now a desert, and devoted to nobody but passengers making a thoroughfare of the domain from one end of it to the other, was then, as everybody knows, a place of general resort.

What the change of fashion has done much to achieve, and the change of hours even still more, since the Mall was once the favoured and favourite promenade of the *beau monde*, the vivid and tasteful mind of the late Mr. Nash has completed. With his unfailing eye for the picturesque, with his unabating ardour for the

improvement of our metropolis, that ill-used man, to whom London is indebted for Regent Street, a street unrivalled in any European capital—saw in the dirty marsh, tributary in its damps to a stagnant canal, fenced in with unseemly posts, and fed off by dingy cows—an opportunity of forming a beautiful and attractive place of public healthful resort. Look at it now ; let those who recollect what the thing was before—a swamp enclosed by a hideous spiked pailing, protected by what ought to have been a dry ditch, but which was filled with filth and dirt too odious to be mentioned—let those, we say, who recollect it as it was, look at what it is ;—one of the most beneficial adornments of our town : and this, (we speak it as we have heard the fact,) the result of some two hours' contemplation of the site, and of a sketch made upon the back of a letter after a deliberation of no longer period.

Well : it was before this alteration by more than seventy-years, that the melancholy man, of whom it is now our business to speak, was seen walking up and down the Mall, apparently

caring for nobody ; in fact, seeing nobody ; every body, however, seeing *him*, and as he appeared remarkably depressed in spirits, generously resolved rather to laugh at him than otherwise.

This expression brings to mind the saying of a maid-servant, recorded in Mr. Benson Hill's work of *Home Service at Out and Head Quarters*, which we confess made us—why the editorial plural?—made *me* laugh exceedingly. The story is this, as told by Mr. Hill.

“ The servant-maid of the house was one of the civillest creatures possible ; we liked her, and she soon became attached to us, as what follows will exemplify.

“ Letting me in one evening, she said,

“ ‘ I beg pardon, sir ; but there has been a man after you—on business.’

“ ‘ Where from ?’ says Hill.

“ ‘ Carey Street, if you please,’ replies Betty.

“ ‘ What did he want ?’ says the artillery officer.

“ ‘ Why, of course,’ says Betty, blushing a little, and dropping a sort of half-respectful, half-

affectionate courtesy, 'I don't *know*, sir—but—I—was rather frightened about you, sir;' with another kind-hearted sort of glance—'because, sir, I—'

" 'Because why?' said Hill.

" 'Because, sir,' said the girl, '*he was rather in a red waistcoat than otherwise.*' "

Mr. Hill adds in explanation of the poor girl's notion of the "Little bird with bosom red," that she had been "in our parts," (which, we believe means Bristol,) where the bailiffs, with disinterested benevolence, wear an uniform scarlet waistcoat as a badge, by which debtors may know how to avoid them. However, it turned out that the sweet "Robin," was the servant of a friend of Mr. Hill's, who had sent to bid him to supper. The phrase which hits *us*, is Betty's "rather than otherwise," which having inadvertently adopted it, with respect to the gentleman in the Mall, has brought upon the reader the pleasure of hearing a bit of a book, which he ought to read from beginning to end.

Well—as the Duke of Montague was full of fun—and as nobody, at least of his day, ever



equalled him in practical trickeries ; he resolved, having seen this meager-faced, melancholy animal crawling about, to make him a subject for one of his jokes—As the big boy said of the little one at the boarding-school, “hit him again, Bill, he han’t got no friends !”—So, the Duke said to himself,—“now all my wig-singeing, nose-blackening exploits, will be completely outdone by the ‘rig’—that was the favourite word in the year 1739—I shall run upon this unhappy devil with the tarnished lace.”

When a joker wants to joke practically, it adds very much to the point of the jest to select as a victim somebody upon whom the joke will have the most powerful possible effect, and, therefore, the Duke, who was resolved upon his jest, took care to set his emissaries at work, in order to ascertain how he could hit him hardest, and cure him of the Don Quixote like march, which he thought proper to make up and down the park.

His grace’s jackal—and where is there a human lion without one?—wriggled and twisted himself about, grinned, showed his teeth, made

himself amiable, and at last, got an opportunity of boring himself out a sort of talking acquaintance with the gaunt hero of the Mall. It turned out that the unhappy man had appropriated the small fortune he had secured with his wife to the purchase of a commission in the army, and had behaved, as they say, "uncommon well" upon several occasions. But what was *he* among so many? And after all his unnoticed—and probably unnoticeable—exertions in destroying his fellow-creatures for the good of society, there came a peace—and the unfortunate gentleman with the grizzly wig, tarnished lace, and somewhat thin-kneed inexpressibles, was considerably the worse for the same; inasmuch as besides the infliction of half-pay, he had, out of his pittance, to support, or endeavour to support a wife, and two fine children, all living and thriving as well as they could at Chesterfield, in Derbyshire—the spire of the church of which town, by some malconformation of the lead wherewith it is covered, would make any man, tee-totaler or not, who looked at it, think that he was not quite right in his vision.

All these embranglements conduced very much to the pleasure which the Duke anticipated in playing his trick upon his new victim—a trick which, be it observed, for the exceedingly high military offices he held, the Duke was, perhaps, the man best calculated in the world to execute. The Duke had taken his measures to ascertain all the facts connected with the object of his joke, whose cognomen in the Mall was “Grizzlewig,” and being too good a soldier to think of springing a mine before the train was securely laid, it was not for some days after he had made up his mind to the frolic, that he sent a confidential member of his household to invite old Grizzlewig to dinner ; but the mere sending the invitation was nothing—the mad-brained Duke could not obtain all the pleasure he desired from the surprise, which Grizzlewig must inevitably exhibit at the message, unless he himself witnessed the effect ; and therefore, this Master-general of the Ordnance, this Knight of the Garter, and Grand Master of the Order of the Bath, who moreover was Master of the Great Wardrobe, and a *Member*

*of the College of Physicians*, took the trouble to watch his envoy in order to behold the result of his mission.

Poor Grizzlewig was seated, as was his wont after his walk, on one of the now exploded and comfortless seats in the Mall, thinking more of being *in* the King's Bench than *upon* it, when the messenger of the Duke approached him. He addressed him, but was not noticed—he was prepared for insult, and the word Grizzlewig was all he expected to hear; but, upon a gentle repetition of an appeal from his confidential man, the Duke, who was at a convenient distance, saw Grizzlewig start as from a slumber, the moment he understood the nature of the invitation.

The poor gentleman looked astonished—stared about—shook his head as if to rouse himself from a nap, in which he had been favoured with too sweet a dream. But, when awakened to a consciousness of the real state of affairs, his spirits sunk as much as on the first blush of the thing they had risen. “The Duke of Montague,” thought he, “is a joker—I am

selected to be his victim." Still, for a park-fed gentleman on half-pay, the opportunity of dining with a nobleman so highly connected and with such power in the army was not to be lost. "Laughed at or not laughed at," said poor Grizzlewig, "I must go;" and although the Duke had, *à la distance*, seen the effect the invitation produced, all that he heard from his messenger was, that the gentleman would be too proud and too happy to dine with his grace the next day, as invited.

Then came a difficulty with our poor friend as to his dress: in these times that point is by no means distressing. The servants who wait upon a company, nowadays, are generally better dressed than the company themselves; and if rank and talent are to give the tone, the higher one looks the worse it is: we see our greatest men in rank, wearing clothes which their "own men" would not condescend to, and talent in the most exalted degree, wrapped in rags, which till now have been appropriated to the scarecrows, whose "danglings" out of doors at night, have been more serviceable to agriculture, than

those of their present wearers appear to have been to *husbandry*, within.

In those days, however, Monmouth-street, now lost to society and history, afforded the temporary means of shining in temporary splendour on the shortest notice. Whether the invited of the Duke availed himself of the opportunity of thus burnishing up for the occasion, we know not, or whether he made a glorious effort at the renovation of his well-known wig,

“ Which smart when fate was kind,  
Toupeed before and bagg’d behind,  
Now, spoil’d of all its jaunty pride,  
Hangs loose and lank on every side,”

history does not record; but what we do know is, that at about three o’clock—late hours for those days—our hero arrived at the Duke of Montague’s, and was ushered into his grace’s presence, till which moment, I believe, he never was fully satisfied of the reality of the invitation.

Nothing could equal the warmth and amenity of the Duke’s reception; in short, it went

beyond the ordinary courtesy and graciousness of a great man to a small one; but in a very few minutes, to poor Grizzlewig's astonishment, the Duke, leaving a much more aristocratic visitor, took him aside, and with an *empressement* which was extremely staggering, said,

"You will, I am sure, excuse me; but—I know it is rather an impertinent question—are you—forgive me—are you conscious of having created a sensation in the heart of any lady who has seen you occasionally, and—"

"Sir?" said the visitor.

"Come, come, come," said the Duke, "don't deny it. No man is blind enough, or dull enough, not to know when and where he has planted his blow; you *must* remember."

"Upon my word, sir," replied the guest, who began to think that his suspicions as to having been invited only to be laughed at were correct, "I know of no such thing!"

"Well," said the Duke, "then *I* must let you into the secret. There *is* a lady—a married woman—I like to be frank—and with a family; but she *has*—you'll say, as I might

perhaps, there is no accounting for tastes—she has set her heart upon meeting you. And I will at once tell you what may, perhaps, diminish your surprise at having received an invitation from a stranger—your accepting which gives me the greatest pleasure—that it was to gratify *her* wish, I sent to beg of you to come to me to-day.”

“Sir,” said the overwhelmed half-pay officer, “I am confident that your grace would do nothing either to wound my feelings, or degrade me in my own estimation. I, sir, have a wife, and family, dependent on me, to whom I am devotedly attached; the thoughts which your grace’s observations would naturally inspire, never enter my mind; I have but one hope, one wish, in the world, and that is centred in my family. I have—”

“Ay, ay,” interrupted the Duke, “I admire your feelings. I respect your affection for your family; but this introduction, this acquaintance, need not at all interfere with those, now we are in London.”

“Yes, sir,” said the half-pay captain,



“ I am—in hopes of getting employed—else—”

“ Ah,” said the Duke, “ I never talk of business here ; as for *that* we must take some other time to discuss it. I merely speak of this *affaire de cœur*, and you must let me have *my* way ; if the lady is exceedingly disagreeable, turn her off and break her heart ; but I do assure you, upon my honour, that her attachment to you is something so romantic, that I could not resist the opportunity of bringing you together.”

“ Sir,” said the officer, “ I—really—but—”

“ I tell you nothing but truth,” said the Duke, “ wait and see how much it will be for your advantage.”

Dinner was announced : no lady appeared, but when the *battants* were thrown open, and the Duke, and our poor friend Grizzlewig, of the park, entered the dining-room, judge the half-pay officer’s surprise, when he beheld already seated at the table his own wife and his two darling children.

“ There,” said his Grace, “ that is the lady who has the extraordinary prepossession in your

favour, and two younger ones, not much behind her in affection."

It is impossible to describe the feelings of the little party.

"Come," said the Duke, "sit down, sit down, and let us dine; you shall talk afterwards, and explain all this to each other, and whatever may be wanting in the narrative I hope to be able to furnish."

The officer's wife, although prepared for what was to happen, and therefore not so completely taken aback as her husband, could scarcely support herself, while the two children, unfettered and unrestrained by the laws of etiquette, ran to their astonished father, and clung round him, in all the warmth of youthful affection.

The course of the Duke's proceeding had been, as soon as he had ascertained the merits and claims of his guest, to trace out the residence of his lady and the children, and to send a trusty person down to her, for the purpose of bringing them up to town; at the same time preventing the possibility of her communicating the history to her husband.

To describe the astonishment, the anxiety, the agitation, of the poor dear Grizzlewig, when he found himself all at once thus domesticated, as it were in the house of one of the magnates of the land, would be impossible. The Duke had invited but two friends to witness the scene, which was heightened in its effect, by his placing the children one on either side of him, and treating them with every kindness and attention.

“Come,” said his Grace, “let us drink wine together; let us be happy; take no thought of yesterday, my good sir, nor of to-morrow; suffice it to say, that here we are met, and may often meet again.”

All these attempts to compose and assure his grace’s visitors were unavailing, except as far as the younger ones were concerned, who appeared exceedingly well satisfied to take “the goods the gods provide;” and, without comprehending the extent of the kindness with which they found themselves treated, naturally followed the advice which the noble lord had offered to their parents.

While dinner was in progress the Duke got on with his guests tolerably well; but he anticipated the awkwardness which must ensue after the servants had left the room and the party was left as it were to itself, although the presence of the two guests, gentlemen who were in the habit of partaking of his grace's hospitality, was purposely secured, in order to prevent the expression of surprise and gratitude of the strangers, which however much excited and created by what had already passed, were destined to receive a new stimulus by a sequel to the frolic extant, as far as it had already gone.

Dinner was scarcely ended, and nothing like the possibility of inquiry or explanation had been permitted to occur, when the Duke's attorney—his *homme d'affaires*, the defender of his rights, and the champion of his wrongs—was announced: a nice, good, smug-looking “gent,” who was welcomed by the Duke, and placed next to the elder daughter of poor dear Grizzlewig, who was, to all appearance, still in a state, not exactly of somnambulism, for he

seemed rivetted to his seat by astonishment, but of somnolency ; feeling and thinking, even up to the last moment, that all the passing events were the mere fancies of a vision ; being himself constantly hindered from saying any thing upon the subject, by the admirable tact of the Duke, who kept his retainers always ready to start some new topic of conversation, so as to baffle any effort of the astonished half-pay officer to lead to the point by which his whole mind was occupied:

The joke, however, as we have just hinted, was not at its height ; for after some preliminary observations from the noble host, his grace addressing himself to the attorney, inquired whether he had “brought it with him ;” an inquiry which was very respectfully answered in the affirmative.

“Then,” said the Duke, “we had better send for pen and ink, and proceed to business without delay.”

Whereupon the half-pay officer gave his wife a family look, as much as to say, that he thought they ought to retire ; but the diffidence of the

lady prevented her taking any decisive step, and she preferred risking the passive impropriety of staying where she was, to the active measure of quitting the room, ignorant as she was of the ways of the house, not only in the moral, but in the literal and mechanical sense of the words, and wholly at a loss whither she was to go if she ventured to move from where she was.

The Duke was too much a man of the world not to see how extremely uncomfortable his guests were becoming, and how well his frolic was “progressing”—it pleased him mightily, and his pleasure was considerably heightened, when the attorney, going close to his chair, began in a low voice, reciting some part of the bond or deed, or whatever it was, which his noble client was about to execute ; during which ceremony, his grace kept his eyes so constantly fixed upon his embarrassed visitors, as to make them exactly as he hoped and wished, perfectly miserable.

“ You had better read it out,” said the Duke ;  
“ it is by no means a mark of good-breeding to

whisper before one's visitors—people always take things to themselves ; and as they *are* here—”

“ My Lord Duke,” said the officer, in a perfect agony of confusion, “ pray permit us to quit the room—I am quite conscious of the intrusion, but really—I—my love—let us retire,” added he to his wife.

“ Stay where you are, my good sir,” said the Duke ; “ you have often heard of my frolics—I like a joke, and I mean to enjoy one to-day, and at your expense.”

The unfortunate gentleman began to think that the Duke was a most barbarous and unprincipled person, who could take such pains as he evidently had done, to put him and his family in a most unpleasant position. His wife, however, seemed better contented with the course affairs were taking, and made no effort to obey her lord and master's mandate for retreat.

“ Read, sir, read,” said the Duke to the attorney, who accordingly began in an audible voice, and with good emphasis, to recite the

contents and conditions of the deed which he held in his hand, and which, in its recital, caused the most extraordinary emotions on the part of the half-pay officer and his wife that can be imagined, until by the time it was concluded, they were both drowned in tears. The husband, supporting his wife's head upon his palpitating breast, and the two children clinging round them, crying with all their hearts and souls without knowing why, except that their fond parents had set them the example.

By the deed, which they had just heard with such surprise and emotion, the Duke settled upon the worthy distressed persons before him, an annuity which afforded them a competency ; and so secured, as regarded survivorship, that the two children who were yet unconscious of their change of fortune, must eventually reap the benefit thus munificently bestowed on their father and mother.

The scene which followed is one which cannot be described, and which was so embarrassing to the noble donor, that he broke it up by announcing, himself, that coffee was ready, and in



return for the acknowledgments and fervent expressions of gratitude on the part of the recipients, merely entreating them to say nothing about it; declaring upon his honour, that if he could have found a more agreeable or satisfactory way of employing either his time or his money, he should not have played them such a trick.

We presume there scarcely exists a human being so squeamish or fastidious as to find fault with a practical joke, qualified and characterized as this was. Every man has a right to do good after his own fancy; and if he can so contrive as to make his benevolence to others, produce amusement to himself, nobody surely ought to object to the *modus operandi*.

Now, as to the Deverils of Mumjumble Lodge—they were people who having no right whatever by birth, or any thing else except an excellent disposition to do no harm, enjoyed the greatest possible satisfaction in placing people in the most unsatisfactory positions; always keeping to themselves the consolatory consciousness that the temporary embarrassments of

their guests would, like our dear Duke of Montague's last frolic, turn out eventually well.

Mumjumble Lodge, or Hall—it was called both—was one of the most charming chintz houses in England: there was neither silk nor satin, nor velvet nor gold to be found in its whole construction, composition, or adornment; there were no splendid couches taboo'd against the reception of wearied feet; no costly curtains that required cottoning up; no gorgeous chairs with high backs and hard bottoms: all was ease and comfort. The large and downy sofas and ottomans seemed to ask to be lounged or lolled upon; tables of all sorts and sizes, covered with books and drawings, prints, and ten thousand little useless necessities of life, which it would perhaps tire the reader to enumerate, crowded the rooms; all, in fact, conspired to give the visitor the most perfect idea, that every thing in and about the hall or the lodge (as the case may be) was snug and comfortable in the highest degree.

As far as regarded the diurnal and nocturnal proceedings, it was literally Liberty Hall.

Breakfast waited for nobody, nor did any body wait for breakfast. The first three or four who came down, commenced operations, which were continued as long as any yet lingered lazily behind; a dozen small equipages graced the board, so that the new comers, as they appeared, established their own independent little tea-manufactories, "all hot," or, if any of them preferred it, they might breakfast in their own apartment. After breakfast every body was left to follow his own inclinations. Luncheon for those who took it, reassembled the community, which afterwards spread and scattered itself in parties, or *têtes-à-têtes*, in walks, or drives, or rides. There was good shooting for the sportsman, admirable fishing for the angler, a lovely country for excursions; old castles and high rocks to be surveyed, and a gay watering-place, within five miles, where the *fa niente* portion of the party might lounge in bazaars, or pace the pier, inhaling the fresh breezes from the ocean, and laugh immoderately at the pallid passengers "just arrived from London" by the steam-packets. In fact, the *agrémens* were innumer-

able ; and to crown all, Deveril's cook was a *cordon bleu*, and such a *chef*, as seldom falls to the lot of a commoner, who is not a *millionnaire*, and who neither apes the manners of his superiors, nor aims at being their associate. In fact, Deveril was a fine specimen of a breed unknown out of our own dear happy England, a healthy, wealthy, honourable, middle-class gentleman, rich in the proceeds of his late father's mercantile success, achieved by unwearying industry, and incorruptible honesty.

Deveril had been solicited to stand for the county in which he lived, and must have succeeded had he stood ; but no, "I can do no good in Parliament," said he, "except by my vote ; any other man of our party can do that business as well as myself. If I could aid the cause by my eloquence, I would sacrifice every thing to be of service—I can't ; choose an abler man, and I will support you in your efforts ; but for the mere sake of crying aye, or no, or walking out or staying in, I cannot consent to forego my home and all its charms, and exchange the society of a family I love, and

friends I esteem, for the murky atmosphere of the House of Commons ; for which, being able neither to speak like an orator, roar like a bull, nor crow like a cock, I do not think I have any one earthly qualification, except," added he, "a 'shocking bad hat'"—a saying founded most likely upon an observation made by a noble duke, who shall be nameless, who, after visiting for the first time the House of Commons first returned after the passing of the Reform Bill, said that he never had seen such a collection of bad hats in any one place, at any one time before.

Mrs. Deveril was a fit help-meet for her good-natured ever-laughing spouse. He laughed incessantly—she only periodically; but when any thing amused them particularly their sympathy was absolutely boisterous; and this invariably happened whenever any of the curiously-contrived embarrassments for which they were so famous, turned out to their entire satisfaction.

The last feat they undertook to perform, it must be owned, appeared even to themselves a somewhat hazardous enterprize, although they

called into council a constant visitor at their house, who was considered not only by themselves, but by the establishment generally, as one of the family, possessing a disposition exceedingly like those of his intimate friends. *He* even shook his head doubtingly, but Mrs. Deveril, who, perhaps, considering the nature of the experiment, was the best judge of the three persons concerned, gave it as her decided opinion that they should succeed.

It must be known that amongst the regular periodical guests at Mumjumble Hall, there was a certain Mr. Blazenton, a gentleman of some sixty years of age, who, having in early life run the round of the gay world, and launched into every fashionable and unfashionable dissipation, led his wife, a lady of considerable beauty and various accomplishments, what may be called a "catanddogical" kind of life, which was terminated by a separation mutually agreed to, on the ground of incompatibility of temper.

This severment had occurred some twenty years before the annual visit of Mr. Blazenton to the Deverils, which is here recorded; and to

see and hear that respectable gentleman at that period, to listen to his misanthropic denunciations of the world's vices and follies, in which he had so long and extensively revelled, nobody certainly would have imagined him to have been the person whom he then so very little resembled.

“Why,” said he one day to Captain Gossamer, the friend of the family in question, “you seem to be always here, eh? Strange infatuation on both sides!—what—never knew a family bodkin turn out well, eh?—juxtaposition—constant intercourse—however Deveril may do as he likes, eh? and so he does, and the consequence is, his house is full of folly and frivolity all the year, eh?—what—don’t you see?”

“I see nothing, my dear sir,” said the Captain, “but what is particularly agreeable, and the more agreeable to *me*, because the mode of living and passing our time here, is quite out of the ordinary jogtrot routine of society.—Mum-jumble Hall is proverbially the receptacle and rendezvous of genius and talent.”

“Genius and talent, eh?” said Blazenton.  
“Oh, that’s it!—what?”

“The best painters, the first musicians, the leading singers,” said Gossamer, “are alternately, and sometimes altogether, among the guests, blended with sound lawyers, orthodox divines, eminent physicians, men of letters, and men of science.”

“And a pretty hash it is,” said Blazenton,  
“eh? The

“‘ Priest calls the lawyer a cheat,  
The lawyer beknaves the divine.’

The artists hate one another; the singers detest the players; and the men of science despise them all—what? The combination produces all sorts of ill-feeling; and while they are gobbling up Deveril’s dinner, and grinning to make believe they are delighted, they are, one and all of them, collecting materials for the purpose of ridiculing and laughing at him the moment they leave the house. What? eh! don’t I know the world? eh! I think I do.”

“Still it is exceedingly gay,” said the Captain.



“Gaiety!” said Blazenton, “which reminds me of the proverbial constitution of Dover Court in Essex, made up of all talkers and no hearers. I am sure, in the drawing-room in the evening, the clatter is worse than the rattletaps of a cotton-mill—what? eh! every body gabble, gabble, gabble, and not a soul amongst them listening—what?”

“But as far as *that* goes,” said Captain Gosamer, “society has always been much the same.”

“No—no,” said Blazenton, “it was better in my earlier days, eh! don’t you see?—what?—quite as gay—gayer intellectually speaking, but not so noisy.”

“Was there more sincerity at that period?” said Gosamer.

“Why,” said Blazenton, “no; much the same for *that*, eh! but the style of things is changed—the world is over-educated—the present race of men, women, and children are all smatterers—every body wants to be somebody, every body you meet has written a book—the women are all philosophers, and the little chil-

dren are all wonders—pigs with six legs, eh ! what ? They ought to be born like so many Cerberuses, with three heads apiece, to bear the cramming their poor little noddles are destined to undergo. Eh ! what ?”

“Still,” said the Captain, “whatever may be the faults of society generally, I think the *mélange* which one finds here extremely agreeable.”

“*Mélange*,” said Blazenton with a look of scorn, “a badly-assorted well-dressed mob, eh !”

“That is just what our host and hostess like,” replied the Captain.

“Well,” said the old gentleman, “*my* day is past for all this racket and hubbub. I have, however, one consolation, I can always shut myself up in my own room, eh ! what ? That is fortunately out of squalling-distance ; so when the concert begins, up I go—”

“Not just now, my dear sir,” said Deveril, who at that moment joined the disputing parties in the flower-garden, where the debate was passing. “We have got a capital joke on the

*tapis* for to-day : an elderly lady has just arrived to stay with us for a fortnight, who has been separated from her husband many years ; we also expect *him*, the indiscretions and singularities of whose youth, were the causes of the division of their interests ; they have not met for nearly a quarter of a century, and Mrs. Deveril and I mean to bring them into each other's company, the moment the opportunity presents itself."

"A somewhat desperate undertaking," said Gossamer, "oil and vinegar in the same bottle—a match in a powder magazine."

"Oh, never mind," said Deveril, "I shall leave my better-half to manage matters ; women understand each other, and it will be capital fun ; because, if the scheme fails, the parted turtles will be no worse off than they are now ; and if it succeeds—"

"Ah," said Blazenton, "you are very droll creatures, you and your wife. Odd people, as the world calls you."

"No, my dear sir," said Deveril, "our ex-

pected guests are at present the *odd* people, and we wish to unite them."

"Well," said Blazenton, "as I have no turn for that sort of amusement, and have lived long enough to know that meddling or mischief-making between men and their wives is seldom successful, and never satisfactory, I shall retire; eh!—what?—don't you see?—I'm off."

"Stay five minutes," said Gossamer.

"No, no," replied Blazenton, "you are very comical, entertaining gentlemen, and I dare say you will be very much diverted; but I shall take a walk, and leave you to your own inventions."

Saying which, the veteran *routé* struck into one of the clematis-covered *tonnelles*, and speedily disappeared.

"And a pretty business you have made of it, my dear Harry," said Mrs. Deveril, who had, in approaching, heard her husband confiding the nature of their new scheme to Blazenton.

"Pretty business—how, Mrs. Deveril—how?" said the enthusiastic master of the revels.

“Why,” said the fun-loving Fanny, “you have been telling him that his wife has actually arrived.”

“*His* wife,” said the gallant Bodkin—an appellation we have adopted from Blazenton’s reading for a third person in a domestic party, whereof two are males.

“To be sure,” said Mrs. Deveril, “didn’t you know that Blazenton and his long-lost spouse are the couple whom we mean to bring together before dinner by way of joke?”

“Don’t you see?” said Deveril.

“I do,” replied Gossamer, “but I never had an idea that he—nevertheless not a syllable has escaped either of us, that could give him a notion that *he* was to be victimised.”

“So much the better,” said the lady.

“And, I am sure,” said Deveril, “the little I said upon the subject never awakened the slightest suspicion that he was to act a part in the play.”

“Now then,” said the lively Mrs. Deveril, “*your* business will be to take care of the man—to watch your opportunities, and, as Deveril

says about horse-racing, bring him to the post in time. *I* will take charge of the lady, who is now coming towards us. I will keep her in a little interesting conversation, till you have secured the other performer in this most extraordinary scene."

"And I," said Deveril, "had better be off, in accordance with your proposition;—so come along, Gossamer."

"Yes," said the Captain, "I am too happy; and when we get them together we must hide ourselves behind those shrubs, and listen to what passes between them."

"Delightful!" said Deveril. "There is nothing like a practical joke after all—come, come along."

And so away went these two mischief-makers, leaving Mrs. Deveril to encounter her unsuspecting friend, Mrs. Blazenton.

Mrs. Blazenton was about—nobody knows exactly a lady's age, and as a noble lady once told us, with a gravity which was charmingly set off by her own beauty, "the peerage (the only authentic record of such events as the births,

deaths, and marriages of the *élite*) is always wrong as to women"—but Mrs. Blazenton was what was called a lady of a certain time of life ; which, as we have already hinted, is an extremely uncertain one. She might, perhaps, if ladies ever live so long (which we doubt), be about fifty-two or three ; but she was very handsome ; her eyes were sparkling bright ; her cheeks like roses, and her lips like cherries. Her figure looked perfect ; and, according to the testimony of an Irish maid, whom she retained in her service, and who made no secret of her mistress's perfections, was most symmetrical.

Blazenton and she had married, they scarcely knew why. Reason, perhaps, has little to do with that sort of passionate affection, which, in the days of real love, governed and controlled the juvenile branches of society ; but which, according to Blazenton's present doctrine, was latterly exploded, or rather converted by a most degrading process, into the cold calculation of "ways and means." We have just seen that the "roseate bands," which sound so harmo-

niously and so hymeneally, had not been sufficiently strong to confine the once-devoted husband within the matrimonial tether; and that dissipation—not, however, more than venial—had so unsettled the establishment, that they parted; Mrs. Blazenton being, at the moment at which she joined Mrs. Deveril in the garden, as agreeable and as handsome—barring just merely the bloom of youth—as ever she had been in her life.

“Dear Mrs. Deveril,” said the bright-eyed lady, “do you know that amongst the many people here, I know so few, from having lived abroad so long, that I really have hunted you down in order to find an agreeable companion.”

“I am too happy,” said Mrs. Deveril, “to find you driven to a measure so agreeable to me.”

“Ah, Mrs. Deveril,” said the lady, “you are too kind—too good, even to seem pleased with the society of a person of my time of life.”

“Time of life!” said Mrs. Deveril, “my dear friend, with wit and charms like yours—with



manners so fascinating, and a mind so well stored, there is no difference in times of life."

"Ah," replied Mrs. Blazenton, "you know how to flatter; but to tell you the truth, however 'pleasing 'tis to please,' I am quite weary of what is called the world; and I should have been ten times happier when I arrived here, to have found you and Mr. Deveril alone, or but one or two dear and affectionate friends. Indeed, indeed, Mrs. Deveril, every thing seems changed since I was a girl. In those days, there was a respectful attention on the part of the men one met in society—something like a devotion; but now—no—they look at one coldly, almost scornfully, and, absorbed either in gambling, smoking, steeple-hunting, or politics, give themselves no trouble about us. Look at their dancing! I remember when, in the buoyancy of my young spirits, I loved a ball, not only for the agreeable associations of the re-union, but for the mere practical pleasure of dancing. Look at the listless pale-faced creatures who now seem as if they were absolutely conferring a favour upon their partners, not by dancing with

them, but by walking through the figures of a quadrille, the man who really does dance being an object of universal ridicule. Now this I hate—it is a falling off.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Deveril, “I agree with you there—but this evening, perhaps, we may find you some sprightlier *cavaliers*.”

“Oh,” said Mrs. Blazenton, “that is all past with me; of course I never dance now. No, I prefer that, which I know, when I become familiarized with you I can always have here—I mean the conversation of the *beaux esprits*, and the advantage of an intercourse with the most distinguished men of the day in their various ways.”

“I hope you will not find yourself disappointed,” said Mrs. Deveril, “for besides some singers and musicians, some artists, and a lawyer or two, we have eight or nine *ologists* of different sorts staying with us at present.”

“I know I shall be happier here than any where else,” said Mrs. Blazenton. “I feel that a kind of sympathy exists between us—I am so much obliged by your invitation—any thing

like a home is so delightful, after a wandering continental life. Mrs. Deveril," added she, more seriously "if I had fortunately married a man who could have appreciated my sentiments, and understood my feelings, we both might have been happy ; but fate decreed it otherwise, and, without any serious fault on either side, I hope—as you know, we have been separated for four-and-twenty years. I went to live with an amiable and excellent aunt of mine, who loved me as if I had been her daughter, but six years since she died ; and, I assure you, the loss of her so completely changed my character, that all those worldly pleasures as they are called, with which I was formerly enchanted, fail in their attractions, and all I seek is a peaceable and quiet intercourse with people of sense and talent."

"I am delighted to think," said Mrs. Deveril, "that we are likely to be able to gratify your wishes ; you will here find a constant opportunity of conversing with men of the world—men who think—men who, in fact, if the word

did not sound too fine for the nineteenth century, are really and truly philosophers."

"Those *are* the people with whom I *do* like to converse," said Mrs. Blazenton.

"Especially," continued Mrs. Deveril, "one who, having known the gay world, and lived in it, perhaps not profitably, has learned by experience to appreciate properly its follies and vanities—"

"Exactly," said Mrs. Blazenton; "for there, and upon those points, we must agree; and do you know, my dear Mrs. Deveril, no sort of argument delights me so much as one in which there is no difference of opinion."

"I see one of our *savans*," said Mrs. Deveril, "coming up the next walk, who I am sure will suit you; you had better meet without any formal introduction—so I shall run away."

And run away the fair practical joker did—and walk into the presence of his long-separated wife did Mr. Blazenton.

"Gracious mercy!" said Mrs. Blazenton. "This philosopher must be my husband!—he is certainly grown older. Where are the curls

that clustered over his forehead?—his hair is gray—he stoops a little. Oh dear ! and look at the furrows in his cheeks !—What does it mean ? —it is—Mr. Blazenton ?”

“ I know that voice,” said Blazenton, putting his hand verandah-wise over his eyelids. “ Why, Mrs. Blazenton ! is that *you* ?”

And here, *à propos de bottes*, I cannot refrain from telling a story, which I know to be true (and old into the bargain), but which I am not sure has ever been printed ; if it have, it cannot be helped—if it have not, so much the better ; it is a story of the oldest Grimaldi, the first of the race, not of the illustrious, but the clownish race of the Grimaldis ; the father of that Grimaldi who certainly was the Garrick of pantomime :—which story is simply this :

Grimaldi and his wife were occasionally, as is the case in the best-regulated families, in the habit of quarrelling ; and during the paroxysms of domestic turmoils—*civil* wars they could scarcely be called—matters ran very high indeed, until at length their feuds assumed a very serious aspect ; and after communing together upon

their miserable state of "incompatibility of temper," like that of Mr. and Mrs. Blazenton, they resolved to destroy themselves, as the only certain rescue from their most miserable condition.

In accordance with this most extraordinary resolution, Mr. Grimaldi proceeded to an apothecary's shop in the neighbourhood, and asked for an ounce of arsenic "to poison de rats." The "culler of simples" obsequiously bowed, and made up the little packet with a dexterity almost marvellous to the uninitiated; and then with a twist of the twine and a little "snick" upon something which is invariably to be found in shops of all sorts, for the purpose of cutting the connexion between the outgoing parcel and a rolling thing overhead, delivered to the devoted clown the dose that he trusted would emancipate him from all worldly ills.

Firm to their purpose, the illustrious Punch and Judy swallowed in tumblers of water, each a moiety of the deadly "drink," and then embracing, retired, one to their hymeneal bed in the bedroom, and the other to a sofa in the sitting-

room—both rooms communicating—the door between them being left open.

The pair of suicides lay down, tears filling their eyes ; a long and solemn pause ensued—no sound of groans, no sigh of anguish was heard—all was still as night. At last, wearied out with expectation, Grimaldi raised his head from the pillow, and in the deepest possible tone of voice called out,

“ Mrs. Grimaldi, are *you* dead, my love ? ”

Upon which Mrs. Grimaldi, in the highest possible squeak, replied,

“ No, Mr. Grimaldi.”

The rejoinder sounded something like “ Dom ; ” what it meant, the imagination of the delicate reader may supply.

At the end of another half-hour, it became Mrs. Grimaldi’s turn to be anxious as to the success of the potion, and *she*, hearing nothing in the next room, raised herself in the bed, and said in her squeak,

“ Mr. Grimaldi, my dear, are *you* dead ? ”

To which the gruff reply was,

“ No, Mrs. Grimaldi.”

And for two hours these questions and answers

went on periodically ; till at last, the lady's turn coming again, she repeated the inquiry in a somewhat more excited and exalted tone, and almost screamed out,

“ Mr. Grimaldi, my love, are you *not* dead ? ”

“ No, my dear,” said Grimaldi, “ I am not ; nor do I think I can die to-night unless it be of starvation. Mistress Grimaldi ; get up out of de bed and see for some supper, for I am dom hongry.”

So ended this else fatal performance. The apothecary, who had heard of the perpetual bickerings of Punch and Judy in their *ménage*, having prudentially given him a small parcel of magnesia, which the unhappy pair divided between them.

Who that had seen that poor man, working his legs and arms, his mouth and nose, and every limb, joint, and member, to be comical the night before, would have supposed that at home he was so wretched ? But so goes the world, and even the serious Punches and Judies of tragedy,

“ Who strut and fret their hour on the stage,”

are all liable to the same domestic miseries, the



same irritations and altercations; always, however, observing that theatrical men who are funniest before the public, are generally the most wretched and unhappy in their domestic lives.

However, *revenons à nos moutons*, the extraordinarily brought-together Mr. and Mrs. Blazenton.

“Is that really *you*, Mr. Blazenton?” said the lady. “Ah! what *can* bring you here? don’t you recognise me?”

“Yes,” said Blazenton; “eh! what?—don’t you see?—yes, it is you; but what on earth brings *you* here if you come to that?”

“Chance,” said the lady; “for I certainly did not expect to find *you*; but, upon my word, Mr. Blazenton, however much surprised, I am not otherwise moved by the meeting. They tell me, for I hear of you sometimes, that you have turned philosopher and cynic, and all that sort of thing.”

“Why,” said Blazenton, considerably staggered by the appearance of what it was generally considered he did *not* think his better half, “I—

eh ! don't you see ?—don't you know, eh ! what ? —I don't know what you mean by cynic and philosopher ; but, ma'am, if you mean to say I think ill of the world, having gained knowledge by experience, and look back with regret upon the time which I have so ill employed, I am both."

" How do you mean ill-employed ?" said Mrs. Blazenton ; and the extraordinary part of this meeting was, that which really and truly involved the philosophical manner in which it was conducted ; for even the sudden surprise of the *rencontre*, which might naturally have been supposed to upset both parties, seemed to have no kind of effect whatever upon them, but on the contrary, appeared to be no surprise at all.

" Ill-employed !" said Blazenton ; " look to your own conduct, ma'am."

" Oh !" said the lady, " you are going to scold ; we have met oddly, unexpectedly, and accidentally, do not let us make a scene for the amusement of these ' Odd People,' who I have no doubt have brought us together for the purpose of making fun for somebody."

" Ah !" said Blazenton, not looking at her,

“ I believe, ma'am, you are right, eh ! what ?—  
—don't you see ?—yes, right,—our meeting is  
odd ; premeditated ; we will beat them at their  
own game, ma'am, we will *not* make a scene, no ;  
we will speak only of the amusements of the  
House that are going on ; don't let us refer to  
past grievances.”

“ Grievances !” said Mrs. Blazenton. “ No ;  
I have no wish to recur to those ; but still, as  
we *are* here, and have met so strangely, tell me  
plainly, what good did you ever get by fritter-  
ing away your money amongst those women of  
fashion, when gambling was in vogue, and when  
Lady—”

“ Stop, stop,” said Blazenton ; “ name no  
names.”

“ Did you ever get paid ?” said Mrs. Blazenton.

“ Not mercenarily, in money, ma'am,” said Blazenton.

“ Don't pique yourself on *that*,” said the lady.  
“ As the priest said to the culprit, who on his  
way to the Place de Grève, in company with  
a party of traitors, endeavoured to establish a

reputation quite of another character, '*Ce n'est pas le moment pour la vanité.*'"

"Vanity! No," said Blazenton; "but look at yourself. What do you think of those dukes, and marquises, and earls, and viscounts, all the way down to the last and lowest of the modern pitchforks; what would they have cared for you, if it hadn't been for your agreeable *cercle*, your *petits soupers*, and all the rest of it; what do *you* mean by vanity? do you think that *you* were the object of their admiration?"

"Come, come, Mr. Blazenton," said the lady, getting more and more animated; "when was you ever so happy as when a great long-legged lordling did you the honour to borrow enough money without security, to buy a troop in a hussar regiment, because you were sure of having him always at dinner whenever you chose, in order to astonish your city friends?"

"Ah!" said Blazenton, "that would never have succeeded if we had known in those days that the 'cracks' were to be sent to India; but that's nothing."

"And then think of the way, Mr. Blazenton,

in which you used to abandon my society for that of other women," said the lady, who, from at first not meaning to say a word about any thing connected with old reminiscences, felt the spirit stirring within her to recur to all her former wrongs.

"Other women?" said Blazenton.

"Yes—yes," sobbed Mrs. Blazenton, "and are still—still devoted to—"

"Me?" said Blazenton. "No—no—all those follies are over now. I live calmly, quietly, and under the advice of my worthy physician, an Irish practitioner, look after my health and stick to that, eh!—don't you see?"

"And," said Mrs. Blazenton; "—indeed, indeed and in truth, Mr. Blazenton; how strange it seems that we should meet in this way. Do *you* know that you are looking wonderfully well?"

"Do you think so?" said Blazenton; "eh—ah—well—umph—upon my life—Maria, I mean—yes—Mrs. Blazenton—umph—eh—I think—eh—*you* are very little altered—eh!—"

"Me!" said the lady. "My dear Mr. Bla-

zenton, I am so changed that I am absolutely afraid to look in my glass."

"Ah, I don't see that," said Blazenton. "My course of life is all changed. People come to dine with me, but they fly off either to the House of Commons, or to the Opera, or to parties—my old friends have all died, my new friends are of another school; suppers are out of fashion—eh, well. I don't care for clubs, I stay at home, and then—what?—eh; I am alone—I try to read, but I can't, and I go to sleep. What! as I say to myself—I have outlived my compeers; I have made no new friends. Now what is life worth under such circumstances, eh? It is *that*, I suppose, which has made me a cynic."

"Why," said Mrs. Blazenton, "life under such circumstances, certainly is a burden; and what is *my* life, Mr. Blazenton? There I was, with a crowd of devoted *cavaliers* at my feet; I treated them like slaves and they obeyed; my suppers after the Opera were perfect; my excursions up the river were puffed and praised in the papers; my balls were charming, and here,—what am I *now*?"

“ Ah,” said Blazenton ;—“ eh—what—that’s all ; what a couple of fools we have been. If we had lived as we ought to have lived, and not been so uncommonly squeamish—eh—what ?—both of us in the wrong, we need not have been wandering about alone, and shut out—eh, don’t you see ?—for the last twenty years.”

“ Ah,” said Mrs. Blazenton ; “ if we could have felt *that*, ten or fifteen years ago,—how much more does it tell upon us as we are now !”

“ Yes, Mrs. Blazenton,” said the husband ; “ it is painful to have no home.”

“ And really,” said Mrs. Blazenton ; “ having nobody who cares for one.”

“ I might as well be an old bachelor,” said Blazenton.

“ And I,” said the lady, “ an old maid.”

“ We might have had a family,” said Blazenton, half-crying.

“ Dear children, who would have engrossed our cares, and repaid our toils for their good,” said Mrs. Blazenton, crying outright.

“ Yes, dear little children, who would have

handed us down to posterity, Mrs. Blazenton," said he; "instead of which, we have nobody; not a human being interested about us. I declare to you our sufferings are great, Mrs. Blazenton."

"Yes, Mr. Blazenton," said Mrs. Blazenton; "and very much alike in their character."

"Ma'am," said Mr. Blazenton; "eh, what?"

"Sir," said Mrs. Blazenton.

"Ought we not to try," said he, "to alleviate our sufferings by sharing them—eh? don't ye see!"

"What on earth do you mean, Mr. Blazenton!" said the lady.

"Perhaps we are—eh—older we know we are than when we parted,—eh—what?" said Blazenton; "perhaps we are—eh—"

"—— Wiser, Mr. Blazenton," said his wife. "If we are, why shouldn't we forget the past, and consider all the injuries we have inflicted on each other as mere weaknesses."

"Yes," said Blazenton, "weaknesses incidental to humanity."

"If we do *that*," said Mrs. Blazenton, "we must endeavour, if possible, to render our-



selves worthy of each other's esteem for the future."

"With all my heart, Maria," said Blazenton, his eyes becoming somewhat suffused with tears, called up, perhaps, by recollections of other days of folly, or by the anticipation of those of atonement. "Yes, with all my heart; by affection, by tenderness, and mutual love, which we ought always to have borne each other."

"And by regarding," said Mrs. Blazenton, "all the errors and follies of our earlier life, as so many dreams from which we have been awakened to happiness."

"Agreed," said he; "and laugh at them, as if they had not been our own, but merely subjects for ridicule and amusement."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Blazenton, "how strangely, but how strongly does truth work! My dear husband, this is the moment for which, for the last ten years of the last twenty, I have been longing—my heart yearned for it—it formed the subject of my dreams by night, my thoughts by day; but my spirit was high, my heart was proud, and I could not break the ice."

“That’s it,” said Blazenton; “I—felt, eh? what—don’t you see?—never mind—there’s no use in talking now—thank Heaven, we have met—eh—this Deveril.”

“We will never part!” said the agitated lady; “perhaps, my dear George, we may again rally round us such of our old and real friends as are living.”

“Yes, yes,” said he, hiding his face in his hands; “and I shall again have a home—I shall again have comforts—it is woman only that can concentrate the happiness of domestic life.”

“Thank Heaven this has happened,” said Mrs. Blazenton, falling into her husband’s arms.

“Ah,” said Blazenton, shaking his head, “this affair will make these funny people here laugh, and we shall be the town talk for a week; but never mind, never mind—eh—what—I’m above *that*. It is never too late to repent: I admit the faults of my younger days, and I shall be satisfied with the approval of those I esteem.”

At which part of the dialogue Mr. and Mrs. Blazenton fell out of each other's arms ; and Deveril, his wife, and Captain Gossamer, rushed from the *bosquet*, in which they had been literally ambushed to witness the proceedings.

“There,” said the master of the house, “what we meant at first as an innocent joke, has turned out a permanent good. Nothing can be more delightful to us—nothing, we think, can contribute more to your happiness and benefit, my dear friends. I and Mrs. Deveril, therefore hope and trust you will think that the gaieties of Mumjumble Lodge are not without some beneficial results. ODD PEOPLE, as we are, we have happily worked out by *practice* the beautiful *precept*, FORGET and FORGIVE.”

## MAGPIE CASTLE.

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SOME years since, as I was travelling in the West of England, the following narrative was put into my hands. It struck me that it was not without interest, and, as I knew it to be true, I determined, at some time, to publish it. The manuscript is exactly in the state in which I received it.

There may be something like vanity in committing to paper a detail of circumstances peculiar to one's own "case;" and there may be nothing either amusing or instructive to others in an avowal of the feelings by which a young man was actuated upon his first entrance into

what is called life ; yet I *do* think, treacherous as my memory unfortunately happens to be, that a brief detail of the events of past years, if it afford no gratification to other people, will, at least, amuse myself, as I look back upon it in days when the sentiments by which I was then actuated shall have faded away, and the motives to conduct (hardly now satisfactorily explicable) have ceased to operate.

My father, who contrived,—I scarcely understand how,—to maintain his wife (my mother-in-law), myself, and his two children by a second marriage, on the half-pay of a captain in the army, had bred me up, as a boy, with the view, and in the hope of being able to put me into the service from which he had himself retired. The formation of his new matrimonial connexion, however, entirely changed his intentions with regard to me ; and, after having imbued my almost infant mind with the desire of military distinction, and the prospect of a laurel-reaping harvest of service, it was found more suitable to his means, and the taste of his wife, to place me at the school, in which I had not yet finished

my education, as a sort of half-boarder, from which character it was clearly intended I should eventually emerge in that of usher to my then present master.

It is impossible to describe the feelings I experienced when it became no longer a matter of concealment or mystery, that all hopes of a commission, or, indeed, an endeavour to procure me one, were abandoned, and I felt myself doomed to the eternal correction of a Latin exercise, instead of the superintendence of the manual and platoon; or the utter state of desolation in which I felt myself when I heard from my good old master,—for such he was,—that except marching the boys out for a walk on Wednesdays and Saturdays, I had no chance of commanding a detachment of any sort whatever.

When I quitted home altogether, which I did at seventeen, and took up my residence constantly at the academy, I felt some relief. I neither saw the barefaced cajolery with which my hateful mother-in-law wheedled and bullied my poor father; nor was I doomed, day after day, to witness the disgusting partiality with

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which her two fractious, sickly, ill-tempered, ill-favoured brats were treated, and to which system of favouritism my poor deluded parent, with smiles on his countenance and pleasure in his eye, submitted. It is true I was in harness—the tread-mill would have been admirable fun compared with my toils; yet I was freed from the thralldom of a stepmother, and occasionally felt something like gratification in the consciousness that I could command at least the little boys at the academy.

In the space of three years after my retreat from home, my father had been compelled, by the extravagance of the new head of his family to sell his half-pay; and with the produce of this lamentable sacrifice he emigrated to America, where he died, leaving his amiable widow to the care of a most excellent friend, to whom the death-bed injunction of my poor parent to grant her his protection was, in point of fact, entirely superfluous.

It was not very long after this event that my old patron, the master of the academy, also died; and having in vain attempted to become

successor to his authority and school, I was dismissed from my office by the new arrival, who brought with him what, in my military phraseology, I termed his "personal staff," and therefore had no need of my further services. He, however, behaved extremely well to me, and, in addition to more flattering testimonials which I had received from his predecessor, gave me a letter of introduction to a Dr. Crowpick, who kept a scholastic establishment in the vicinity of London.

The word London, I admit, had something very bewitching in its sound to my ears; and yet I dreaded an approach to it. If I had been a soldier—if I could have entered the metropolis of my country as a captain of a company, or even as a lieutenant—it would have been something; but to go to London a mere nobody, in search of a "place," was very revolting to my feelings; and, as usual, I got rid of my bile by anathematizing the artful woman who had ruined my poor father and overthrown all my bright schemes of preferment.

After much declamation, and finding that



country bank-notes do not fructify at any agreeable rate during a period when the payments from the pocket very much exceed the receipts, I resolved upon the plunge ; and accordingly, having deposited all my worldly goods in a black leathern portmanteau, which had been given to me by my former patron, I enveloped myself in a sort of gambroon cloak, which I had had made two or three years before, and started by the "Wonder" (a coach so called), which was to deposit me in London some time about four o'clock in the afternoon.

In these days of swift travelling, adventures on the outside of a stage-coach are not to be looked for, and I arrived at the place of my destination by three ; for although I think it right, for obvious reasons, to conceal the name of the place where I eventually stopped, it may be necessary to observe that I was, under the advice of the coachman, set down at a remarkably pretty, small, suburban village, the inn of which boasted of a tenant more beautiful than anything I had ever happened to fall in with, in my native Arcadia. The coachman's reasons

for suggesting my “halt” there were good and cogent. Dr. Crowpick’s academy was situated within a mile and a half of it, and of course stopping where I was would save me the distance from London back to the neighbourhood ; but had the reason not been half so good, the sight of Jane Lipscombe—such was her name—would have decided the question of my stay in that particular place.

I never shall forget the sweet, unassuming, modest manner of the fair-haired girl, as she gently turned a pair of soft, intelligent, and beaming eyes towards the coach-box upon which I was seated, and whence, in a moment afterwards, I descended. There is a sympathy in minds and characters which neither station nor circumstances can control. She was the daughter of the innkeeper—she officiated as bar-maid ; but she was so lovely, and so young, that I fancied myself already as much in love with her as I really was in the course of the next half-hour.

I entered the house,—it was coldish weather ; she saw that I was chilled ; she invited me into

her little territory, the bar. "Would I take anything?" That was her question,—purely disinterested too, as it proved. I was very shy at that time: this struck her immediately; it was a novelty, I suppose; she made me a glass of hot brandy and water, with a slice of lemon-peel and a lump of sugar in it, that seemed to me nectar.

"Are you in the army, Sir?" said Jane, timidly.

I thought I should have died. I really believe, if I had not just in time recollected that I was probably destined to be her neighbour, and perhaps should occasionally march my pigmy regiment under her window, I should have said yes,—as it was, I answered in the negative.

"There are a good many military gentlemen in this place," said Miss Lipscombe.

I wish they were anywhere else, thought I.

"No," said I, "I am going as far as Dr. Crowpick's, at Magpie Castle."

"Oh, to the school!" said Jane,—and she looked as if she doubted whether I was on the point of visiting it to finish my education.

“Oh, dear, then,” replied the artless girl, “Stevens ought to have put you down at the Black Swan instead of our house; it is a mile nearer Magpie Castle than this.”

“I prefer being here,” said I, “if it were twice as far to walk.”

I thought she looked pleased at this little innocent bit of civility.

“Is the brandy and water to your liking, Sir?” said she.

“Anything that you are good enough to give me I am delighted with,” said I.

“Jenny,” said a fine, handsome-looking fellow, with huge black mustachios, enveloped in a long cloak, and wearing a foraging cap, “some cigars, dear.”

I hated the look of the man,—his easy assurance—the air of command—“Jenny, dear;”—altogether his appearance produced a most unpleasant effect upon me. Ah! thought I, if my father had not married that infernal Miss Peppercorn, *I* should have had mustachios and a foraging cap; and I should have called this interesting girl, Jenny—dear!

“ Who have you got in the corner ? ” said the Lieutenant (for such he was).

“ A gentleman,” said Jenny, “ from the country.”

“ Oh ! ” replied the Lieutenant, “ a gentleman ! ” saying which, with a peculiarly strong emphasis on the word, he swaggered away with his half-dozen Havannahs, and marching into a room nearly opposite, banged open the door, and having entered, shut it by a manœuvre equally noisy and equally decisive.

“ That is a very important person,” said I. “ Who is he ? ”

“ Lieutenant O’Mealy, Sir,” said Jane : “ he is one of the officers quartered here.”

“ Here ! ” said I. “ If we meet again, I think I shall be under the necessity of teaching him a little civility.”

“ Oh, Sir ! ” said Miss Lipscombe, “ pray don’t speak so ; he means nothing. For heaven’s sake do not get into any quarrel with him ! ”

“ What,” said I, “ is he so great a favourite of yours ? ”

“Not he,” said Jane;—and here she blushed! I never was very conceited; but I do honestly admit that I could not help thinking that Jane’s solicitude was on *my* account rather than *his*.

“I should like to go into the room,” said I. “I really must beg to know why he emphasized the word *gentleman*, in speaking of me. My father——”

“Oh, don’t think of it, Sir!” said the dear girl, in a state of no gentle agitation. “He don’t mean any harm; he’d amplisize anything, Sir. Pray don’t go.”

“Well,” said I, “I cannot refuse *you*: I will not’ go. Pray tell me, is there nobody to manage this house but you and the servants?”

“Oh, yes,” said Jane, “my father and mother; at least,” continued she,—and I beheld a tear standing in her eye,—“it is not *my own* mother; it is my father’s second wife.”

The words rang in my ears;—this, perhaps, was the latent cause whence our sympathetic feelings originally sprang.

“Does she treat you well?” said I.

“Don’t ask me, Sir,” said the poor girl. “If you knew all I am obliged to suffer, you would indeed pity me.”

“I hope,” replied I, “to know a great deal more of your history before long.”

“When do you go to the school?” said Jane.

“I am expected either to-night or to-morrow.”

“You had better go on to the Swan then,” said Jane: “and go this evening; for we have not a bed in the house disengaged.”

This, somehow, vexed me. I had hoped, in the course of the evening, to have heard more of Jane’s story, the similarity of which, in some points, to my own, had laid hold of my feelings.

“But,” said I, “I should very, very much like to see you again.”

“You shall,” said Jane, whose manner visibly increased in warmth as she began to feel conscious of the interest she had excited. “I tell you, Sir, you don’t know how cruelly I am treated. Indeed,” continued she, “I am sure,

by your manner, you will forgive what I am going to say ; but I am exposed to such scenes and such treatment in this place, that if I could only gain an honest livelihood by working ten times as hard as I am expected to work here, I would gladly change my condition."

Poor suffering innocent ! thought I. Ah ! she likes my manner ; no doubt the quiet, unassuming modesty of my deportment affords a soothing contrast to the rude, forward, and unfeeling manner of that whiskered lieutenant. I shall never rest till I have taught that fellow manners.

" When," said I, " could I see you again, if I am forced to go hence this evening ?"

" If you could be here early to-morrow I should be free from interruption," said Jane ; " they (meaning her father and his wife) are never up very soon."

" And these officers ?" said I.

" Are later still at breakfast," replied she.

" Then, depend upon it, I will be with you."

" Stay," said Jane, " in that case leave your



portmanteau ; it will be an excuse if they should find you here in the morning. I will take the greatest of care of it."

" If it were all I had in the world," said I,—and, with the exception of fifteen pounds, nine shillings, and seven-pence, it was,—" I should be the better pleased to place it in your hands."

Dear girl, thought I, why should the prejudices of society interfere to mar our brightest prospects? Why should not a being, sensibly alive to the cruelties of a step-mother, and shrinking from the coarseness of an ill-mannered braggadocio, be a suitable companion for such a man as myself through life?

" I wonder," said I, " that you do not endeavour to escape the thralldom which you so much dislike."

" It is a serious move, Sir," said she. "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*"

" What!" said I, " do you speak French too?"

" Yes, Sir," said Jane. " I was brought up at boarding-school, and only sent for home, to

save my mother-in-law the trouble of attending here."

"What profanation!" whispered I. Never shall I forget with what rapt attention I watched her delicate fingers turn the tap of the patent porter-machine as she drew out the Meux's heavy, the double X, and the half-and-half, for the thirsty company who seemed to fill a large long tap-room to the right; nor cease to remember the thrill of pleasure which tingled through my veins as she replenished my portly tumbler of what she called "hot with," and cut the curling lemon-peel to give it flavour. Romeo wishes himself a glove that he may touch his Juliet's cheek—I would have given the world at that moment to have been half a lemon to have been pressed by Jenny's hand.

"There occur in the course of our lives events, which are afterwards scarcely reconcilable in our own minds with what is called probability; and certainly the deep interest, nay, I will go the length of calling it the earnest affection, I felt for Jane Lipscombe in so short a space of time is one of those miracles which, perhaps,

those who had seen her as I saw her at that moment, might have considered *not* miraculous at all.

The thing that particularly struck me in her conduct was a sort of patronage of me, which mingled with her humility and reserve;—the humility was natural to her station—the reserve was characteristic of her modesty; but the patronage was evidently the result of a superior knowledge of what may be called the “worldly” world. She saw I was new to the environs of London, she saw in my manners an artless earnest of my real character, she felt assured that I meant well and spoke truly, and—may I say it? it is a long time ago—I think she was pleased with my personal appearance,—she certainly looked as if she were.

Our preliminaries were soon settled. Having abstracted from my portmanteau one or two articles essential to my comfort, and deposited it in the hands of my dear girl, I took my leave, promising to be with her by eight o'clock the next morning, and resolving, in my own mind at least, to show such a front to Lieutenant O'Mealy,

if I fell in with him out of her sight, as might convince him that I inherited my father's spirit and professional feeling, even though I had no other claim to military consideration than that of teaching the "young idea how *to shoot*."

I parted with Jane; it was all like a dream. I had even then established a principle upon which I have uniformly acted through life. I make a point of never developing circumstances which in point of fact can be interesting to nobody but the parties concerned: suffice it to say, we parted, and I left the bar, self-convicted of love for Miss Lipscombe. It was love at first sight; but its results, as we shall presently see, were not quite so evanescent.

I followed the instructions given me by my fair monitress; and after a pleasant walk of three-quarters of an hour, reached the *rara avis* of the next village—the Black Swan, at which I was perhaps to rest, or at all events, receive my further marching orders. It was a neat, country-looking inn, with a swinging sign, and a long water-trough in front; the stabling stood to the left hand, and there was a bay-window on

the right of the door ; in the passage stood a nice comely woman, mistress of the house. As I approached she made way for me, and courtesying quite as low as a foot-traveller had any right to expect, bade me good afternoon. I glanced my eye from her smiling, shining countenance, and beheld in a glazed three-cornered larder opposite me, a cold round of beef.

Then and then only did it strike me that I had had no dinner ; my appetite had been converted into a sentimental desire of hearing Jane Lipscombe talk, and the grosser and more sensual ideas of mutton-chops and beef-steaks had given place to visions of future happiness with the unsophisticated " Maid of the Inn." The sight of the cold round of beef, however, recalled me to a recollection of my bodily wants. I desired the landlady to lay a cloth and set the tempting viand before me.

" Ay, that I will," said Mrs. Bunny, (so was mine hostess called,) " and you shan't wait long, neither ;" and *she*, like my lonely Jane, gave me a look, which I remember to this moment, expressive not only of readiness and anxiety to

oblige me, but of a desire to patronise and protect me. The fact is, that the freshness and innocence of my appearance bespoke the particular fostering care which both the young and the old lady were so well disposed to afford me.

Mrs. Bunny ushered me into a small sanded parlour, in which stood a round claw table and several leather-bottom chairs ; in less than five minutes the table was robed for duty, and certainly before ten had expired I was seated before it, shaving the beef in the true boarding-school style. Mine hostess re-appeared with a brown jug of foaming home-brewed ale, which she placed by the side of my plate.

“ Pray,” said I, “ how far is it to Dr. Crowpick’s academy ? ”

“ Crowpick ? ” said mine hostess, “ Magpie Castle do you mean ? ”

“ Exactly so,” replied I.

“ Why, Sir,” answered the gentle Bunny, “ I should say a good mile and a half. You cross over there by the finger-post ; keep straight on, till you come to Mrs. Gubbins’s Barn ; then turn to the left by Harrison’s wall, over the style ;

then to the right till you get to Simpson's farm, and so round by Dallington-green, to the high-road just above Gurney's, and that brings you out just by the gate."

"Thank you," said I. "Why, at Lipscombe's they told me it was not more than a mile from this."

"Lipscombe's," said Mrs. Bunny, her eyes extending themselves to a stare of the most awful nature, "what, have *you* been at Lipscombe's?"

"Yes," said I: "what then?"

"And you have got out of the house safe?"

"As you see," said I.

"You have been lucky," said the old lady. "I say nothing; it's no use tattling and speaking against one's neighbours; but a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse; you understand me. Have you got everything that you took there!"

"Everything," said I, "that I wished to have; I left my portmanteau with Miss Lipscombe."

"Miss!" repeated my Black Swan, in a tone

and with an expression of countenance which struck me to resemble very closely those of Lieutenant O'Mealy, when he pronounced the word "Gentleman;" "you have left your portmanteau *there*; well—I dare say it is very safe. I say nothing, only—people *have* lost portman-teaus there before."

"But," said I, "you do not mean to say that Jane Lipscombe is capable of committing a robbery!"

"Not I, Sir," said Mrs. Bunny. "God forbid that I should take away anybody's character; only people, you know, *will* talk,—and they *do* say——"

"She is very pretty," said I; "that you must allow?"

"Handsome is, as handsome does," said mine hostess. "She is well enough for that,—if all her colour grows where it shows. You understand me, Sir."

"Ah!" said I, "that is pure malice. All the roses on *her* cheeks are Nature's own."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Bunny, looking uncommonly arch, "what! they don't rub off? Ah,



well ! I never tried : however, if you will take my advice, Sir, and you are coming into this neighbourhood, don't you go there any more."

" I *am* coming to live in this neighbourhood," said I, " and I am going there to-morrow morning to fetch my portmanteau."

" I'll send for it for you, if you like," said Mrs. Bunny : " the Lipscombes and we are great friends."

" Yes," said I, " nobody can doubt that,—as far as *you* are concerned. No, I shall go myself."

" Are you going to stay at Doctor Crowpick's, Sir ?" asked mine hostess.

" I believe so," was my answer.

" And mean to go to Lipscombe's to-morrow ?"

" Yes."

" Well, Sir," said Mrs. Bunny, " you must pass this door in your way. My husband is not at home now, and I don't like to do anything without asking him,—I shall have time to talk it over when he comes back,—

and, if he is agreeable, I'll tell you something about these Lipscombes which you ought to know."

"Thank you," said I.

A sudden noise in the passage attracted mine hostess, who left me, and I confess in a state of mind exactly the reverse of agreeable. Yet what was Jane Lipscombe to *me*? After all, it was but a momentary acquaintance, and that, too, with only a bar-maid. That she was very pretty, I knew,—that she was extremely amiable, I believed: however, the morning would soon arrive, and having heard all mine hostess and her husband had to say, I should form my own judgment, and decide whether or not I would go and fetch my portmanteau. I speedily summoned Mrs. Bunny, and having discharged my little bill, bade her a good afternoon, and promised to come to her early in the morning.

"Sir," said she, "don't be angry with me for what I am going to say;—I feel very anxious about you:—do you know much of Dr. Crowpick?"

“Not I,” said I. “I never even saw him.”

“Well,” replied she, “of course it is not my place to speak, but we are none of us any better than we should be. Have you got much money about you?”

“Why,” said I, in the simplicity of my heart, “not much ;—a matter of fifteen sovereigns or so.”

“Now, my dear gentleman,” said the kind-hearted woman, with tears standing in her eyes, “do you leave it with me ; I will take honest care of it, and ye shall have it either as ye want it, a little at a time, or all in a lump, when ye please to ask me for it ; don’t take it across them fields to old Crowpick’s.”

“What,” said I, “are there thieves in the neighbourhood?”

“I say nothing, Sir,” said Mrs. Bunny : “there *are* black sheep in most flocks : here nobody can rob you. Take my advice, leave all your money, except a few shillings just for present use.”

The carefulness of the woman gave me an unpleasant feeling ; it seemed to unsettle my

confidence even in Crowpick himself. However, I was quite sure by her look and manner that she could not cheat or deceive me, and I counted out fourteen of my sovereigns into her hand: little did I think at the moment what results this single, simple action would produce;—no matter, I will not anticipate. She wrapped them carefully up in a piece of an old newspaper,—the “Daily Advertiser,” I recollect,—and deposited them in her pocket.

“Now,” said she, “you have acted wisely; call here whenever ye want your money, it shall be always ready. I wish you luck, and health, and happiness.”

She spoke these words with an earnestness which struck me forcibly at the time; her real feelings towards me at that period I could not of course appreciate.

I left her and the house, and proceeded on my way to the Doctor's, but, as I marched on, I missed the way she had pointed out, and continued along the high road, (making a difference of not more than half a mile,) until I reached the green gates of Magpie Castle.

The sight of the entrance to what might, in all probability, be my residence for the rest of my life, excited a thousand contending feelings in my bosom; the most predominant of which was the dislike I felt to my introduction, and a kind of apprehensive diffidence of the first half-hour's conversation. I rung the bell, and was admitted. The Doctor was at home.

I never shall forget the appearance of the house;—an unwieldy, red-brick building, castellated, with a turret at one corner. I crossed the court-yard, entered by a glazed door, and followed my guide through the hall to a square wainscoted parlour, where I remained while the servant went to announce me. Little did I at the moment anticipate the events of which that square wainscoted parlour was destined to be the scene.

A few moments only elapsed before I was ushered into the “presence.” The Doctor was seated in an arm-chair, and in a sort of black dressing-gown, which to the uninitiated had something the appearance of a scholastic habit; before him stood a large cup half full of tea,

a plate which had contained toast and butter, of which one slice still remained uneaten; on his right hand lay piled up a heap of Latin exercises, one selected from which he was correcting.

Facing him was seated she whom I then imagined, and soon after too certainly knew, to be his daughter; her expressive grey eyes, half veiled by the longest and blackest eye-lashes I ever saw, were raised for a moment as I entered the apartment, but in another instant they were suddenly withdrawn and thrown, not as the best-established novelists have it, "under the table," but upon a book which she held in her hand, and "read or seemed to read."

"Emma, dear," said Crowpick, after having bowed to me, and held out his hand with an air of cordiality. Upon hearing which, "Emma, dear," forthwith rose from her seat, and having asked, in the sweetest voice I ever heard, whether her papa chose any more tea, and having been answered in the negative, quitted the room, not, however, without affording me one glance which seemed to say, "I know whom you are,

and why you are come here. We shall be very good friends in time."

I had heard a great deal of Dr. Crowpick from my late master's successor, and a great deal about his system of education; but I had never heard a syllable about his daughter. The moment I saw her, I resolved not to quarrel about terms with the Doctor, and even to lower my salary one half for the pleasure of living in the same house with her; little did I suspect her real position in that family.

When the young lady had left us, Crowpick began the conversation which I had previously so much dreaded; the anticipation, however, was not justified by the reality, for, in a very few minutes, I found the Doctor a man of the world, liberal in his views and feelings, and quite prepared to receive me with kindness and good nature.

"We will not talk more of business this evening," said the Doctor. "You will do Mrs. Crowpick and myself the favour of supping with us. When you are established you will find supper always laid in what is called the tutors'

room, and where—it is as well to be explicit at once—Mr. Bowman, Mr. Dixon, and Monsieur Louvel, the other assistants, will be much pleased to add you to their little party.”

I bowed acquiescence.

“I will show you your bed-room,” said the urbane Doctor. “I hope you will find it convenient ; make no ceremony, if anything is wanting to add to its little comforts, only mention it.”

Saying which, the excellent pedagogue lighted a candle and marshalled me the way that I should go.

We ascended a secondary staircase, and passed three or four rooms in which stood many beds. At the fifth door in the passage the Doctor stopped, and opening it, presented to my view a very neat and agreeable looking apartment.

“This is destined for *you*,” said the Doctor.

“Where is your luggage?”

“I did not bring any, Sir,” said I, “because I was not certain that ——”

“Certain,” interrupted the Doctor, “you



might have been quite certain that, after the testimonials I had received, you would not quit me. Can we send for your things?"

"I have left them," said I, "at Lipscombe's."

"At Lipscombe's!" said the Doctor, "at Lipscombe's!—Umph!—Pray did you see anything there of a Lieutenant O'Mealy?"

I was puzzled. What ought I to say! I had no business to know that the swaggering object of my hatred was called by any such name; yet I did know it. I answered in the affirmative.

"How strange!" said Crowpick. "You had better let me send for them early in the morning."

"I—meant to have gone," stammered I.

"Go!" said the Doctor; "not for the world. You are now settled here; I already consider you one of my family. No, no;—I'll send over for them. What do they consist of?"

"Only a portmanteau, Sir," said I.

"How strange!" ejaculated the Doctor.  
"Well, I have shown you your room;—now let

us go down stairs ; I dare say we are expected in the parlour."

The parlour ! thought I. What is to be done now ?

I implicitly followed my venerable guide. A bell rang loudly. In a moment the scuffling of innumerable feet sounded along the passages. —It was the first time I had heard that bell—would it had been the last.

The Doctor turned half round to me, and said, "That is for prayers. Past nine—boys' bedtime."

We returned to the room in which I had first been, and the Doctor extinguished the lamp which had been brought in, after my arrival. Again he desired me to follow him. I did so, and reached the "parlour."

The Doctor opened the door : I entered. The first person I saw, and to whom I was presented in due form, was Mrs. Crowpick ; the second, and whom I scarcely saw while the ceremony of introduction was performing, was Miss Emma ; and the third, to whom the Doctor said

he supposed he need not introduce me, was —Lieutenant O'Mealy himself.

The Lieutenant looked surprised, not at my appearance, for it turned out he did not recognize me, but at the Doctor's observation upon the non-necessity of an introduction.

"You have met before," said the Doctor to the Lieutenant.

"Not to my knowledge," said the odious Lieutenant.

"I thought," said Crowpick, turning to me rather sharply, "you said you had seen Mr. O'Mealy at Lipscombe's."

"So I did, Sir," said I, a good deal worried at the entanglement of the affair.

"I don't recollect," said the Lieutenant, in a much softer manner than I had heard him speak in the earlier part of the day.

"I came there by the Wonder, and——"

"Oh!" said the Lieutenant. "Ah, you were in the bar, drinking hot brandy and water; I remember. I did not at first recollect. I suppose the bar-maid told you my name."

I felt myself blush and shudder at the same

moment. I said nothing, and affected to smile. I cast my eyes round the room, in hopes of relief, when I beheld the gazelle-eyed Miss Crowpick gazing at me with an expression of archness and pity which I never shall forget. The sequel to this little conversation was more important than might be imagined.

Supper was announced: it was half-past nine. Mrs. Crowpick rose and waddled into the next room—another parlour. Lieutenant O'Mealy, with a horrid smile, which exhibited his great white teeth through his black mustachios to the best possible advantage, offered Emma his arm; she smiled too, and accepted it. The Doctor good-naturedly patted my shoulder, and pushed me forward before himself.

The supper consisted of a dish of tripe, fried in batter,—I had never seen such a thing before,—a cold, much-cut leg of roast mutton, ornamented with bits of parsley, and a dish of poached eggs upon a plot of spinach.

The way in which Mr. O'Mealy eyed me as we were sitting down, added to the repast of cold beef at Mr. Bunny's, considerably

damped the ardour of my appetite. I resolved that the next day should not elapse without my endeavouring to set myself right with this gallant gentleman, and determined to rally from the embarrassment which his unexpected presence occasioned.

Mrs. Crowpick helped the top dish; Emma took an egg; the Lieutenant took two. The Doctor inquired what *I* would eat. I scarcely knew what he was saying; but, by an effort, I commanded myself, and answered him, in a tolerably firm voice,—“TRIPE.”

\* \* \* \* \*

I regret to say that the MS., as I received it, terminates here.

## A TRIP OVER LONDON<sup>1</sup>.

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I HAD for many years been extremely solicitous to ascend in a balloon. It was a fancy of my youth, which did not fade in my riper years: at school I made balloons, and watched them wistfully as they sprang from my hands, and thought how happy I should be if I could take the same lofty flight.

When Mr. Green came to Liverpool—of which place I am a native, and have ever since my birth been a constant inhabitant—I visited

<sup>1</sup> It seems necessary to the vindication of the writer of this trifle from a charge of plagiarism, to say that it was published several years previous to the publication of Mr. Poole's interesting and humorous details of an aerial voyage *actually* made by him with Mr. Green in 1838.

him previous to his ascent, conversed with him upon my favourite topic, found him intelligent and communicative, and—which rendered him even still more interesting in my mind—confident in the safety and security of his high-going carriage; and but for the fear of *éclat*, which I thought might do me an injury in my profession, I should most certainly have been tempted to accompany him from my native town. I debated the matter in my mind, while yet the inflation of the balloon was in progress, but the aëronaut (like the woman) who deliberates, is lost; and while I was arguing with myself, and weighing the pleasures I should receive from my prospect of the heavens, against the damage likely to accrue to my prospects on earth, my flighty friend was off; the last rope was cut, the huge globe soared over my head, and I found myself a mere point in the circle which, a moment before, had been wholly occupied by the vast machine.

Time and tide, I had always heard, wait for no man—I found that the same might be said of balloons. I had fancied and considered, until

the opportunity of going was gone ; and I stood like a fool, gazing at my darling object until I saw nothing of my friend Green, but the waggle of his flag. The rapidity with which the object diminished gave me a sort of aching pang, and when my verdant friend plunged into a black cloud, I stamped my foot upon the ground, as if only then convinced of the impossibility of catching him.

“ The boy thus, when his sparrow’s flown,  
The bird in silence eyes ;  
Till out of sight at last ’tis gone,  
He whimpers, sobs, and cries.”

So says Gay ; and although by no means gay myself, so felt I, upon the occasion to which I refer.

Well ! the disappointment served rather to inflame than abate the anxiety I felt for an aërial trip, and so I lived on. But my friend and idol, the aëronaut, did not return to Liverpool ; spring came, but no Green—summer passed, and autumn died away—yellow—all my expectations fell like the leaves, and I was doomed for several years to smother, or rather



conceal from others, my violent passion for the clouds.

Yet, why should I feel ashamed of my partiality? Wyndham—not a very inappropriate name, to be sure—the great Wyndham went up in a balloon; so did the exemplary Edward Hawke Locker. The Duc de Chartres went up in a fire-balloon; a most respectable Doctor of Medicine crossed the channel from England to France with Mr. Blanchard; a Paget has accompanied Mr. Sadler; a General has ascended by himself, and immortalized his name by tumbling into the sea; and a learned Barrister on the northern circuit quitted the earth, only a few years since, with Green himself. Still I kept my desire pent up, lest the kind anxiety of my respectable mother and two elegant sisters (both still unmarried)—treasures, with such hearts—should be unnecessarily excited, and their influence too successfully exerted in order to pin me to the earth.

Little did I imagine that an unforeseen accident should occur to afford me the gratification I had so long thirsted after. Business, sudden

and important, called me to London about the middle of August—that fact of itself was important to me ; for, although I have passed my twenty-eighth year, London I had never seen. A first visit to such a metropolis is as an insulated, unaccompanied circumstance—an epoch in a life. I felt it so ; I anticipated all the pleasures of novelty—all the gratification of curiosity—all the realization of the fancies I had conjured up of splendour, opulence, magnificence, and amusement. These, however, I was much inclined to believe could hardly exceed the realities of Liverpool, which even now, after having seen all the great features of this great town, I do not consider, taken as a whole, likely to lose by comparison with the capital of the empire. This is my present feeling, and I have written to express it to the unsophisticated young creature to whom I am engaged to be married. —No matter, I arrived at the Bull-and-Mouth in Bull-and-Mouth Street. I certainly was disappointed—it did not at all fulfil my expectations of comfort, or magnificence. I could not help comparing it with “the Waterloo ;”

and even descended to a comparison of an uncouth, unwashed female attendant who received me at the door, with the neat, nice, smart, clean, good-natured Lancashire witches, who, in the shape of chambermaids, get everything in order at our palace of a hotel, in the twinkling of an eye.

I was dreadfully tired ; went to bed—slept soundly till three o'clock in the afternoon—rang my bell—called for hot water—shaved, dressed, and descended into the coffee-room—took a meal which served for breakfast, luncheon, and even dinner, as it turned out ; again grievously disappointed—nevertheless made up in quantity for what seemed a falling off in quality, and while I was discussing a third slice of cold roasted beef, the sun happening to shine, by reflection, on the back of a lamp, the original ray having darted inwards between a group of chimneys which overhung the arched windows, I caught a glimpse of a bill stuck over the fire-place, in the middle of which I distinguished two black balls ; at first I fancied it a globe-maker's advertisement—then I took it for the

representation of a pair of kettle-drums—then for a pair of stays—then for a pair of spectacles; I could not, in the very frenzy of my imagination, have conjured it into what it really was.

“What is that bill about?” said I to a waiter.

“That, Sir?” said the man; “it’s the bill of the balloon-race to-day.”

“A what!” exclaimed I.

“A balloon-race from Vauxhall,” was the answer.

“A race!” screamed I; “what! two balloons?—impossible—this is a variety! I, like the poet, could have found,

—— ‘Variety in one.’

But a pair of balloons—this is too much! Where is Vauxhall?”

The expression which pervaded the countenances of the waiters and the guests at this extraordinary question, I cannot attempt to describe. It was clear they thought me either a fool or a madman, and it was equally clear

that they decided upon the latter when I desired them to call me a hackney-coach, in order that I might drive to the gardens, and secure a place with Mr. Green.

“Who is Mr. Green?” said one of the waiters. This surprised me; that Mr. Green should not be previously known in every hole and corner of the metropolis, was a wonder.

“Green, cries the other in a fury”—

“Why the chap as goes up in the hair.”

“Chap”—“Hair,”—this was too much. I could no longer endure the atmosphere in which such creatures breathed; and having as speedily as possible made my preparations, and announced my intention of sleeping at “mine inn” again that night, I jumped into a dirty hackney-coach, not half so neat or convenient as those at Liverpool, and drove as fast as two skeletons, with hides strained over them, could drag me, to Vauxhall Gardens. The coachman who drove me wore a glazed hat and spectacles, and smoked a cigar. I mention these facts as peculiarities.

I squeezed my way through a road thronged with men, women, children, horses, carriages, donkeys, and dog-carts. I was pleased at this demonstration of active curiosity and intense interest. I jostled one way and pushed another, until at last I reached the door,—by an effort, paid my shilling, and in a very few minutes after, being nearly pummelled to death by this most extraordinarily-mixed mob, found myself, to my delight and his infinite surprise, shaking hands with the intrepid aëronaut himself. A moment's conversation settled the affair; I had come to realize my wishes—Had he a place?—Could I go? To both these questions I received affirmative answers, and I felt an instantaneous sensation of great pleasure and a little apprehension: however, I looked round and saw the eyes of all Vauxhall fixed upon me, and I determined to behave like a man.

It was a new position, and therefore a difficult one—I had suddenly become an object of interest, and one of the strongest feelings excited in my own mind was the entire strange-

ness to me of the faces and persons of the multitude by whom we were surrounded;—at Liverpool I should have known half the people present—did know them upon the occasion of Mr. Green's ascent there. Here all was blank—I had nobody to nod to; no cheering smile to encourage, no friendly admonition to check me. The effect was so curious, and I so nervous, that I kept perpetually pulling out my watch, and looking at the dial, as if that could tell me whom such and such persons were who stared at me with looks not very dissimilar from those of the waiters at the Bull-and-Mouth. One thing Mr. Green was certainly not prepared for—I mean the curious fact, that I had never seen London, and was now destined to see it from a height, and supersede the trouble taken by ordinary men of threading its maze-like streets, and poking into its nooks and corners; I was to behold the metropolis at a glance—to grasp it all by one look; to gaze at it as a map spread out before me, and see it eagle-wise laid at my feet.

The twin balloons began now, as it were, to grow impatient of restraint. The shouts of the

people without, who appeared most cordially to sympathize in this impatience, warned us that our time was short. A peal of patteringoes thundered through the air—Green was actively engaged in securing the car, and stowing in the moveables. In making things snug a minute more elapsed, and the words—“If you are coming, now is the time,” forced me to the necessity of action.

“*If*,” said I, and in a minute more I was in the car.

I felt a new sensation—I was not in the air, but I was not on the earth; and when I felt the swag of the huge thing which rolled about over my head, I began to think the journey was not quite so agreeable an undertaking as, till I found myself on the point of being cast off from all connexion with the lower world, I had fancied it. In order to gratify the genteel mob within, Mr. Green, who had himself entered the car, directed that we should be allowed to ascend a few yards; this was done, and I felt remarkably sick. I am afraid I looked pale; but I affected to smile and waggle my flag as he bid me. This exhibition was repeated two or three



times. It did not at all improve by repetition : my feelings, I must admit, were not much soothed when Green, showing me two pieces of leather attached to the inside of the car, asked me if I had not better strap myself in, giving as a reason, that several of his former companions had become senseless during their progress, and he found it safer to prevent in that manner any accident arising from their toppling overboard. I indignantly said, I was not in the least afraid. "Oh," said my companion, "neither were those gentlemen *afraid*; the insensibility is produced by the change of atmosphere." I accepted the explanation with a parliamentary readiness, and Mr. Green said something which I did not exactly hear, for a fire of patteraroes ensued, and amongst the smoke and a tremendous shouting, I found myself suddenly over the high trees of the gardens, which, with everything round them, seemed to fall from under me, my only sensation of rising being confined to the soles of my feet, against which I felt a strong pressure. We were over the river ; our companion balloon

was then close to us—we, however, rose superior, and I beheld the metropolis for the first time. It did not appear so large as Liverpool, nor were the streets to my eye near so wide.

It was only by my exclamation of surprise Mr. Green discovered that I had never seen London before ! his good nature induced him to abstain from throwing out any more ballast for the present, in order to give me a good view of it.

“ I see,” said I, “ some handsome palaces under us ; those, I suppose, are noblemen’s houses ? ”

“ No,” said my companion, “ those are club-houses, in which men live cheap and fine ; there are many of them. That long unfinished building there is the National Gallery.”

“ National ! ” said I ; “ why it looks like a rabbit-hutch, and the domes at either end remind me of the grottoes of oyster-shells which the little boys beg one to remember the first day of the season. What is that string of carriages there ? ”

“Members of both Houses of Parliament going to their duty,” said my companion.

“Many too are walking.”

“Yes,” said Green; “owing to your inexperience in these regions, you are unable to distinguish objects so distinctly as habit enables me to do; those things that look to you like flies are eminent statesmen. Do you see that little creature hurrying along the pavement, like a midge running upon a bit of tape?”

“Yes,” said I, although I did not, only I did not like to admit the superiority of his habitual long-sightedness.

“That,” said my companion, “is Lord John Russell, the saviour of his country.”

I said nothing, seeing which way Green’s politics lay; it seemed ridiculous to differ in opinion with him at that height, so I only looked down upon his Lordship and thought the more.

“Those,” said I, pointing to a confused heap, “are, I conclude, the ruins of the House of Commons.”

“Exactly so,” said Green.

“And where,” said I, “does the House of Commons sit now?”

“Where the House of Lords did,” said Green: “their Lordships were forced to turn out for the representatives of the people; they sit in the Painted Chamber—an apartment which has been likened to the cabin of a steam-packet; but halloo! we have got into a different current—here we are, over the Regent’s Park.”

“Indeed!” said I; “what an odd-looking place this is; don’t I see a pig rolling itself in a puddle?”

“Pig!” said Green; “God bless your soul, that’s the elephant, rubbing himself in the mud, and washing himself afterwards.”

“Indeed!” said I; “and what are those little white, and blue, and pink dots I see all round the beast?”

“Dots!” said Green; “they are all ladies of fashion, who go to enjoy the sight; why that, and the monkeys occupy the attention of half the beau-monde on Sundays. That thing like a pudding basin is the top of the Colosseum—a

new place of entertainment, just now in vogue. Look down to your right ; that's the Opera House ; see what a crowd of carriages are thronging round its doors. On the opposite side of the street, that little white speck with the three-cornered thing in the front is the Haymarket Theatre."

"I see no crowd there," said I.

"No," said Green ; "it is the height of fashion for people to pay guineas to see what they dislike, and hear what they don't understand ; but it is not thought right to bore oneself with the English drama."

"Halloo !" said I, "here we are over the grottoes again ; what is that place that looks like a case of cruets ?"

"Cruets !" said Green ; "that is the Millbank Penitentiary, nearly opposite our starting-place ; and what you take for pepper, mustard, oil, and vinegar bottles, are towers of the prison."

"But look," said I, casting my eyes on the river ; "who are those poor wretches dressed up in striped coats, pulling their long boats against the stream ?"—it is wonderful how much

the reflection from the water aids the sight—  
“are they some of the convicts out of the Penitentiary?”

“Convicts,” said Green; “why, man alive, those are officers of the Guards, and other considerable persons, who take the greatest delight in rowing as hard as they can pelt from Whitehall to Putney, where they regale themselves on tea, eggs, bread and butter, and then row back again in time to dress for dinner. Do you see that dark-looking place?” We had now descended very considerably.

“That?” said I; “why it looks like a rat-trap.”

“No, no,” said Green, “the great rat trap is in Westminster. That is the King’s Bench prison; do you see men playing at fives?”

“I see little white things flying about,” said I.

“One of them is a gentleman of rank, and once of fortune.”

“I envy you your exquisite sight,” said I.

“*He* would not,” said Green, “if he were here; for there—you see that long white street of houses with the column at the end of it?”

“Column?” said I; “yes, with the statue on the top.”

“Exactly so,” said Green; “run your eye along the left hand of that street—you see a crowd of carriages there.”

“I do,” said I.

“The one drawn close up to the pavement belongs to that man’s wife; she is at Howell and James’s, buying ribbands, bonnets, scarves, and all the other necessities of life, while her husband, said to be at Paris, is wearing out his time in that very King’s Bench. Here,” said he, “do you see that cabriolet driving full tilt along Pall Mall?”

“Which is Pall Mall?” said I.

“That street—there.”

“What, with the hospital at the end of it?”

“Hospital?” said Green, “that’s St. James’s Palace—do you see now?”

“I do.”

“Do you see a smart chariot crossing the square?”

“Plainly.”

“The man in the chariot is coming down to

the House of Lords by one road, the man in the cab is going by another to my lord's house, where he purposes to console my lady in her lord's absence. If you keep your eyes upon them you will find what I say is true—you cannot think what odd things I see when I am hovering over this great town."

"The Asmodeus of the air," said I.

"We have drifted over the city," said Green. "That large building to your right is the Bank—the heart of the nation; and that is the Mansion-house, the palace of the city; that white spot a little further on, is the East India-house, where twenty-four honourable private gentlemen rule the destinies of upwards of an hundred millions of people. Do you see that open space to the northward?"

I cast my eyes on the compass, and followed the direction of my guide.. "Yes," said I, "a place covered with network,"

"Net work!" said Green, "not a bit of it. Those are pens for cattle. That is Smithfield,—a market in the middle of the most thickly peopled part of the capital; the inhabitants of



which are in danger of their lives twice in every week from the half-mad cattle that are driven to and from it; yet so infatuated are the cockneys, and so fond of money, that for the lucre of gain—it cannot be for the smell of the place—half the citizens are up in arms because it is proposed to establish a new market in the suburbs, and convert the old one into squares and streets, like those at the west end of the town. That high building is Guildhall, where they transact city business, make speeches, eat dinners, elect sheriffs, and do ten thousand other things worthy of remark.”

“But,” said I, “there is another building very like it to the left.”

“The hall of Christ’s Hospital,” said Green; “as a modern work unique. That is the Post Office,—modest, plain, and simple. You are too high to see its beauties minutely, and, as minute beauties go, perhaps you would not see many more if you were much nearer.”

“That,” said I, “is the Post Office.”

“Exactly,” replied Green; “close to where you landed from your coach. Lord Lichfield is

postmaster ; was master of the stag-hounds ; they went too fast for a gouty man, so his Lordship now starts the mails instead of the deer."

"By the antithesis," said I, "you mean the males instead of the females."

"No, indeed," said Green ; "I never joke."

"You are above *that*," said I.

"And everything else just now," said Green, which convinced me that he *was* really a joker in the highest degree.

"The Monument," said I, "looks like a lighted candle."

"Good," said Green ; "I see, Sir, you are getting collected and enjoy your trip. No need of the straps."

"Not a bit," said I ; "but how we ~~are~~ twisting about !"

"Baffling winds," said Green, "as the sailors have it. Here we are over the Tower."

"I hear the lions roaring," said I, who had heard much of them in the country.

"Not a bit of it," said Green, "there are no lions there now. The present government

thought it too great a luxury for the King to have a menagerie, and so the beasts have been sold to a trumpetting show-man, and nothing is left to be seen but a bear and a baboon."

"Ah!" said I, reminded of dear Liverpool, "those are docks."

"Exactly so," said Green. "When they were made, the East India proprietors and West India planters were people of property and importance: now their biggest and best ships lie rotting for want of freight, and the docks themselves serve for little more than fish-ponds for the cockneys. Now you see Greenwich Hospital."

"What! that?" said I; "it is a palace to look at."

Green at this moment handed me a glass of sherry, and we took that opportunity of drinking the ladies we had left behind.

"Now," said Green, "we must get up a little higher." Saying which he shook out one of his bags of ballast, and I very soon became sensible of increased coldness in the atmosphere,—a sort of drizzly mist involved us; but we passed

through it, and saw the sun shining in all its splendour. I looked down, but earthly objects were invisible, and all I saw was something very like huge bags of cotton rolling about under us which under all the circumstances, I felt pretty well assured must be clouds. Green confirmed my suspicions. We drank a second glass of sherry, and my excellent master and pilot made preparations for descending. I was as little sensible of the descent as I had previously been of the ascent, except by seeing my little flag curl himself upwards; and in a few minutes I beheld what to my eyes was a much more beautiful spectacle than it presented when we left it—I mean the view of the earth as we approached it.

The cry of “ Balloon ! balloon ! ” was perfectly distinct. I knew nothing of the locality, but the moment Green, with his eagle eyes, caught sight of the land, he pronounced that we were nearly over Hammersmith bridge, which looked to me like a cribbage-board, and the toll-keepers at the end like pegs towards the struggling close of the game. He pointed to some Lom-

bardy poplars, which I took for asparagus, as the site of Brandenburg House, of which I had heard much as a boy, and which, in one of the septennial visitations of insanity by which England is said to be afflicted, was, with its "great lessee," an object of some importance. Sion, the seat of the patriotic, princely Duke of Northumberland, next presented itself to view, and, nearer our hand, Kew, the nursery of our royal family, and Richmond Hill beyond it, of which I had read and heard so much.

"There," said Green, pointing to a house amongst some corn and turnip-fields, "lived and died Cobbett, a man who only wanted consistency to have been an ornament to his country." Having said which, I thought my gallant companion was about to evince his partiality to that great man's memory by bobbing down into one of his ruta-baga fields; however, we were now almost on a level with the trees, and Green, bidding me hold on and look sharp, shook out a little more of his dust, and we were gently lifted over a hedge, and touched our dirty mother

about half a mile beyond the seat of the deceased Porcupine.

People rushed towards us in all directions; and such are the gentleness and good taste of a Cockney mob, that the balloon and the car were with very considerable difficulty preserved from their destroying paws.

“ Well,” said I to myself, “ this sort of indelicate scramble would never take place at Liverpool.”

However, we did our best, and I helped to express—as Green expresses it—the gas which remained in the machine; and, in less than an hour, we were in a state to return to Vauxhall, which I did with my companion, and was delighted to regale on pulled chickens and arrack punch, charmed with my excursion, and resolved to write down as much of what I had seen when in the regions above, as was consistent with propriety. We certainly *did* see many things more, but I cannot repeat them—*cetera desunt*,—or, as my friend Green would perhaps say, *indesunt*. I received, however, a good moral lesson by my voyage, and felt con-

vinced that men in balloons are very much like much greater people in high stations, who, while the world they look down upon, seems little to them, appear themselves little in the eyes of all the world.

## PRACTICAL JOKES.

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OF the frequent serious effects of practical jokes much has been said ; and in a recently published book (which, for modesty's sake on the part of the inditer of this sketch, shall be nameless) the pranks and absurdities of one of what the Chinese would call first-chop performers in that line have been somewhat at length exposed. Mr. Daly, however, escaped without doing any very serious mischief to anybody but himself ; and so the retribution was satisfactory, and the fool's bolt once shot, the fool himself was obliged to bolt at last <sup>1</sup>.

Different was the fate of Mr. Stephen Satterthwaite, of whom it becomes a duty imperative on me to write. I say imperative, because I

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* Gilbert Gurney.



consider myself in the situation of a farmer who adorns his barn-door with the remains of all the vermin destroyed in the course of the season, not only as proof of his own vigilance, but as a warning to others of the same tribes to abstain from habits and practices not only destructive to the peace and property of others, but to their own comfort and safety.

Satterthwaite—I knew him well and long—was a short stout fellow, with bristly hair, a reddish nose, a short neck, and a round body stuck upon short legs—a sort of fellow who would pull your chair from under you, just as you were going to sit down; slap-bang whack you come, with your head right against a steel-fender or a marble chimney-piece—what fun—something to laugh at. He would pick your pocket of your handkerchief just as he saw you with a severe cold in your head going to blow your nose—what fun. In fact, he was one of those irritating monsters who, having perpetrated the most abominable solecism, either touching yourself or somebody else, says—what fun—something to laugh at.

One of Satterthwaite's best jokes was tying a bit of meat very securely to the bell-handles which dangle outside the gates of certain suburban villas—sweet retirements of snug citizens—the result of which operation was, that every hungry dog who chanced to pass that way, instinctively, reasonably almost, but naturally certainly, began to grabble at the tempting morsel, which he vainly attempted to detach; the inevitable consequence of which attempt was the violent ringing of the bell—out come the servants candle in hand, look all round—hear nothing, see nothing, shut the gate and go in. The next doggy who comes trotting along, and who has not happened to dine well, has another touch at the meat, away goes the bell again, out come the servants as before, and as before, go in again. And thus ten times in the night the family continue to be alarmed beyond measure at what appears to be a systematic attack upon Hawthorn Cottage or Eglantine Lodge, the master of which is a decided hypochondriac, and the mistress expecting to be confined every half hour.

The old hacknied trick of changing the signs of inns was a great favourite with Satterthwaite : but he refined upon the old system of removing the whole of a show-board. He showed his ingenuity in making a sort of cross-reading in his playfulness. For instance, he broke off half the sign-board of a hair-dresser at Dorchester, and stuck it under the existing board of a man who let flies and glass-coaches, and the combination produced this—"Robert Dickenson, Glass-coaches and Flies to Let by the Day or Hour, as well as Ladies Fronts and Toupées." While at Abergavenny he distinguished himself by superadding to the sign-board of "Mr. Hickstrop, Surgeon," that which he had broken away from a poor woman's cottage hard by, which gave the addition of "Mangling Done Here."

Satterthwaite was a sort of Sylvanus Urban, equally active in town or country. He had the felicitous skill, not exclusively his own, of bringing chopped horse-hair into the service, which well strewed, and sprinkled with a little salt, between the sheets of his intimate friend, drove

him out of bed half mad in half an hour ; and he was perfect in the art of boring a hole through a wainscot, and carrying a string through it, which was tied to the bed-clothes of the respectable gentleman sleeping in the next room—as soon as the victim proclaims himself fast asleep by that most ungenteel of noises, snoring, Satterthwaite gives a twitch of his packthread, and off go quilt, sheet, and blankets ; the sufferer, surprised, jumps out to catch the vanishing covering, the sudden departure of which is to him unaccountable ! he collects his comforts again, wonders how it could have happened, rolls himself up most carefully, and again falls asleep—that moment Satterthwaite very gently withdraws all the clothes once more, and the poor man, not disturbed upon the second occasion, sleeps on till he is nearly frozen to death—for Stephen never performs this experiment except in the depth of winter ; and when in the morning the patient eventually awakes, half perished with pains in his limbs and rheumatism in his head, he is agreeably surprised with Satterthwaite's voice

from the next room, exclaiming, "I say, is not that fun?"

Once Satterthwaite successfully played off Smollett's old trick; and having fallen in with a simpleton who was quacking under the Homoeopathic sages, and who lived by rule, he got away his trowsers and waistcoat after he had gone to bed, and by dint of his own dexterity sewed them up in such a manner as to decrease their capacity nearly one-half without externally betraying the alteration. Of course they were replaced while his patient was asleep.

In the morning he was the first to call his "dear friend" to go out shooting—fine day—birds plenty—every body happy—everything gay. The unfortunate invalid, who lived in constant fear of dropsy, endeavoured to obey his amiable friend's summons; but his attempts to dress himself were wholly unavailing. In the innocence of his heart, and the entirety of his confidence, he mentions this appalling circumstance to his dear friend Satterthwaite.

"By Jove," says this agreeable acquaintance,

“ what can have happened?—My dear friend, how you are swelled ! ”

“ Me ! ” cried the other—“ this is dreadful—do you think—eh ? ”

“ I don’t know,” says Stephen ; “ but I cannot be deceived—come down—try and button on the things as well as you can—come down—send for the doctor—upon my honour, I believe it is a violent accession of ascites ; but I never saw a case of dropsy so sudden before.”

The invalid is absolutely terrified at the appearance which he had so long and sensitively dreaded. He goes down stairs, communicates his apprehensions to the other friends who are waiting breakfast ; a man is ordered to be dispatched for the doctor, when Satterthwate bursts into a fit of laughter, and cries—

“ It’s all me—it’s my joke—is not that fun ? ”

Whether the Homœopathic patient died of the alarm so produced or of the advantages of the system to which he adhered, I know not ; that he resteth now in Chesterfield churchyard is most true.

Amongst other things Stephen thought proper

to do in the same line was a trick he played upon a Major O'Callaghan, a fine portly Irishman, with shoulders as broad as his humour, and a sword as sharp as his wit, and who was looked upon as a fire-eater, to whom the slightest contradiction would have been death to the offender. Him the facetious Satterthwaite contrived to put into the most ridiculous situation, and one which proved that, however brave he might be as regarded his fellow-creatures, he was, under certain circumstances, as great a coward as his neighbours.

One night, the Major, after having recounted various wonderful stories about himself, in which tiger-killing and snake-scutching formed very remarkable features, he—as, indeed, some of us had wished him to do some time before—retired to bed. He, unlike the wretched victim of salt and horse-hair, sank into a slumber—probably not over gentle; but just as he was beginning to dream of something particularly agreeable, he put his hand out of the bed and felt something extremely cold and clammy; he raised up the bed-clothes with his foot—it

was something long and round ; he stretched out his hand still further, and found it was a huge snake coiled on the counterpane. Out jumps the Major, crying for help and for mercy—because killing a snake in the daylight, and finding one by way of bed-fellow at night, are totally different matters. The moment this occurred, Satterthwaite rushed out of his room, crying, “What fun—here’s a joke !” The son of Mars had been thus terrified by an eel-skin stuffed with wet bran.

The Major, however, did not think the joke quite so good as Mr. Stephen Satterthwaite did, and the first motion he made upon the announcement of its author was to break that respectable gentlemen’s head—what happened ? Stephen saluted him with the whole contents of a water jug which was on a stand in the corner of the room, and made his escape, crying “More fun,—nothing like fun !” And when O’Callaghan, whose rage, like other fires, was rather fed than depressed by the application of a small quantity of the opposing element, declared his intention of treating the affair seriously in the morn-



ing, the master of the house pacified him entirely by telling him that Satterthwaite was a privileged person, one of the most agreeable companions in the world, and without whom it was perfectly impossible to exist, especially in a country-house.

To me one of these fellows is extremely like what I once heard a countryman say at Headington (I wonder where Susan Wells is now?) of just such a bore in humble life. "Sir, he's for all the world like a dog at a game of nine-pins; the moment he sees the ball run, in he goes, upsets this, knocks down that, till all the pins, king and all, though he be as big as the one the Parson seed at Spithead, are tipped over topsy-turvey, and the whole tote of the business is bothered." These people expose you alike to your best friends and your bitterest enemies, which to them is equally good sport; and what makes the matter worse, they always contrive, by some means or other, to make you an accomplice in their performances, without either your privity, knowledge, or consent.

Among persons of this sort there is nothing at

which they will stop. When Satterthwaite was at school, there was a wheelwright's shop which overhung a valley where bricks were made ; his delight was to turn the wheels which were left outside the shed at night straight up on their tires and let them go ; away they rolled, and reeled like drunken men, and equally unconscious of the mischief they were doing, rolled and reeled over all the still soft bricks which were ranged in rows to harden. Stephen also rejoiced in tying hackney-coaches to fruit-women's barrows unperceived by the parties most particularly interested, and then calling "Coach."

"He lisped in numbers, and the numbers came."

The anxious Jarvey drove up with an Irish tail at his heels, very little coveted or expected, and which at no time can be very agreeable to a man with the reins in his hand.

Another jest was knocking up an accoucheur in Russell Street, Bloomsbury, to visit, in a case of emergency, a spinster of sixty in James Street. Buckingham-gate, leaving the said accoucheur to pay the coach-hire there and back. A third frolic

was despatching an attorney of Marylebone, at twelve o'clock at night, to make the will of a client at Cripplegate, whom, when he got there, he found as well as ever, and just gone to bed from a comfortable supper with a party of friends, for which the said attorney-at-law was just ten minutes too late. One night he rang the bell of a respectable poulterer in Piccadilly, to ask if the Bishop of Norwich was at home; and on another, roused the respectable family of a calculating carpenter in Clerkenwell, to know whether he could say five words to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

But Stephen transcended all these minor achievements,—he invented schemes which have gained and left him a prodigious reputation. The only thing which in my mind had anything like ingenuity in it, he played off in a country-house where I was staying with a large party. And where, except perhaps in a ship on a long voyage, where do people know so much of each other as in a dear, great, rambling country-house? There the tempers and dispositions of the assembled group develope themselves freely

and naturally ; all the struggles which are made in London society are attempted under the same roof in vain ; restraint seems thrown off, and *that* which is, however intelligible to English men and women, a sealed book to foreigners, is the delightful homeliness of feeling in an English country-house.

Amongst our party was Stephen ; and amongst the party, Stephen had discovered a lady of some forty years of age, perhaps more, who, strange to say, preferred, to his jolly rubicund countenance, the placid charms of what is conventionally termed “a quiet gentlemanly man,” a nice person, pale, and delicate, who never looks hot, and never says any thing. Stephen marked this elegant nonentity for his special vengeance, and having first led on the unfortunate lady to admit her admiration of his person and his sentiment,—a word which ladies turned of forty are extremely fond of using,—he, in the course of events, retired to rest.

About half an hour after we were all—at least, I speak for myself—in bed, loud cries of fire rang through the house ; everybody jumped

up, and men and women, half dressed, or rather half re-dressed, rushed down the staircases, candlestick in hand, as if lights were necessary to find the fire, into the drawing-room, where we found Satterthwaite stretched out in an arm-chair. Seeing him dressed and apparently collected, everybody inquired of him what he knew of the cry of fire, and what had really happened? To these questions he made answer none; but, rising from his seat, proceeded to take the young quiet gentlemanly man by the hand, and advancing with him, in the most serious and solemn manner to the lady before mentioned, he said, in a tone of the most perfect gravity, "Permit me, Madam, to present you the soul of sentiment in a white cotton night-cap." I admit that we all burst out laughing. The lady has never forgiven Stephen, nor the white cotton night-cap.

He was staying at Beaconsfield—a town now made classical by its vicinage—and passed for a very steady sort of person; but, unfortunately, opposite to the inn at which he had taken up his quarters,—and he was stopping there only to

carry on some greater practical joke,—opposite to the inn there lived a man and his wife in a small house which they solely occupied, but kept no servant ; it stood in a sort of row, and nobody was more respectable than this ancient pair. If they had a failing, they had but one,—but *that* Stephen unfortunately discovered.

On certain days this patriarchal pair used to go on a visit to their son and his family at their farm-house some three miles “down the road,” where the filial hospitality was largely displayed,—their welcome was warm,—their cheer good,—and, (if truth must be told, it must,) when they came home at night, the distance they had to walk was not so much in length as breadth, and when they reached their Lares and Penates upon these occasions it was generally past midnight.

One fatal night they came home—as usual, singing a sort of “John Anderson my Jo, love” duet ; for although, as a punster would say, Timmins had never played a base part as a husband, he was extremely fond of singing one when he was a little elevated,—they reached the

door of their house,—at least so they thought, —for they mechanically measured ten steps from their neighbour's door, which they were sufficiently sensible to know brought them to their own. Old Mr. Timmins fumbled in his pocket for the key and found it ; he then proceeded to fumble for the lock, but he could *not* find it.

“ My dear Mrs. T.,” said the poor old gentleman, “ somebody has run away with the key-hole !”

“ My dear Mr. T.,” replied his better and bigger half, you have drank too much ale. Who should steal a key-hole ? I tell you, Mr. Timmins, you are not near the door. You are right agin the wall.”

“ Why, do you know, Mrs. T., that's true,” said the husband ; “ but I thought I had gone far enough to find our door, because I saw number four here on the left, and number six here on the right ; so, in course, I naturally thought ours, which is number five, must be between,—don't you see, Mrs. T.”

The worthy old man then proceeded again to reconnoitre number six,—then number four,—

but still there was nothing but wall ;—in fact, there was no number five. The poor old people thought themselves suddenly demented, or, to tell the truth, began to believe that they were excessively drunk, indeed,—a belief which induced them to bear all the evils and inconveniences of their situation rather than alarm their neighbours ; and there they stood pottering about, poor old Timmins, with his key in his hand, poking against the wall, hunting still for a key-hole. At length, since necessity has no law, they resolved to call for assistance,—a call which was promptly obeyed, and their neighbours rallied round them with lights and lanterns to ascertain the real cause of their discomfiture ; when, lo and behold ! it appeared that after dusk the frame of the door had been removed, and the door-way had been regularly, newly, and completely built up with brick-work, at (as it appeared) the expense of my friend Stephen, who, as soon as the real truth was discovered, shouted from his window, where he was attended by two or three friends to see the result—  
“ What—here’s a joke !—eh, isn’t that fun ?”





—

*Carlton*

For this frolic Master Stephen was made to pay pretty handsomely ; and if his uncle had not been a person of some consideration in Buckinghamshire, it would have gone very hard with him. Yet, no sooner was he well out of this scrape, before he contrived to play a trick upon an old lady of the highest respectability, who was returning in a sedan-chair from a tea and toast party, in Henley, on a tremendously wet night, when he managed to deluge her completely, by officiating as one of the chairmen, well disguised, and throwing open the top of the vehical immediately under a leaden gutter, which was pouring forth most copious streams of the falling element. In this position he left her, taking to his heels as hard as he could, while his "partner," the other chairman, not being able to lift his load singly, ran after him, to catch him, and the fair dowager, equally incompetent to shut herself in, was drenched through and through before any aid could be procured.

Well, for ten years I had known Satterthwaite, and I honestly confess I lived in perpetual

fear of him.—As has often been justly remarked—the mind, the temper, the disposition of man vary so greatly with events, the weather, constitutional disposition, and a thousand other things, that nothing can be more dangerous—perhaps unsafe is a better word—than a practical joker;—besides which, I cannot endure a man who is always happy—always boisterously mirthful—with a sort of self-satisfied grin upon his countenance, and a cracked trumpet-like voice of self-gratulation, perpetually sounding in one's ears. Let a man be happy—let him be rich—let him be perfectly independent of the world; but do not let us see a great jolly fellow shaking his sides, and chuckling at nothing but his own consciousness that nothing can happen to affect his own comforts or interests till he dies. Satterthwaite was one of these insensible animals; nothing could move his tenderness or pity. He lived to joke—and joke he did to some purpose, as we shall see in the sequel.

I was just on the point of quitting the house where we had been staying, where the scene of the cotton night-cap had been so effectively per-

formed, when two or three of us were invited by a friend who, for evident reasons, must be nameless, to have a day's shooting at his place, about twelve miles off. I very gladly accepted the invitation, although the pleasure I anticipated was in no small degree clouded, by finding that Satterthwaite was to be of the party. A practical joker, with a gun in his hand, is not the most agreeable companion in a *battue*; however, I had said I would go, and go I did.

At the moment we arrived at our friend's house, he had just finished a letter, which he sealed and directed, and laid upon the chimney-piece. Satterthwaite, always meddling and curious, read the address.

"So you have been writing to your old friend Mrs. H.!" said Stephen.

"Yes," replied G., "I have been long enough acquainted in that family to make free, and have written, to say that as we shall be near her house at the end of our day's shooting, I venture to expect her to give us some dinner. As we shall be fifteen in party, I thought it was as well to

let her know of our intentions, or else we might come off with short commons."

G. rang the bell for his servant, and despatched the letter. Satterthwaite, unperceived, followed the man out of the room—at least unperceived I can scarcely say, for I saw him go out, but thought nothing of it. While we were out shooting, Satterthwaite and I got together on one side of a cover, while the rest of the party were beating the other.

"We shall have some fun to-night," said Stephen, with one of his senseless chuckles—"such fun!"

"What's in the wind now?" said I.

"I gave G.'s man a sovereign not to take the letter you saw him send to our fair friend," said he.

"That was rather incautious," replied I; "for the chances are, we shall get no dinner."

"Never mind; anything for a joke," replied Stephen. "I have told the fellow to carry it to the fair lady's husband: he is at this moment nailed to the bench in the town hall, as chairman of the quarter sessions; and the idea that

fifteen hungry sportsmen are to be fed and fêted at his house in the evening will drive him half mad: he is as stingy as old Elwes himself; and the very notion of our attack upon his cellar and farm-yard will throw him into such a rage, that the chances are, he will hurry over his business, confound the guilty with the innocent, and play the very deuce in his court, in order to get home in time to stop the plunder ”

“ This,” said I, “ does not seem a very amiable proceeding.”

“ Capital joke, rely upon it,” said he ; “ it tells two ways ; for, when the company do arrive at his house, his lady will have nothing ready to give them, and then they will be starved after the day’s work.”

“ Yes,” said I ; “ but considering that I, and not only I, but you, yourself, are to be victimized with the rest, it does not strike me to be so comical as you seem to imagine.”

“ Mum,” said Satterthwaite : “ not quite so silly as that. You see that boy beating, with a bag at his back ; in that bag is one of our friend

G.'s cold roast fowls, one of his best loaves, and a bottle of his best claret ; abstracted and packed by my man for the purpose. As soon as you feel yourself hungry, down we pop ourselves on a sunny bank, under a convenient hedge, and divide the spoils."

"No," said I ; " I must beg to decline the advantage ; I shall instantly go to G., and tell him the trick you have played."

"Psha," said Satterthwaite ; "you never will enter into a joke."

There was something so truly unfeeling ; and, I must add, so excessively ungentlemanlike in the proceeding, that I walked away from him, and inquired of the first of our companions whom I met, where he thought I could find G. He told me that he had walked off in the direction of the house in question, the immediate neighbourhood of which we were then approaching. .

As this was the case, I determined on taking the same course, so that if I missed him, I might myself call at the house, and let the lady into the plot formed against us. At a turn of



the road I caught sight of G. walking rapidly forward. I increased my speed, to overtake him, and succeeded in reaching the gate of the court-yard at the same moment. He turned not, spoke not ; but the moment he entered the gate, he shut it firmly after him, and locked it, without speaking one syllable to me. In an instant I heard a pistol fired, and a voice exclaim—" I have missed you—go on."

I ran towards a side gate which opened into the yard, but which was also locked,—it was of open iron work, and there I saw the horrid sight,—the lady's husband still holding a pistol in each hand, advanced upon G., and in a voice I shall never forget, exclaimed, the big tears rolling down his cheeks, and his whole frame convulsed with agony—

" You love her—yes—and she returns your love ;—take this—defend yourself !" saying which, he offered one of his pistols to his opponent.

The letter which Mr. Satterthwaite had despatched to the husband betrayed a fatal secret which, till then, had remained unsuspected.

Mad with revenge and desperation, he rushed from the seat of justice ; and before he decided upon the injuries done to society, sped homewards to revenge his own.

In vain I cried for help ; in vain called on both their names, at the moment when they stood facing each other. A window of the house was thrown up, and I beheld the cause of all their rage in a state of distraction.

“ Eleanor,” cried G., “ go—go—leave the window ; do not be a witness of this dreadful scene.”

“ Let her stay,” replied the husband ; “ she is locked into her room ; there is no fear of her separating us.”

“ Kill me—kill me !” cried the wretched woman ; “ it is I alone who ought to die.”

I mingled my cries with hers ; I endeavoured to scale the wall ; the once dear friends had taken their stand,—their pistols were raised, when, driven to distraction by her despair, the unhappy Eleanor sprang from the window, and fell at the feet of her husband—the fall had so deeply injured her, that she could make no

effort to stay their hands. At this moment I had reached the summit of the wall, when I saw Satterthwaite and some others of our companions approaching.

“What a noise you are making!” cried he; “you cry out as if the house was burning; why, the people half a mile off will hear you.”

“Fire, Sir!” said the infuriated husband; “do not add cowardice to crime.”

The word given was but too promptly and too well obeyed. The injured husband received the bullet from his friend’s pistol in his breast, and fell dead at the side of his wife.

I leaped from the wall, and seizing Satterthwaite by the throat, thrust him against the iron gate, and holding him fast, exclaimed:—

“See, wretch, behold the result of your last performance!”

G., the miserable survivor, fled to America; and the wretched wife died from poison the day after the duel.

So much for PRACTICAL JOKING!

## DITTON.

WHEN sultry suns and dusty streets  
 Proclaim town's *winter* season,  
 And rural scenes and cool retreats  
 Sound something like high treason—  
 I steal away to shades serene,  
 Which yet no bard has hit on,  
 And change the bustling heartless scene  
 For quietude and DITTON.

Here Lawyers, safe from legal toils,  
 And Peers, released from duty,  
 Enjoy at once kind Nature's smiles,  
 And eke the smiles of beauty ;  
 Beauty with talent brightly graced.  
 Whose name must not be written,  
 The idol of the fane, is placed  
 Within the groves of Ditton.

Let lofty mansions great men keep—  
    *I* have no wish to rob 'em—  
I want not Claremont, Esher's steep,  
    Nor Squire Combe's at Cobham.  
Sir Hobhouse has a mansion rare,  
    A large red house, at Whitton ;  
But Cam with Thames I can't compare,  
    Nor Whitton class with Ditton.

I'd rather live, like General Moore,  
    In one of those pavilions  
Which stand upon the other shore,  
    Than be the King of millions ;  
For though no subjects might arise  
    To exercise my wit on,  
From morn till night, I'd feast my eyes,  
    By gazing at dear Ditton <sup>1</sup>.

The mighty Queen whom Cydnus bore,  
    In gold and purple floated ;  
But happier I, when near this shore,  
    Although more humbly boated.

<sup>1</sup> Since these lines were written, this distinguished office and excellent man has departed this life.

Give *me* a punt, a rod, a line,  
A snug armed-chair to sit on,  
Some well iced-punch, and weather fine,  
And let me fish at Ditton.

The "Swan," snug inn, good fare affords  
As table e'er was put on ;  
And worthy quite of grander boards  
Its poultry, fish, and mutton :  
And while sound wine mine host supplies,  
With beer of Meux or Tritton—  
Mine hostess, with her bright blue eyes,  
Invites a stay at Ditton.

Here in a placid waking dream,  
I'm free from worldly troubles,  
Calm as the rippling silver stream  
That in the sunshine bubbles ;  
And when sweet Eden's blissful bowers  
Some abler bard has writ on,  
Despairing to transcend *his* powers,  
I'll DITTO say for DITTON !

## THE PLANTER'S BIRTHDAY.

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THE following narrative, in its leading facts, I believe to be true. I am not so certain that it has never been given to the public, although I have never seen it in print.

One of the most respectable, as well as opulent planters in a French West India colony, (no matter which,) was Monsieur Philogene Dupres; he was benevolent and humane, and together with his wife, constantly endeavouring to improve the condition of his slaves, at a period long antecedent to that in which our "black brethren" became the objects of a more exalted and extended philanthropy. Dupres, in opposition to the remonstrances of his neigh-

bours, who objected to the indulgence which he allowed his negroes, admitted, as indeed he could not well deny, that they differed from their masters, inasmuch as the one was black, and the other white ; but applying the principle, that “ a good horse cannot be of a bad colour,” he maintained with a zeal and enthusiasm, which would have done credit to the Abbé Raynal himself, that they possessed every quality of mind and understanding in common with the whites, and that nothing was necessary to the full developement of their intellect but care and education.

That with all his efforts towards his grand object in this respect, he ever attained it, is not upon record ; but there can be no doubt that when he departed this life his plantation was in the best possible order, his stock of negroes the most peaceable, and best regulated of any in the colony ; his crops were flourishing, and his lands productive. At his death, which was soon succeeded by that of his wife, the estate devolved upon his only son, Louis Dupres, whose aim in the outset of his career appeared to be



to tread in the steps of his lamented sire, and maintain the principles and system upon which he had so successfully conducted the estate.

But Louis Dupres, with all these just intentions, was young, and although good-natured in an eminent degree, was not good-tempered;—he was kind and generous, but not having quite so favourable an opinion of the race of whose good qualities his father was so ardent an admirer, he began to find out that, although much had been done with his paternal acres by fair means and sweet words, a little more might be done by a more steady perseverance in the exaction of labour; and although he was too happy to excite his blacks to that labour by encouragement and rewards, still, if he found that his attempts at persuasion were not altogether successful, he had recourse to more frequent punishments than had been inflicted during his father's lifetime.

This alteration of discipline made for some time but little change in the feelings of the slaves; they knew their master was resolved to have the work done—happy to reward with extra comforts or luxuries, the efforts of the indus-

trious ; but, on the other hand, equally quick to correct or chasten negligence and idleness. The negroes soon found out what they had to expect, and accordingly applied themselves to work with even greater assiduity than they had done in "old massa's time," well pleased that his successor did not trouble them quite so much upon the subject of their mental improvement as his venerated predecessor, and perfectly happy when the day's work was over, to find themselves well housed, well fed, and well clothed. .

Amongst these slaves, or rather at the head of them, was one, called, after his young master, Louis ; he had been the favourite of old Dupres, he was born upon the estate on the same day with his present master, and they became, until they advanced in life, up to the period when the difference of rank and station necessarily parted them, associates and playfellows. Young master Louis, and piccaninny Louis, were always to be seen diverting themselves in all sorts of games and frolics, under the fostering care of Monsieur and Madame Dupres, while the black Louis's mother acted as nurse to both—the attachment was

mutual, the boys were never happy apart, and the kind-hearted planter used to instance the engaging manners and graceful playfulness of the young slave as striking proofs of the justice of his theory, that nothing but enlightenment and an association with whites, was wanting to equalize their claims upon the regard and respect of the world.

Louis, then, and his young master, grew up together, till at eight years of age the young master was sent to France for education, and his companion Louis became merely the young slave. But during the previous course of his life, being infinitely quicker than the generality of his race, he had availed himself of the advantages derivable from the initiatory lessons which were given to the heir-apparent; and when he joined his brethren in the field, the black boys of his own age used to listen to his "reading his book" with wonder and surprise.

It cannot be denied that the intercourse which had been permitted to Louis with young master had interested both old master and old mistress in his progress through life, and accordingly as

he grew up he was always put forward, and excited to industry by the promise of future promotion, with the prospective view of being head man on the estate. Emancipating him never entered M. Dupres' head, he would have considered such a course as the most injurious he could pursue—as depriving him of a home, of food, and of clothing, so long as his health and strength remained, and of an asylum in which he might pass the closing years of his life in peace and security. Mr. Dupres, in his most romantic flights as to the civilization of his blacks, never went the length of emancipation.

After an absence of nine years, during which he had completed the education which he considered adequate to his intellectual wants, Monsieur Louis Dupres returned to his home. His surprise at seeing the change which, during his absence, time had wrought in the personal appearance of his parents, was exceedingly strong, but even that was less than that which affected him at the sight of his sable namesake. The little playful urchin, fancifully dressed up to make him look like the associate of “Buckra man,”

rolling and tumbling about, and playing all the antics of a monkey, had grown into a fine, manly youth, a head and shoulders taller than his young master. Their interview was most embarrassing. The white Louis as a child had loved the black child Louis; in those days he had been all the world to him, and he parted from him with tears in his eyes. But he had been enlightened in France—he had been made fully aware of his importance as a West India proprietor, the value of whose property was proportionably increased by the number of his slaves, of whom this Louis was one, who were catalogued, described, and spoken of in conversation, as if they were no more than the brute beasts which formed the rest of the “stock” amongst which they were classed.

Before he saw Louis, on his return, all his recollections were of a little playfellow, in whom, until this knowledge of the world had brought him to a sense of his own position, and of the wide difference which existed between them, he knew only an equal. But when they met, and the affectionate slave, grown into manhood,

addressed his "massa," Louis Dupres started back. Nature, however, for the moment, overcame pride and prejudice, and the young Frenchman shook his former companion heartily by the hand, to the infinite amazement of a lady and gentleman whose estate adjoined that of Dupres', and who were perfectly scandalized at such an outrageous breach of decorum. The expressions of their countenances betrayed their emotions, and young Dupres, although unable to repress his feeling at the surprise of first seeing Louis, felt himself blush at the solecism he had committed.

Louis saw the sudden change in his master's look, and fixed his eyes on his features steadily for a few moments. M. Dupres turned to the lady to say something complimentary to her bonnet, and Louis shaking his head sorrowfully, went his way to his work.

We have already told the reader the sort of master the young Dupres made when at length he came into possession, which he did when he and the black Louis were twenty-seven years of age. Louis, however, was first and foremost

amongst the best men on the property, and on the anniversary of his master's birth, and of his own, was always called forward and given an extra glass of rum, and made the bearer of any *largess* to his brethren, and their wives and piccaninnies.

Perhaps, if it be admitted by naturalists, that the higher passions and feelings of humanity may inhabit the negro breast, no human being could be more devotedly attached to another, than Louis was to his master. His instinct—if it were not sense—taught him, very soon after Dupres' return, to understand the difference of their station, and to regulate his affection for him accordingly. But he loved him—watched his looks—basked in his smiles, and trembled at his frowns; which, however, unfrequently lowered over his brow.

During the nine years which succeeded the return of young Dupres from France, he made several voyages backwards and forwards, to and from Europe, in order to increase his connections, and enlighten his mind. At the end of that period the death of his father placed him in

possession of the estate, and he settled down as a regularly established planter, resolved to put every means within reach in requisition to accelerate the process of money-making, so that he might, while yet in the prime of life, be enabled to retire from business, dispose of his plantation, and retiring to Paris, set up as a man of fortune, and if possible, of fashion.

It may readily be imagined that with this desire and disposition, the whip became gradually more in use on Bellevue property than it had been in other days, and that the punishments were more frequent than heretofore ; in fact, Dupres grew by degrees to be a severe master, always doubting that his serfs exerted themselves to the utmost, and most particularly anathematizing them if, in his hearing, the elder ones ventured to express a grateful recollection of what they called "the good old times of poor old massa." The effect produced upon these seniors by this alteration of system was any thing but beneficial ; and seldom did a week pass without the report of two or three run-aways, who, after a few days, were either caught,



or, tired of starvation, returned to the certainty of a flogging, and perhaps the discipline of the block.

One evening Dupres was returning on foot from a visit to a neighbouring plantation, when he heard footsteps following him ; he stopped—so did his pursuers—it was quite dark—all was as silent as the grave—the next moment he heard the sound of some one running towards him, from a different quarter.

“ Who’s there ?” said Dupres.

The answer was a shot from a musket. Dupres stood unharmed—but a heavy fall and a deep groan announced that somebody was wounded.

“ Is massa safe ?” cried or rather sobbed the man who had fallen.

“ I *am* safe,” said Dupres ; “ what does it mean ?”

“ Massa safe,” replied the same voice, “ me die happy.”

The noise of the shot instantly brought one or two of the guardians to the spot with lanterns—a gleam of light sufficed to show Dupres the faithful playmate of his early youth on the

ground, bleeding profusely. Dupres and one of the guardians raised him up—he was scarcely sensible, but he pressed his master's hand to his heart and kissed it fervently, while tears rather of joy for his deliverance than of pain for his own suffering fell from his eyes.

“What is all this !” again asked Dupres, who could not imagine it possible that any body could entertain sufficient ill-will towards him as to attempt his life. Such, however, was the case ; two slaves who had marooned some days before, had been seen by Louis lurking about the plantation ; he thought, as was not unfrequently the case, that they were two of Dupres' blacks, that they had repented, and were trying to sneak back to their huts under cover of the darkness, intending to get him, Louis, or some other influential comrade, to plead their cause with the master ; but this not having occurred, Louis did not relax in his observation of the strangers, and finding them still loitering on the path by which his master was to return from his social sangaree and “ conversation talk,” resolved to keep near in case of need, although

not choosing to accost them. His suspicions were eventually realized, and at the moment Dupres stopped, Louis, who was within a few yards of the path, distinctly heard the well-known "click," produced by the cocking of a gun, and satisfied as to what was to follow, rushed forward just in time to strike down the weapon levelled at his master's head, and to receive the charge in his own leg.

"Who was the villain who fired the shot?" said Dupres.

"Ah, me don't know, massa, me don't know," said Louis: "he do me no harm—me shall be well two three day, and massa him safe and well now."

"Lift him up gently," said Dupres to the bystanders, who had by that time increased in number; "carry him home. I will go call up M. Duplaye, the surgeon, and we will have him looked to directly—remember," added he, "I owe my life to *him*—I shall not forget it."

All this time, Louis, wholly regardless of the pain he was suffering, was clasping his hands as

if in prayer, thanking Heaven that he had been the means of preserving his master.

This incident produced a marked change in the conduct of Dupres. The manifestation of a hostile feeling towards him on the part of his slaves—for that the shot was fired by some of his own people he had no doubt, although Louis even if he had identified them kept his counsel upon that point, satisfied with having preserved his master, and not daring to be the crininator of even his guilty comrades—induced Dupres to reflect upon the course he was pursuing, and instead of attributing the hostility of the culprits, for whose detection he made every seasonable preparation, to the increased severity of his discipline, he wrought himself up into the belief that these serious symptoms of revolt against authority had their origin in the laxness of the system observed upon his property. He recollected that the largest sugar-plantation on the plain at St. Domingo was that of M. Gallifet, situated about eight miles from town. “The negroes belonging to which,” says Mr. Edwards in his History, “had been

always treated with such kindness and liberality, and possessed so many advantages, that it became a proverbial expression amongst the lower white people in speaking of any man's good fortune to say, '*il est heureux comme un nègre de Gallifet.*'" M. Odeluc, the attorney or agent for this plantation, was a member of the general assembly, and being fully persuaded that the negroes belonging to it would remain firm to their obedience, at the outbreak of the insurrection, determined to repair thither to encourage them in opposing the insurgents; to which end he desired the assistance of a few soldiers from the town-guard, who were ordered to his support.

"He proceeded accordingly, but on approaching the estate, to his grief and surprise, he found all the negroes in arms on the side of the rebels, and, horrid to tell, *their standard was the body of a white infant which they had recently empaled upon a stake.* M. Odeluc had advanced too far to retreat undiscovered, and he and a friend who accompanied him, together with most of the soldiers, were killed without mercy.

Two or three only of the patrole escaped by flight, and conveyed the dreadful tidings to the inhabitants of the town."

Dupres saw in the attempt made on his life, a warning for the future ; and having read M. Laborie's observations upon that revolt of Gallifet's slaves, in St. Domingo, in which he imputes their rebellion, not to the wise and indulgent treatment which they met with, but to the excessive laxity of their discipline, and their extravagant wealth, became rather doubtful of the wisdom of the "soothing system" on his own. "The plantation," says Laborie, "was a perpetual scene of feasting and merriment." On which, Lord Brougham remarks. "If we should take this as the whole account of the fact, it would be sufficient to account for the prevalence of licentiousness, riot, and a rebellious spirit amongst Gallifet's slaves ; for surely the possession of so much property, perhaps the enjoyment of so great indulgence, is inconsistent with the condition of bondage."

Dupres accordingly resolved to tighten the reins of control, and to prove, even if the assas-

sins were not discovered, nor of his own gangs, that he was not at any rate to be frightened from his purpose, or forced from the rules he had laid down for the government of his property by foul or violent means.

But something more than this general inducement to an alteration of his policy preyed upon his spirits. He had taken it into his head that his preserver, Louis, who had received in his own person the ball intended for his master, was somehow connected with the plot of assassination. His being on the spot at the time, a circumstance which arose out of his carefulness and watchful anxiety, Dupres considered as corroborative of his suspicions, the entertaining of which, in any degree, would appear marvellous, if the reader were not to be made aware of an under-current of events which was flowing at the same period.

Colonial morality is not, perhaps, the most rigid in the world; and the master of slaves, whatever may be his course of conduct towards the male portion of his subjects, not unfrequently selects some of the exceedingly smart,

pretty, well-figured slave-girls to be about his house. Some one—at least for a time—is specially chosen “to take care of his things,” and to act in some sort in the capacity of housekeeper, to whom it is his pleasure—for a season—to be exceedingly kind and humane, sometimes condescending even to playful conversation, and always ready to afford her any little indulgence consistent with her position in his establishment.

It so happened that an olive-cheeked girl, called Adele, had been promoted by Dupres from amongst the “herd,” for these domestic purposes; and Adele was dressed better than any slave on the estate; and Adele could read and write, and even “talk conversation,” an expression which to some of our readers might not be quite intelligible, unless we were to add that the *acme* of a coloured girl’s ambition, if elevated from a low station to what she considers the enviable distinction of being a white man’s mistress, is to be able to sit all day, “talk conversation, and comb dog.”

Adele was, of her class, exceedingly hand-



some, with fine intelligent eyes, and a manner much above her station ; indeed, her good looks, and inherent gracefulness, were generally considered hereditary gifts from her father, who, it was supposed, had before her birth formed an attachment to her mother similar, in most of its points and features, to that which Dupres unluckily had formed for *her*.

That M. Dupres should do exactly as he pleased in his own *habitation* and with his own slaves, might be all quite right, and certainly it is not our wish or intention to peep or pry into the arcana of any gentleman's establishment, unless we are driven to it of a necessity. As for the feeling, whatever its nature or character, entertained by M. Dupres for Adele, it never should have been noticed here, were it not for the facts that Adele did not reciprocate the admiration expressed for her qualities by her master, and that she was fondly attached to Louis, his former playmate, and recent preserver.

Dupres was conscious of his attachment, but still could not conquer the partiality he felt

for the girl. The cruelty of his conduct in endeavouring to alienate her affections from the man whose devotion to him and his interests were—or would have been to any body else—unquestionable, was so obvious, even to himself, that he could not but suspect his humble rival of harbouring in his breast the feelings of a just vengeance so likely to result from jealousy.

Dupres did his faithful slave injustice. Conscious and satisfied of the truth and goodness of Adele, every mark of favour conferred on her by their master afforded him pride and pleasure, and he anxiously looked forward to the “Planter’s birthday” to ask her hand in marriage, satisfied that on that anniversary the master would not hesitate to crown his happiness with his consent.

While Louis was recovering from the wound which he had received, the attentions of Dupres were constant ; but if he found that Adele had paid him a visit of kindness, and soothed his sufferings by her lively talk, his feelings of jealousy overcame his gratitude, and if truth

were to be told, his hopes were rather that his preserver might die than recover.

Recover, however, he did, and was openly rewarded for his gallantry and affection by the master; not but that all the slaves upon the estate became fully aware of the vast difference in their treatment after the attempt had been made on his life. Scarcely a day now passed in which the discipline of the whip was not administered, and *that* in many instances where the crimes of the sufferers were so comparatively trifling, that in former days a slight rebuke or a gentle remonstrance would have been the extremest punishment. Knowing the favour in which Louis was, or ought to be held by M. Dupres, the other slaves always made their appeals to *him*—begged him to intercede for them, sure that an influence, secured as his had been at the risk of his life, would be successfully exerted in behalf of any one of them doomed to the lash for a trifling fault; and Louis presuming, or rather relying, upon the indulgent consideration of his master, sometimes did plead the cause of his brethren whose faults

appeared sufficiently venial to justify the petition, and had, earlier in the progress of the system, not unfrequently succeeded.

But in the newly-excited temper of Dupres' mind these applications harassed and incensed him, for it was at this period of our little history, that his rage against his preserver had been inflamed to its highest pitch, by the artless admission of Adele to her master of the mutual affection which existed between her and Louis, and of his intention to ask his consent to their union on the approaching birthday, which besides being a "regular holiday" on the estate—at least it had been so for five-and-thirty years, before the present master came into possession—was always considered a day of grace, on which boons were conferred, indulgences granted, faults forgiven, and punishments remitted.

Poor Adele—little did she think how important to her, and to him she loved, would be this ingenuous confession. Dupres had all along fancied the girl could not, would not, dare not, refuse his advances. He knew that Louis was

attached to *her*—he saw them always walking and talking together, in leisure hours, and Louis, when he found his master kind to her, would seem pleased and delighted ; but, till her unfortunate declaration of his intentions towards her, he was not satisfied that Adele loved *him*, and that their love had been confessed, admitted, and declared.

“ His birthday ”—one little month would only elapse before that day arrived—the day when he was to yield up all hopes of triumphing over innocence and virtue—when he was to consent to abandon, what in his heated imagination he believed to be the object nearest his heart, to another. Could he refuse the man who had saved his life ? But how saved it ? Was it not a plot ?—a scheme ?—whereon to found this very claim. Could this man, if he valued and esteemed him, persist in gaining and securing the affections of Adele, to whom he must know from circumstances, his master was attached ? or was he really blind enough to imagine that he was loading the girl with favours

and presents literally and merely because she was a good servant ?

In the midst of these contending feelings, Dupres formed the desperate resolution of getting rid of Louis—not as many who knew the real character of the man might suppose, by means such as had been adopted against himself ; but by degrading him, lowering his high spirit, and at the first plausible opportunity subjecting him to the punishment from which he had so frequently endeavoured, even successfully, to save others. He was convinced, from all he knew of his character, that this infliction would either drive him from the estate, or break his heart : and he was moreover convinced that such a display of his impartiality would have a great effect upon the other slaves, who, it must be admitted, were a little jealous of Louis : and more than all, it would debase him in the eyes of Adele, whose affection for him, after all, might be in some degree connected with the position he held amongst his brethren.

Barbarous as this determination may seem, Dupres was base and vile enough to form it, and the opportunity for putting his dreadful resolve into execution presented itself most aptly for his purpose on the day but one before the "Birthday."

It had been customary upon this occasion to commence the preparations for the celebration of the anniversary, on the previous day—flag-staffs were erected on the "brown green" in front of the house, a sort of rustic orchestra was built for the piper, the fiddler, and the tambourine-player, and another temporary kind of booth, where the supper and rum were distributed, and these were decorated with flowers and leaves, and occasionally a *mat de cocagne* was erected for the display of the agility and powers of climbing, for which our black brethren are so famous.

Doubtful from the recent alteration in the policy of Dupres' government of his estate, whether the good old custom was to be observed, and not being able to obtain any information from the overseer, who had quarrelled with the

master six months before, and exceedingly apprehensive of making any application at headquarters, the negroes resolved upon sending up their old negociator Louis, to inquire the "will and pleasure" of the petty sovereign.

As this address did not involve the interdicted subject of commutation of punishment, the kind-hearted Louis made no scruple to become the spokesman ; but things turned out unluckily. He waited till the evening, when work was over, and came into the verandah, just at the moment Adele was entering it at the other end. The master was smoking and drinking his sangaree in the middle room, and hearing Adele's voice, raised himself in his chair and saw, what certainly was nothing sinful in an affianced pair, but which was gall and wormwood to a jealous rival—Louis taking, not stealing, for it was freely given, a kiss from the lips of the gentle Adele.

Knowing all he did of their attachment and proposed marriage, this sight should not have excited the feelings of the master in the manner it did—had he been left alone five minutes, the



ebullition would in all probability have subsided, but unluckily for himself as well as others, the moment Louis saw Dupres, unconscious of having done anything unworthy an accepted and acknowledged lover, he stepped forward, and stood before his master prepared to prefer his petition.

He did so, and in a few words explained the object of his visit, and the wish of his brethren.

No sooner were the words out of his mouth, than Dupres, dashing down the glass which he held in his hand, with a force that shivered it into a thousand pieces, exclaimed,

“Scoundrel!—slave!—haven’t I warned you of thus thrusting yourself into my presence with petitions and messages from your fellows—why are *you* sent? because they think I favour you—because you, let your faults be what they may, are never punished—get out of my sight—I hate to look at you—to-morrow, at daylight, *you* shall be punished—yes, sir, punished,” repeated he, seeing that Louis started back with surprise and horror at the thought. “Flogged, that’s the word, sir, for your insolence, which is the cause of all the insubordination on the estate.”

“Massa,” said Louis, “pardon, massa, pardon—twenty-six years me live here—me love you—me work for you—never, never have me felt the lash. No, massa, my skin smooth, smooth all over, ’xcept where my wound is, which was meant for massa.”

—“Hold your tongue, sir,” said Dupres: “I know perfectly well how to value that wound; your skin has been smooth too long—get out of my sight, I say—and mark me, if I don’t do what I say to-morrow—go—”

“What flog Louis, massa!” said the slave; the tears running down his bronzed cheeks.

“Yes; flog *you*, sir,” said Dupres, “and take your revenge, if you like it—go sir—”

“God help poor Louis,” said the slave; “never did me think to see this day.” And he went;—and while his master watched his departure, and heard his deep sobs as he passed through the verandah—he was pleased. Yes; pleased! and pleased more than all, by the assurance that the anxious Adele must also have heard his denunciation of her beloved.

Tyrants are mostly cowards; and although

Dupres, like the rest of his countrymen, possessed a full share of animal courage, when opposed to danger in the field; and although his course of proceeding since the assassin's weapon had been levelled at his breast, gave ample evidence that he was not to be intimidated into a change of conduct; still, when the ardour of his passion cooled, and his lip ceased to quiver with the rage which the intrusion of Louis had excited, he felt some compunctious visitations, caused by the violence of his manner, and the severity of his language. There might—we hope there was—something like remorse mingling with his other feelings, for having so spoken, and so conducted himself to the particular individual who had just quitted him; but let the sentiment have sprung whence it might, there is *no* doubt but that he regretted—not deeply, but violently—what he had so precipitately said and done, tempered as it might and should have been by the recollection of past days and long bygone circumstances. The main spring of this repentance was selfishness—he fancied that in his passion he had overreached himself,

that his harshness to Louis, instead of debasing him in the opinion of Adele, might give him the increased claims upon her affection, of martyrdom for her sake ; and that as fear and love are not usually considered compatible, the arbitrary power he had threatened to exercise, might make her hate *him*, instead of conducing to a contempt for her lover.

And there was more than this to be considered—Louis, however occasionally envied by his brethren, possessed unquestionable influence over them ; Dupres thought he had heard the word “revenge” muttered amidst the sobs which stifled the agonized slave’s voice as he departed from his presence, upon which he had replied. Dupres cared not, as we have seen, for the “assassin’s blow,” he despised clamour, and would oppose to the last, an interference with what he held to be his right ; but Louis, of his class, was a powerful opponent—the recollection of M. Gallifet’s slaves again flitted across his mind, and by the same perverse and perverted mode of reasoning which led him to associate his preserver with his intended murderer, he

became first apprehensive, and in less than half an hour, certain that Louis would incite the slaves on the estate to revolt, and that instead of a joyful anniversary as heretofore, "The Planter's Birthday" would be a day of blood.

It had not been long before the period of which we are now speaking, that a circumstance had occurred in a neighbouring island, which flashed into the memory of Dupres, in the midst of his reflections and considerations as to the precipitancy and injudiciousness of his conduct towards Louis. A slave-woman, who belonged to proverbially the kindest master in the colony, in consequence of having been spoken to by him harshly, resolved to have her revenge—for a considerable length of time the determination rested in her mind, but its execution was delayed only because she could not decide upon the most efficacious way of putting it into practice.

At length, having considered of every means in her power to do the benevolent man, who in one hasty moment had offended her, some serious mischief, she came to the conclusion

that nothing, except taking his life, which she feared to do, could injure him so much as destroying his slaves ; and in pursuance of this scheme of revenge, she poisoned two of her own children, over whose existence, although the master's property, she fancied she had a parent's control.

This little anecdote, illustrative of a negro's revenge, certainly came to Dupres' recollection at rather an inauspicious period, and growing nervous and anxious, he rose from his seat and paced the room ; looked into the verandah, half fearing, half hoping, to see Louis still lingering near. But no—he was gone—so was Adele. Dupres became more restless ; nay, to do him justice, he began to repent of his rashness and violence, even upon better grounds than apprehension or self-love ; but to send for Louis, to recal his violent language, or revoke his hard decree, would have been degrading to a white man, especially one who had received a polished education, and proposed to figure in the salons of Paris.

No ! that was impossible ; what he *would* do

was this: when Adele came as was her wont to inquire about his supper, and what he would like and what she should do, he would tell *her* that he did not mean all that he said to Louis—that he was vexed at the time—that the slaves deserved no indulgence, and that Louis should not have permitted himself to be persuaded to come to him, and interrupt him in his privacy by such absurd requests—that he did not care about the celebration of his birthday—that he had no reason to rejoice in having been born, and that the anniversary brought with it no pleasant recollections nor the excitement of any hopes of future happiness.

This he thought would soothe his early playmate—this he hoped would please Adele; but then—the birthday—whether celebrated gaily or not, under his sanction, would be celebrated by the slaves, who would as ever heretofore avail themselves of the privilege looked upon almost as a matter of right, of asking grace and favour, and especially in respect to the marriages of any of the young couples who were attached to each other, and were sufficiently moral to desire

to be united by the rites of the church before they "paired off;" for much as it may shock the ears of the black-loving philanthropist, true it is that the prejudice is, or at least was in those days, not universally strong in favour of any particular ceremony, by way of prelude to the establishment of a slave *ménage*.

Endeavour as he might to avoid and evade the gaieties which seemed to him, in his present state of mind, only so many mockeries, he could not steer clear of these established rites, and therefore he determined not to prohibit, although he resolved not to appear to countenance the festivity.

Adele came as usual to attend her master, to inquire what were his commands; but the bright eye and the light step were wanting. She had been crying, and crept rather than bounded as usual into his presence. When he saw her thus, he was at first undecided how to act; whether as he had proposed to himself to humble his haughty spirit, and admit to her his regret for the intemperance of the language, and the violence of the threat which he had fulmi-



nated against Louis, and so by soothing her sorrows, perhaps, render her less obdurate: but no—that hope was past—he knew that they were affianced—the struggle was but short in his mind, his love had turned to hate—he loathed her for her constancy and affection, and the sight of her thus sad and sorrowing, confirmed him after a moment's struggle in the determination to wreak his vengeance at all hazards upon Louis in the morning. He dismissed her with a sharp answer to her gentle questions, and she stole silently from his presence to her bed, to ponder with grief and anguish on the approaching events of the morrow.

The morrow came—Dupres visited different parts of the plantation—spoke on business to the overseer—it may be recollected they never spoke except on business—complained of a laxity of discipline, a boldness of manner and insolence of speech on the part of some of the slaves which he was determined to check; and having harangued upon various points in a tone of magisterial discontent, instanced Louis as one of those who appeared spoiled by good

usage, and as presuming too much upon an excess of favour which had been shown him.

The overseer, who had grown old in the service, and who remembered the infant days of Louis, his association with the master, and who was well aware of his devoted attachment to him, of which, as every body knew, he had so recently given so striking a proof, did not venture to argue the point, but contented himself with the delivery of a fact.

“Louis, sir,” said he, “is gone.”

“Gone whither?” asked Dupres.

“That, sir, I cannot tell you,” replied the overseer; “he was not to be found at the morning muster, nor has he made his appearance since.”

“He can’t have marooned?” said Dupres.

“I should think not,” was the overseer’s reply.

A thousand thoughts rushed into the mind of Dupres. Was he really gone? Was he dead?

“But,” added the overseer, “there are five or six others absent this morning.”

“Five or six,” repeated the master.

He was convinced that the influence of Louis had been exerted to stir up a revolt against him, in consequence of the occurrences of the previous evening. All the visions of St. Domingo were again conjured up before him, and again he fancied himself a second M. Gallifet.

“What have they gone for?”

“I know of no particular reason for their going,” said the overseer, rather drily, and with a somewhat peculiarly marked emphasis on the word “particular.”

“They must be pursued,” said Dupres, “overtaken, brought back, and punished. This must be crushed in the outset.”

“There have been a good many of them who have run off to escape flogging,” said the overseer, “but you know, sir, they have come back again.”

“Yes,” replied Dupres, “and have escaped their just punishment through the intervention of this very Louis who has now gone off at the head of a whole gang. This case must be met with extreme severity, or discipline will be at an end.”

Now it was that Dupres felt satisfied he might wreak his vengeance upon the unhappy object of his jealousy—a jealousy which raged with equal fierceness, even though his love of Adele had curdled into hate. It was not jealousy of her affection for Louis ; it was the pure envious jealousy of his success with *her* that actuated Dupres, and he hurried back to his house, in order to obtain the assistance of the police stationed at the Bureau de Marronage, to hunt down his runaways, while too anxious for the fulfilment of his revenge to wait patiently the result of the search, and too much agitated to remain inactive at a moment of such excitement, he hastily quitted the verandah, up and down which he had been, for the previous half-hour, pacing, and struck across the open plain, towards a small grove of tamarind-trees, in which it was no uncommon thing for idle slaves to conceal themselves, if they could, during the day, contriving, if possible, to steal back unobserved to their homes at night ; for generally speaking they are of

“ A truant disposition, good my lord,”

and Dupres resolved upon "hunting" this little tope, as it would have been called in the East Indies, in the hope of finding the deserters located there: a circumstance which, involving no organized design of any serious plot against himself and his property, but rather indicating the stolen enjoyment of a day's idleness, would have greatly relieved his mind from the apprehensions which filled it, and which, to say truth, were still strengthened by his consciousness of the influence Louis possessed over his slaves, and the unlooked-for severity with which he had treated him the night before.

Dupres entered the grove—traversed it in various directions—no deserters were there. He passed through it, and began to ascend a gentle acclivity, from the top of which, he could command a considerable extent of open ground and might espy some of his vagrant serfs, about whose intentions and destinations he was more especially uneasy, as he had ascertained that the absentees were some of the best men on the estate, and in no degree addicted to vagrancy,

for which so many of the slaves have an irresistible passion.

Mr. Barclay, in his *Practical View of Slavery*, says (p. 171), "As desertion and the punishment of it have been the subject of so much misrepresentation, and unfair inference, in England, it may not be superfluous to add a few remarks while the subject is under consideration. In some few cases, no doubt, it may be occasioned by improper treatment; but nothing can be more unwarranted than to set this down as the general cause; for the best treatment often cannot prevent it. The evil has its foundation in the improvident, indolent, and wandering disposition of many of the Africans, and some few also of the creoles, which no encouragement to industry, no attention or kindness on the part of the master, can overcome.

"I," says Mr. Barclay (who resided twenty-one years in Jamaica), "have myself the misfortune to own two Africans of this description, and cannot better illustrate my assertion than by describing them. They will do nothing what-

ever for themselves, and prefer an idle wandering life to any possible domestic comforts. Land in full cultivation has been frequently given them for their support, and as long as it continued to yield plantains and edoes they gathered them ; but, although allowed the same time as other people, they would never take a hoe in their hands, to clear it, and of course it was overrun with weeds. This not availing, desertion continuing, and their master being frequently called upon to pay for the thefts and depredations they had committed on other negroes, a weekly allowance of provisions was given them (in addition to their land, and their regular days), that they might not be driven by hunger to commit theft, or desert. Yet all this has not reclaimed them ; they will sometimes come and take their weekly allowance on Monday morning, but instead of going to work, start off to the woods, and will not be seen again for a month. Instead of giving them, like the others, their annual allowance of clothes at once, they are supplied as they stand in need ; and they have been known to sell a new jacket for a quarter-dollar,

that had cost their master four dollars. If a second shirt is given them it is readily bartered for a bottle of rum, and washing is entirely out of the question."

Of such as these M. Dupres was blest with his fair proportion, increased, as has been already observed, since his assumption of the government, and if it had been half-a-dozen of this class who had disappeared, he would have been prepared for the event, and not altogether solicitous as to their eventual return ; but *that* was not the case.

As he was slowly ascending the hill, pondering these things, and in, perhaps, the worst possible humour man ever enjoyed—as the phrase goes—he approached a small tuft of stunted foliage, which, as he neared it, was somewhat rudely and suddenly shaken—he stopped short.

"Who's there?" cried he.

No answer was given—but as he advanced three steps nearer the bush, a black man sprang from his hiding-place and bounded away before him—it was Louis himself—Dupres called to



him to stop—Louis, instigated by some undefinable feeling, still ran. Dupres followed him at the top of his speed, but he would not have caught him had not the foot of the slave tripped over a stone, which brought him to the ground. Dupres was up with him in a moment.

“Rascal!” said Dupres, “ungrateful rascal!—how dare you fly from me? rebel, traitor, runaway that you are.”

“No, massa—no,” said Louis; “me no traitor, no rebel, no!”

“It’s false, scoundrel!” cried Dupres in a phrensy of rage; “you have carried off my slaves—you are in a conspiracy, a league against me, with the miscreants whom you have so often begged off, before.”

“No, Massa—no,” said Louis.

“Do I lie, sirrah?” exclaimed the planter, striking him in the face. The blow (so wholly unexpected) brought Louis to the earth; but he was on his feet in an instant again, and again his master struck him—the blow was returned, and Dupres measured his length in the dust: he attempted to rise, but Louis throwing himself

upon him, placed one of his knees on his chest so as to prevent his moving.

"It's all too late now, massa, the blow has been struck. Hear me, massa, hear me—me have loved you dearly, massa, dearly, like my broder—me work for you, me do all me can for you, me save your life, massa—but no good, no—massa bid me go, massa say me should be flog—six and twenty years have I lived—no lash ever touch me ; but no, him too late now, all is over."

"Let me get up," said Dupres, vainly struggling with his powerful opponent.

"No, massa, not yet, massa," said Louis, drawing from his pocket a sharp-pointed two-edged knife.

Dupres struggled again, but in vain.

"Louis," said he, "forgive me, forgive me ; I have been wrong."

"No, massa, no," said Louis, "me forgive you, massa, but you will never forgive me. Oh, massa, massa ! you do not know my heart ! Poor Adele, massa—poor, poor Adele !"

"She shall be yours," said Dupres.



*The First Edition*



“Look, massa, me no runaway—me could not bear to be flog, least of all by *your* order, massa—me hide away to-day, to-morrow your birthday, and mine, massa—me thought you would forgive me then, then me should have come back and beg pardon; but no! no! him too late—me have struck my massa—massa hates poor Louis! No—no—him past now.”

Saying which, the faithful Louis raising his right hand above his head, struck the glittering blade, which it grasped, with all his force into his heart, and instantly fell dead upon his master's bosom.

Let not the reader ask what befel Adele—let him be satisfied by knowing that that year's celebration of the “PLANTER'S BIRTHDAY” is remembered in the island to this hour.

THE END.

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